
00067721

THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHIES

BY

H. L. SIDNEY LEAR

New and uniform Editions. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Madame Louise de France, Daughter of Louis XV., known also as the MOTHER TÉRÈSE DE S. AUGUSTIN.

A Dominican Artist; a Sketch of the Life of the Rev. PÈRE BESSON, of the Order of St. Dominic.

Henri Perreyve. By A. GRATRY, Prêtre de l'Oratoire, Professeur de Morale Evangélique à la Sorbonne, et Membre de l'Académie Française. Translated, by special permission. With Portrait.

S. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva.

The Revival of Priestly Life in the Seventeenth Century in France. CHARLES DE CONDREN—S. PHILIP NERI and CARDINAL DE BERULLE—S. VINCENT DE PAUL—SAINT SULPICE and JEAN JACQUES OLIER.

A Christian Painter of the Nineteenth Century; being the Life of HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

Bossuet and his Contemporaries.

Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai.

Rivingtons

LONDON, OXFORD, AND CAMBRIDGE

A L 31

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHIES

BY

H. L. SIDNEY LEAR

HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN



A CHRISTIAN PAINTER

OF

The Nineteenth Century

BEING THE

LIFE OF HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN

67721

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A DOMINICAN ARTIST," "LIFE OF S. FRANCIS DE SALES"

ETC. ETC.

RIVINGTONS

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

Oxford, and Cambridge

MDCCCLXXVII

[*New Edition*]


00067721

Prefatory Note

I CANNOT commit this little book to the public without expressing gratitude to the kindness and courtesy of M. le Vicomte Henri Delaborde, who has so freely given me the benefit of all his resources in connection with Flandrin's works and life. If these pages should lead to his friend and countryman being better known among ourselves, and to his noble example being followed, it will, I know, more than reward him.

Contents

	PAGE
Hippolyte Flandrin's Birth	2
Family	3
Aspirations to Art	4
Admitted to the Lyons School of Art	6
Goes to Paris	8
Humble Life in Paris	11
Becomes a Pupil of Ingres	14
First Picture	19
Academy Competition	20
Studies	23
Escapes Conscription	27
Revolution of 1830	30
Auguste Flandrin	32
Study for the Concours	38
Cholera	46
Obtains the Roman Studentship	54
Ambroise Thomas	60
Journey to Rome	61
The French Academy	65
Work in Rome	68
Easter Day	76

PAGE

OVERBECK 78
DEATH OF DEROCHES 80
PAUL JOINS HIPPOLYTE AT ROME 81
SUFFERS FROM HIS EYES 85
M. INGRES GOES TO ROME 86
FLANDRIN TRAVELS IN ITALY 91
PICTURE OF S. CLAIR 97
FROM THE PURGATORIO 100
OUR LORD BLESSING THE CHILDREN 104
FEVER 106
GOES TO FLORENCE 114
DEATH OF FLANDRIN'S FATHER 119
NAPLES 122
RETURN TO FRANCE 129
TO PARIS 131
DISAPPOINTMENTS 134
ARY SCHEFFER 141
LOUIS LAMOTHE 150
OPERATION FOR SQUINTING 151
PAINTS THE CHAPEL OF SAINT SEVERIN 153
MADE MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR . . . 154
PAINTS THE CHATEAU DE DAMPIERRE 157
DEATH OF AUGUSTE FLANDRIN 158
MARRIAGE WITH MADLLE. ANCELOT 159
PAINTS SAINT GERMAIN DES PRÉS 161
BIRTH OF A SON 163
DAILY LIFE 166
FLANDRIN AT COURT 167
PAINTS SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL 169

PAGE

PAINTS S. PAUL AT NIMES 171
REVOLUTION OF 1848 172
CRITICISM OF BISHOP PLANTIER 176
DISTURBANCES IN LYONS 180
FRESCOES IN SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL 183
REST IN THE SOUTH 185
PAINTS THE CHURCH AT AINAY 188
NAVE OF SAINT GERMAIN DES PRÉS 189
VISIT TO ARLES 191
JOURNEY TO BLOIS 192
TO ALLEVARD 195
INVITATION TO COMPIÈGNE 197
M. INGRES NOMINATED SENATOR 198
JOURNEY TO BELGIUM 201
FLANDRIN RECEIVES THE PRUSSIAN ORDER OF MERIT . 205
GOES TO ITALY 206
ARRIVAL AT ROME 214
PRESENTATION TO THE POPE 220
ANNOYANCE AT CHANGES IN THE ACADEMY . . . 224
FAILURE OF HEALTH 232
PÈRE BESSON'S PAINTINGS 236
EXPEDITION TO OSTIA 238
SEIZED WITH SMALLPOX 241
DEATH 242
TRIBUTE OF M. BEULÉ 243

A CHRISTIAN PAINTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ALL those who are interested in Modern Art, especially those who look upon mural decoration as one of its noblest objects, and who desire to see the walls of our churches an abiding lesson to the eye of the faithful, are acquainted with the name of Hippolyte Flandrin, and more or less with his works. But among the numbers who have admired and studied his paintings in Saint Germain des Prés, Saint Severin, or Saint Vincent de Paul, at Paris, the Church of Saint Paul at Nîmes, or that of Ainay at Lyons, few probably know anything concerning the painter, or the mind which prompted that skilful hand to trace the devout imaginations which have won for Flandrin the name of the Fra Angelico of our day.

It was not a life of great events, or strange picturesque combinations like some of the early masters, whose lives seem when read as artistic as their works; neither was he a *dévot*, to be held up as an unusual

and specially edifying instance of artist-piety. Nevertheless, there was that about Hippolyte Flandrin's life which makes it worthy of record, and interesting to those who take pleasure in tracing a true, honest, manly, straightforward character through the toils and difficulties which inevitably beset every life lived with a clear, noble, deliberate intention of working out a vocation in God's Service, be that vocation what it may. And the purity and truthfulness and manliness with which Flandrin followed his artist's vocation, —bearing up stedfastly under the pressure of poverty and disappointment, and, while without any special profession of piety, cleaving with a true resolute heart to the plain duties of a Christian life, come what might,—are a deep lesson and encouragement to all, most particularly, one would imagine, to the numerous brotherhood of artists following in his steps; and as assuredly many of them share in his poverty and his trials, may not his example help some of them to share in that which was his strength as a man and his inspiration as an artist, namely, his pure life and his God-fearing ways?

Hippolyte Flandrin inherited a love of art. In early days his father too had aimed at becoming a painter; and, after a few years spent in a house of business, he threw up his occupation, ambitiously hoping to become an historical painter in what was known at

that time as the School of Lyons, his native place. But either the father's talent was inferior in its kind, or it could not contend against the disadvantages of a tardy education, and Flandrin the elder soon found that, if he wished to find bread for the seven little mouths which were gathered around him to be filled, he must take to the less dignified line of miniature painting, and indeed reckon himself fortunate when by that he could eke out the scanty means which alone he possessed besides—consisting of the rent of a small house in the Rue des Bouchers at Lyons, which he shared with his sister. The fourth of the hungry birds in the Flandrin nest was Hippolyte, born March 23, 1809. Both his brothers were art aspirants too, and the younger one, Paul Flandrin, still living, is reckoned as one of the first landscape painters in France.

Their mother had experienced a good deal of the uncertainty and depressing hopelessness of a disappointed artist's career; and though she resigned herself somewhat reluctantly to its adoption by her eldest son Auguste, five years older than Hippolyte, when it became a question of the younger boys following the same unprofitable calling, the good house-mother fairly set her back to the wall, refusing to listen to any sentiment or artistic pleading, and declared that one painter was quite enough in the family,—it was enough to have one son the victim of uncertainty, caprice and disappoint-

ment: she would have no more forsooth! No, indeed! Hippolyte should not be tempted into the studio—he should be apprenticed to an honest silk merchant; and as to little Paul, he should set to work at the tailor's trade; and the shop where he was to learn his business was forthwith fixed upon. Meanwhile, probably owing to the scanty purse at home, the boys were not sent to school, and having, in common with so many of their age, a hot military fever upon them, Hippolyte and Paul spent most of their time in close attendance upon the regiments quartered in Lyons. Not a march or parade did they miss;—the barrack and the *champ de manœuvre* were both studied with absorbing interest; and when they came home from their day's pursuit, the evenings were spent in drawing all they had seen, one helping another in rendering detail accurately; and happy the day was to them when, by some fortunate chance, any military illustrations—lithographic or engraved—fell into their hands as a supreme authority. Hippolyte's military ardour never departed.[1] Later on he was fully prepared, in case of war breaking out, to enter the Garde Mobile; and one of the first works which brought him any remuneration—after all it was only thirty-five francs!—was the portrait of a gendarme, painted soon after his arrival in Paris.

[1] In the Journal of his last days in Rome, Flandrin's admiration for and interest in his country's soldiers comes out strongly.

At this time the boys had no higher aim than to imitate Horace Vernet, or Charlet, and their battle-pieces, their field-days, parades and military scenes acquired a certain reputation for the "petits Flandrin," somewhat to their mother's dismay, who dreaded nothing so much as to see them led astray by the pernicious snare, as she believed it to be, of an artist's life. But in vain poor Madame Flandrin pleaded the cause of tailoring and silk mercery,—her sons found a powerful advocate on their side, who succeeded in silencing, if not in convincing, their mother. In 1821, when the boys were eleven and twelve years old, the sculptor Foyatier came to Lyons, and renewed his acquaintance with the Flandrin family. He was a living witness against the maternal advocacy; for eighteen years ago, Foyatier—now a successful artist, established in Paris, and on his way at the actual moment to Rome,—this same sculptor had come eighteen years before from the country village where his previous life had been spent herding sheep, and had induced a vendor of statuettes (supplied chiefly to religious houses) to take him as an apprentice, and from this humble beginning he had advanced to his present position. Foyatier found no difficulty in convincing the father and sons that the latter would do well to despise the prospects of trade and follow the leadings of art; and even the prudent mother was not

invulnerable to the argument of personal success, and the prestige of an *homme arrivé*, which gave force to Foyatier's words. He pleaded and argued so successfully, that, before he went on to Italy, he saw the two little fellows installed as pupils in a studio directed by a painter named Magnin, and a better-known artist, the sculptor Legendre-Héral. And so the boys were launched upon the sea of art, and for a while the skies were clear and the sunshine cheered them. Hippolyte studied both from the antique and from the living model, and, still aiming to become a painter of battle-fields, he was encouraged in that line by his masters, who looked approvingly upon the sketches of military subjects which he often made from nature when out of the studio. But before long Magnin went to Italy, where he died, and Flandrin, whose ambition was whetted by what he had already learned, sought and found admittance into the École de Saint Pierre, the Academy of Fine Arts of Lyons. Here he studied for seven years under Révoil, then director of the atelier, and a diligent, unwearied, painstaking study it was; supplementing the appointed hours of work with as much private toil as he could manage, especially the study of animals—going daily to one of the faubourgs where he had an opportunity of drawing the latter from the life, all with a view to his supposed vocation in the military line. But meanwhile

the pressure of poverty made itself heavily felt at home, and in every possible way the two boys, who were the most dutiful and affectionate of sons, strove to lighten their parents' burden, to which they were conscious of adding by the pursuit of their dearly-loved profession, instead of following a lucrative trade. It is touching to find them striving in every possible way to earn a few sous; one time drawing little vignettes for the shops where cheap pictures are sold, another time executing lithography, and gladly selling a stone with twenty finished subjects for fifteen francs, even designing rebuses and bonbon cases for the confectioner;—anything whatsoever that could bring in but a handful of grist to the slowly dropping family mill.

Moreover, there was another object for which sous and centimes were to be scraped together. Of course Paris was their great aim and aspiration; the paradise of imagination, where Vernets and Davids, Murillos and Raffaeles, and all the treasures of art, which as yet were to them only myths or faintly shadowed forth by more or less imperfect engravings and lithographs, might be seen and worshipped; the world of reality, where the first living masters might be found to teach willing pupils to excel themselves. Yes, to Paris Hippolyte and Paul Flandrin intended fully to go; but how were the funds ever to be obtained for carrying out their intentions? Never mind! their hearts were

in it; and when a resolute earnest lad sets himself steadily to work out his heartfelt vocation, somehow or other he is sure to do it. So, little by little, a sum was hoarded up, small indeed, but sufficient, as the young Flandrins hoped and believed, for their actual necessities, and therewith they made the important plunge into the world. It was a humble start, for the journey alone would pretty well have swallowed up their little store if they had not chosen the slow but cheap way of travelling, and walked to Paris. Flandrin's own boyish account of the great event is the best portrait of what he was then as a lad of twenty.

"PARIS, *April* 11, 1829.

"Mon cher Papa et ma chère Maman,—There is an end to all your anxiety; we have arrived here safe and sound, and I will tell you all about our journey. I am sure you have thought a great deal about us all the time, but not more than we have thought of you. When we left Auguste at Dijon, sorrowfully enough, we took the high road to Montbard. So far we had walked over a vast plain, about which Auguste is sure to have told you. By degrees the road became more desolate, and the air colder. We went uphill for three hours; the cheerful villages all disappeared, and we went between two woods of small oak trees, till at last we came down into a valley very like Bugey—high

rocks, well wooded mountain sides, and a little river in the bottom. When we reached the opposite side we came into a very cold wind, which soon brought snow. It was nearly dark; we tried two lonely inns, but they could not, or would not, receive us, and we had to go on another mile to an inn, where we did very well for that night. The next day was splendid, but a hard frost; we slept at Montbard, a little town built on a sort of mamelon. I saw nothing remarkable there but a fine crenelated tower. Here the weather changed, and rain made the roads horrid, but at last we struggled through them, and got to Tonnerre to sleep. That was our fifth day from Lyons. The sixth day we went on twelve miles to La Roche, a village near Joigny, in perpetual storms of wind and rain, against which we had no means of defence except this." (Here comes a sketch by Paul of the two brothers cowering, half-sheltered, under a tree, with a legend beneath, "Ah si la maman nous voyait là!" and another, in which they are both squatting under a streaming umbrella, with the inscription, "à defaut d'arbres"). "So we waited patiently for a pause in the storm, talking of home the while. The seventh day a continuance of this weather induced us to go as far as Sens in a carriage, but I repented this heartily, for I was tremendously sick. Sens is to my mind a very pretty, clean, cheerful town, and the

cathedral is magnificent. On the eighth day we slept at Moret, just on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, and the day after we went through the forest, beginning to find that we were nearing Paris by the good roads, the numerous villages, and quantity of carriages. At Fontainebleau we admired the grand château; the eagles are still all crowned with laurels, and here and there some fleurs de lys appear. Thence we went to Rys, only six miles from Paris, and the next day we got up, eagerly hoping soon to see it. But we went at least five miles without seeing anything. However, at last, from a rising ground, we saw the great city, and were very much struck with the *ensemble* which appeared; the domes of the Invalides and Panthéon, the towers of Notre Dame, and many others. But when we reached the city nothing astonished us; on the contrary, several things shocked me. I thought we should have been obliged to make our entry with flying colours, *i.e.* open umbrella; but instead of that the sun broke out, and the weather was beautiful. I must tell you all my impressions another time; but I have already seen the Vendôme Column. Oh, how fine it is! Our love to Uncle and Aunt Martin. As for you, we love you as much as we did at Lyons, and Auguste and Caroline too; we forget no one. Embrace every one of the family you see for us."

The first thing was to find a dwelling-place within

the compass of the brothers' very small means. After some toil in the shape of lodging-hunting, they found an unfurnished room in the Quai de la Cité, No. 13, on the fourth floor, which seemed to the young men very dear, its rent, though the room was small, being 140 francs for the year. In a letter to his father, Hippolyte gives an inventory of their furniture, which is soon transcribed. It consisted of a bedstead with paillasse and mattress, a table, two chairs, a candlestick, and a water-pot. "I nearly forgot the broom!" he adds, with the further assurance that he and Paul kept their little abode "as clean and tidy as possible." Their manner of life was as frugal and unsophisticated as the anxious parental hearts which brooded over them afar could have desired. "We get up at five o'clock and go out for a whiff of fresh air in the Luxembourg, which is not far, and then at six we set to work. At eight or nine we breakfast. Unfortunately, bread was never so dear as it is just now. Then we work till six in the evening. Our breakfasts cost five sous each, and we dine for fifteen sous apiece, which makes forty sous a day between us. We feed at a very clean restaurant, where we eat the simplest and plainest things we can get."

However, the brothers could not always achieve even such a dinner as this, and it not unfrequently happened that they were obliged to content themselves

with three sous' worth of fried potatoes, bought on the Pont Neuf, and divided between the two! But there was no grumbling, no craving after self-indulgence. The two strong affections, love of art and love of their parents, made that impossible.

"You bade us not run into debt," Hippolyte writes: "oh! as to that you may be quite easy! I would rather make the greatest sacrifices. Be certain of your children's love. Far away as they are, they will do nothing which you could disapprove, and they will try to be a comfort to you." And again, on February 5, 1830, he says, "You bid us be economical. I assure you we are, for we do not spend more than fifteen or sixteen sous each on our daily food, and to do that one must needs be very careful. I don't think that since we came here we have spent one sou unprofitably. Indeed, we feel too strongly how much sacrifice you make for your sons, dear mother, in the money you send us, and you may be certain that we shall husband it to the very uttermost."

It was hard work to make both ends meet nevertheless, and at the end of three months Hippolyte says, "In spite of economy, our money melts fast; we work with all our might to earn something." And when Flandrin the father contrived with difficulty to send a hundred francs, hardly saved, to his boys, Hippolyte wrote warm thanks, adding, "I am afraid you must

have pinched yourself to send it, and the thought grieves me. Oh! if only my longings were fulfilled, how I should delight in being able to help you! But I don't get on as I should like."

His home affections were very strong, and a letter from father or mother was one of the greatest delights that could gladden the young students. "You can't imagine the pleasure with which we get your letters," he writes (May 16, 1829). "It is an event which cheers us up, and is altogether an epoch to us." And writing to his brother Auguste, Hippolyte says: "I can't describe to you the intense longing I have to see and hug you, as well as *le papa et la maman.* Almost every night I am off to Lyons, and yesterday I was downright cross with Paul for waking me, because just then I was embracing you all. I was crying for joy. . . . Remember that we agreed to pray for one another every night. I never fail to do so, and I am quite sure our poor mother never fails either. She loves us so dearly, and she is such a long way off! Poor father and mother, your children are all scattered now!"

But the passionate home love tended to strengthen rather than diminish the other affection, which cannot be called its rival,—love of art. The original programme of the two brothers had not been carried out. They left Lyons with an introduction from Révoil, the

director of that school of art, to Hersent, as also a recommendation to the same master from Général Paultre de la Mothe, then in command at Lyons, who had shown a kindly interest in the young art students. But falling in with a brother-student, Joseph Guichard (now Professor at the School of Art in Lyons), they learnt that whereas he too had started with introductions to Hersent, he had been so impressed with the superior merits of Ingres, whose pictures he had seen in the Salon, that he had transferred himself to that master's instructions. Hippolyte was impressed by his friend's arguments, and partly from a real conviction that Ingres was the superior artist, partly from the natural inclination to have the companionship of a compatriot whom he liked, he gave up the idea of seeking Hersent, and resolved to become a pupil of Ingres.

Writing to his father (April 14, 1829), Flandrin assures him that this change of purpose did not arise from caprice. "First of all," he says, "M. Ingres is reckoned in Paris as a man of higher talent than M. Hersent; and further, his school is much better governed and quieter. He does not allow the detestable buffoonery which often makes it impossible for the best men to remain in a studio."

By the 30th of that same month the brothers were established in M. Ingres' studio, and from that moment

Hippolyte Flandrin became a devoted friend and admirer of one whom he loved as a man and admired as an artist. Flandrin had to make almost a fresh start, for Ingres' views and practice in art were very different from those of Révoil; but he was not self-conceited or bent upon his own ideas, and he soon gave up all his old aspirations to become a painter of battle-fields or the like, and threw himself heart and soul into the higher art-tone of his new master. That it was more his natural element than the one into which circumstances had originally thrown him is proved alike by his works and his character, which, even in the early days of his studentship, impressed those he mixed with by its calm earnestness,—the farthest removed from what was, and probably is, too frequently the tone of the young artist-world. Throughout his life affection and respect seemed to surround Flandrin wherever he was known, his gentleness and modesty exercising a marked influence even over those who might hardly have been supposed likely to appreciate them.

"Those who knew Flandrin in his student days," says his friend, the Vicomte Delaborde, "remember a young man with a gentle, dreamy expression of almost mystic character; invariably reserved in words, and altogether stamped with such a modest nobility of mind and manner, that one felt at once, after a fashion,

overawed by his modesty and attracted by his sweetness. It was the same kind of influence which he exercised a little later at Rome on all around him, to which a remarkable testimony was borne in her own way by a woman of the lower orders, who spent her life as a model to the students of the Academy. One day this woman was giving vent to a string of epigrammatic sayings, vivid and glowing as her southern skies, and dealing out slender mercies upon the personal appearance and manners of the students,—the ugliness of one, the affectation or dandyism of another, and so forth; when some one asked why she bestowed no criticism on Flandrin, who possessed neither regularity of feature nor any other definite personal beauty? There was no hesitation in her reply: "O in quanto a lui, pare proprio la Madonna!"

Such critics are apt to be truthful, and Flandrin's life did not belie the Italian peasant's notion, that "handsome or ugly, he was Madonna-like in purity and truth." The young artist who could find solace, in his life of struggle and privation in a Parisian garret, from the thought that the home circle he loved was praying for him amid those struggles; whose heart overflowed in love for his parents in expressions simple as those of a little child, notwithstanding the reserve his *habitués* remarked in him, and who remained faithful to his religious duties amid all the temptations of

an artist's career in Paris, might well have carried an exterior stamp, separating him from most of his contemporaries in the keen sight of one better versed in men's ways than in books. If there were more artists in whom such a resemblance could be traced, perhaps we should have more pictures of a high standard of religious art than we actually find.

Flandrin speedily attached himself to his master with a profound admiration and respect, both as an artist and a man. Ingres' veneration for the antique, and his real science, satisfied Flandrin's taste, while his abhorrence of all that is merely factitious or conventional, and his earnest desire to promote the study of nature, and to express and characterise her truths in all their beauty and reality, satisfied the innate truthfulness and simplicity of his heart. "When you fail in the respect you owe to nature, or affect to correct her, you strike a blow at your mother herself," Ingres used to say to his pupils;[1] and it was an argument which Flandrin above all was prepared to admit.

"The empire exercised over the young artists who crowded his studio," says Vicomte Delaborde, "is a fact too well known, and established by the amount of talent brought to light beneath that powerful influence,

[1] "Quand vous manquez au respect que vous devez à la nature, quand vous prétendez la corriger, vous donnez un coup de pied dans le ventre de votre mère."

to need discussion. And to say that Flandrin received a decisive impulse from the chief's hand, is only to reaffirm what everybody knows, and what the disciple, when himself a master, acknowledged more heartily and sincerely than any one. We only need draw attention to the important element in the results which sprang from the individual qualities of the pupil. Faithful as Flandrin ever was to the teaching and example of the great artist, whose chief disciple he would scarcely have presumed to think himself, he was no less faithful to his own bent, no less ready to listen dutifully to the inner voice which guided him. While looking upon himself, (as he did in all good faith to the end,) as absolutely formed by M. Ingres, he might duly have attributed some of his individual merits, revealed as they are on canvas or wall, in a striking combination of science and inspiration, to the resources of his own imagination, and the natural elevation of his own mind. And while Flandrin was as yet occupied only in trying his strength under the master's eye, seeking progress in the strictest obedience at his work, in the most scrupulous abnegation, somewhat of that depth of tender feeling and grace, which were later to shine forth so prominently, already appeared. For the moment his business was only to paint studies from life, simple academical studies, in which the main point seemed to be the imitation of nature, according

to the rules laid down by Ingres. And accordingly all Flandrin's efforts were devoted to this end, such works of his earliest years as we possess proving the attention and precision with which he applied the precepts he received to a due rendering of the realities before him. But this proves too that he was endowed with more than a most rare faculty of assimilation. If Flandrin was foremost among his fellow-students in skill and acquired science, he was no less foremost in the natural serenity of his style and the instinctive grace of his imagination. Any one who will examine the picture (in the École des Beaux Arts) which won the Roman prize, will find a sure promise of the success which ensued. Notwithstanding the difference of subject and the local conditions in either case, we may fairly affirm that those qualities which are fully developed on the walls of Saint Germain des Prés, Saint Vincent de Paul, and Saint Paul at Nîmes, may be found in germ in that pagan subject, the Recognition of Theseus."[1]

This picture was painted during a time of no small struggle and difficulty. Ingres wished his pupils to be admitted into the Academy, and in the September following their arrival in Paris we find Hippolyte writing for their baptismal registers, and announcing to

[1] *Lettres, etc. d'Hippolyte Flandrin*, p. 23.

his parents that he and his brother had been admitted to the "Concours de l'Académie."

"We have begun the competition to-day," he writes (September 14, 1829). "There are three hundred competitors, and out of these fifty have to be selected. When judgment is given, I will tell you whether we are accepted, and where we come in the list. Our school has just distinguished itself in the competition for the Roman fellowship, in the person of Étex *aîné*, who got the second sculptor's prize, and richly deserved the first, but it was taken into consideration that his rival was twenty-nine, and could not compete again. But, notwithstanding, he must be well satisfied, for M. Ingres presented him to us saying, 'Here is the *premier grand prix* for sculpture,—he richly deserves it.' One must feel very happy to receive such approbation from one's master. M. Ingres has already talked of this *concours* to me, and possibly next year I may try for it, but it is a difficult thing! Only think:—one must first compete for what is called *l'esquisse*, a composition painted from some historical subject given by the professors; then, if one is accepted, one has to paint an *académie*, and after all the trials ten men are admitted to compete for the great prize. He who is so lucky as to win it gets eight hundred francs for his journey from Paris to Rome, and an allowance of a thousand

crowns for five years. Oh! if one might but be so happy!"

Eventually Flandrin attained this desired object, but for the present he was contented with a minor though very important success. On October 10, 1829, he writes home to say, "The result of the *concours* for the Académie Royale is, that out of four hundred competitors one hundred and fourteen have been accepted, ourselves being of the number. We were among the first, for I am ninth and Paul thirteenth. The difference between Paul and me is owing to some trifling thing more or less, for we are much alike as to our powers." . . .

Ingres was pleased at the success of his pupils, and having obtained a hint through a friend of the exceeding straitness of their means, he sent for Hippolyte, "spoke very encouragingly, and said he should henceforth give us twenty francs a month, half the cost of his lessons. Only think how I thanked him! But he bade me tell no one, or he should be very angry. . . . I can't, however, resist the temptation of giving you this pleasure."

Strait indeed those means were. That winter—1829-30—was exceptionally severe: the Seine was frozen over, and on all sides there was intense suffering, with which the efforts of active charity were unable fully to cope. Many persons died of the

cold, and in the young Flandrins' garret the thermometer stood at 14° centigrade. They could not keep water there from freezing, and the oil in their lamp froze to a block; but Hippolyte sends a cheerful report that he and Paul "are well, and wait patiently for spring to bring a change from this severe weather."

Not unfrequently, however, the brothers had no resource save to go supperless to bed, and continually during that long hard winter they used to do this as early as five in the afternoon, as the only way of enduring the cold of their draughty, fireless attic. Sometimes indeed they were so fortunate as to have some little commission,—a sketch, or a lithograph to execute for a shop, in which case the well-husbanded oil had to be melted for their little lamp, and the pleasure of work and the food it supplied kept their blood warm; while often it involved a nice calculation as to whether they might prudently use a little of the aforesaid precious oil on anything save work, and if the decision was affirmative, the long hours spent in bed were beguiled with books, the brothers reading aloud in alternation, trying at once to forget their present discomfort, and to make up for past deficiencies in their education. It was to these studies, which were still more earnestly and methodically prosecuted later on at Rome, that Flandrin was indebted for almost everything he knew, exclusive of art. "Tardy as this

self-education may have been, and incomplete in many ways," (writes Vicomte Delaborde,) "it nevertheless resulted in a reality and depth on certain subjects which are not always attained by several years' routine at college. Unquestionably with Flandrin, as with most other eminent artists, there were natural instincts capable of originating, fertile and elastic in the regions of imagination; but study and reflection had greatly added to the power of these innate capacities, and developed what began by a mere general perception and feeling into a rare delicacy and taste. I doubt," (the same eminently artistic literary man goes on to say,) "whether it be possible to fathom the mysteries of Dante's depth of thought with more penetration than did Flandrin; or whether any professor of literature ever appreciated the incomparable beauties of the Divina Commedia more truly than he did. Not to speak of Holy Scripture, with which he daily fed alike his art inspirations and his Christian faith, his memory was so well stored with the poetry of ancient times, (which he had begun to know at the age when most men forget them,) that those strains became a standing measure to which everything else was compared in his mind, and which was to him the test of false and true poetry—of real imagination or its mere imitation. Yet Flandrin could not read either Homer or Virgil in the original text,

and it was only by means of translations that he could unlock the door of classic literature. But what matter, so long as by even this sidelong approach his instincts attained the object which so many who tread the direct road fail to reach? Many a scholar who is familiar with every shade of meaning in the ancient classic languages, many an adept in all imaginable grammatical difficulties, knows much less as to the general character and the moral signification of the masterpieces he has studied, than a gifted artist who has only contemplated them, so to say, at a distance through translations."

This power of pure and classic imagination was displayed in Flandrin's first real picture—his Theseus, which won him the greatly longed-for Roman scholarship. It conveys a clear idea of the struggle which the young painter was undergoing with poverty, that just before the time when this all-important *concours* was to begin, he was so entirely without money to meet the necessary expenses of colours, models, etc., that he reluctantly decided to withdraw from the competition, and it was only on hearing M. Ingres' expression of disappointment, (for he was confident in his pupil's powers, and fully believed he would prove successful,) that Flandrin resolved to face the difficulty, however great, and to endure any amount of privation and personal discomfort rather

than thwart or disappoint the master for whom he felt such unbounded gratitude. But the daily struggle for subsistence was hard; a few lithographs executed on commission, an occasional copy from some great picture in the Louvre; sometimes such a piece of good luck as the portrait of a certain gendarme, who was so delighted with his own likeness that he voluntarily added five more to the stipulated price of thirty francs;—it was by such means as these that Flandrin held on for the bare life. His letters during that hard first year in Paris are full of character, bright, cheerful, and humble.

"*March* 11, 1830.

"I have not been more fortunate here, for just as the *concours* of perspective came on (which is the preliminary of others, specially that for the Roman prize, for which I had been carefully preparing and hoping to succeed in it) I fell ill, and on the very eve got a sort of *coup de sang* and feverish attack. On the day of competition I made a great effort to get up and go to the Academy. I began, but by the middle of the day I was so knocked up, I was obliged to leave off. Happily my illness did not last long, but yielded after a few days to the effects of an infusion of *millepertuis*. As to the *concours*, a great many of the young men who are fit competitors for the great prize have not studied perspective; and according to the rules they

and I alike ought to be out of the competition. But this would make the class so weak, that for once the rules are to be ignored, and in this case I shall try to go in for the great *concours*."

"*April* 5, 1830.

"Dearest Mother,—It is so long since I have had the happiness of a chat with you, you must be scolding me for being so long about it; but forgive me, for latterly in particular I have had so much to do! There are all my usual studies, and others necessary for the five or six *concours* coming on, some of which have already begun; and then there is all this bother about the conscription, which keeps me running about hither and thither. Indeed that has made me terribly anxious, but I have been rather easier about it the last few days, although nothing is as yet decided. I write under cover to cousin Mariette. . . . Tell her that I have not forgotten her advice, but follow it daily. Yes, indeed, dear mother and cousin, you will see us come back to Lyons as we went, believing in God, and taking some pains to keep His Commandments. (You will be surprised that I should say believing in God, but hardly any one here does believe in Him.) We shall return loving and respecting our parents. Ah, indeed! every time I think of seeing you again I am so happy I could cry for joy. I picture to myself my arrival; how I shall run up the stairs, my

heart beating fast, and then seeing you and feeling your arms round me! Then I fancy how I shall run over all the rooms with Paul;—but there is one which makes me very sad—I mean our sister's room, the sister[1] whom I do not want to make you forget; she was too good, and we shall ever have her present to our thoughts; but I want to supply her loss to you, and all our efforts shall be put forth to show you how much we love you.

"Pray let me have an answer to this letter, I want so much to know how you all are. . . . Mama, papa only writes letters of half a sheet now. I know how it tries him, but his children cannot see him any longer, and he must think of the delight it is to read his letters! As to Auguste, I expect him to write very soon. He may write what he will, if only it be a good long letter. . . . Be at rest as to our Easter duties, we are preparing for them. Five months more before we shall see you, it seems so long! But we will make good use of the time."

The following letter alludes to Flandrin's fear of being taken by the conscription.

"*April* 15, 1830.

"My dear Papa,—At last I am out of danger, and I

[1] Caroline Flandrin, who died the end of August 1829, after a long illness.

lose no time in telling you. Yesterday I passed the Council of Revision. I had been terribly anxious since you told me my number. Nobody gave me any hope, and I should probably have been taken but for the exertions of a member of the Council to whom M. de Châteaugiron had introduced me, for one of the generals said 'There are fellows who squint worse than that sent off!'[1] But meanwhile M. de Châteaugiron's friend whispered something to the President, who shortly after dismissed me. My first thought was of the happiness it would be to you dear papa and mama; then I dressed quickly that I might run and tell Paul, who was waiting impatiently for news. So at last I am free from this anxiety, and I shall set to work with a clearer mind. . . . Something happened on Easter Day which gave me great pleasure, as I am sure it will you. I had been competing with all the other Academy pupils for the historical composition prize. The picture is done in one day, each competitor shut up in his stall. The subject was mythological; Hercules having gone down to chain Cerberus, who takes refuge under Pluto's throne, he drags the monster out by force. I did my best with it. On Easter Day, M. Ingres summoned all the competitors, and when we arrived, he expressed himself well satisfied with the competition; and then coming up to me,

[1] Flandrin had squinted from his birth.

said, 'Here is the fellow who deserved the medal, but they have been horribly unjust! You had seven votes, and the other man eleven. It has hurt me very much, and made me quite ill, for any injury done to you is as to my own children.' Then I told him what I really felt, that I greatly preferred his approbation to the medal, (which is quite true, though it is a gold medal of the first class,) and how much I feel all the trouble he takes on our behalf. He encouraged us, and urged us to do well in the three approaching *concours*, which lead on to the Roman prize, but as to that I have no hope at all. It becomes harder and harder. All the same I will tell you the results as they happen. In the last competition for places Paul was fifth. He could hardly have done better. M. Ingres is very well satisfied with us."

"PARIS, *May* 19, 1830.

"My dear Papa,—You remember the *concours* which are the steps towards competing for the Roman prize. You know that I got in at the first trial, but since that I have competed with sixty other pupils drafted out of several lots. We had to make a composition on a subject from Grecian history in one day, and each man shut up in his stall. Twenty were to be taken out of the sixty competitors, and I was the eleventh, greatly to M. Ingres' satisfaction and my own, as I

thought of the pleasure it would be to you—father, mother, and brother. But I have another trial to pass, to compete with the nineteen accepted with me, and this time the subject is a great 'Academy' painted in four sittings. I began to-day, but I tremble, because I have a very bad position.[1] However, I shall do my best, and then God's Will be done."

"PARIS, *May* 31, 1830.

"My dear Papa,—The *concours* has not turned out well for me, I have not succeeded. I did worse than usual just when I ought to have done better. M. Ingres was very much vexed, yet he was very kind in comforting me, and in pointing out that next year I might be more successful in what I tried to do now. Oh, I am not at all out of heart. I burn with the love of my work, and M. Ingres! M. Ingres himself is satisfied with us. Then too we shall soon have the happiness of seeing you again, earlier than we expected, in September I think. The very thought fills me with a kind of impatience and joy such as I never felt before! How delightful it will be!"

Soon after the Revolution of July 1830 broke out and Flandrin's next letters are brief, their object being merely to allay the anxieties his parents were sure to feel on behalf of himself and his brother Paul.

[1] In the hall where the competitors painted.

"*July* 28, 1830.

"Fearing you will be alarmed about us when you hear of the outbreak here, I write to assure you that we are keeping quietly at home, and acting very prudently. We hear perpetual firing, everybody is taking arms and making ready for the worst. The Palais Royal quarter, boulevards and quays, are the scene of battle. It is very sad. What will come of it all? But grievous and horrible as it is, pray, dearest father and mother, do not be anxious about us; we will not go out. I only beg Auguste to be as prudent at Lyons as we are here. . . . I cannot frank my letter, the street is intersected by barricades, but please be easy, we will not run into danger. Write to us."

Shortly after this the brothers went home, making the long journey on foot, and returning in October to Paris in the same primitive way.

On October 26, 1830, Hippolyte writes:—"We came by Arnay-le-Duc, Saulieu, Avallon, Vermanton, etc., walking fourteen or fifteen *lieues* daily. At Auxerre we found the Garde Nationale of several towns called out. It seems some days ago the labourers and vinedressers of Auxerre combined to demand that the price of corn be lowered, and they gathered round the Hôtel de la Préfecture with loud threats. The Garde Nationale tried to disperse them, but the mob disarmed

and ill-used several, and burnt warehouses, broke into stores, and sold the corn as they pleased. So further help was called in, and the Garde Nationale from several places round came to disperse the mob, and made a good many prisoners. Further on we came upon some hussars who were going to support the National Guard. Otherwise our journey was uneventful. I never was hotter or saw finer weather, which lasted us to Paris,—and it is more noisy and lively than ever."

Flandrin's eldest brother Auguste had followed the family bent, and was likewise an artist; but under the pressure of poverty he was at present disposed to devote himself entirely to the more certainly remunerative work of lithography. Hippolyte wished his brother to come forth into a more artistic sphere; and eventually Auguste yielded to his advice, and came also to Paris to study under Ingres. The following letter is on this subject:—

"PARIS, *Nov.* 1, 1830.

"My good and dear Auguste,—I write to tell you something which has pleased us very much, when we went to see M. Ingres on our return. He received us warmly, embraced us several times, and then we showed him the sketches made at Lyons. He was very much pleased with them, first of all with those from

the Perugino,[1] and then those made during our journey, among which he picked out the Quay of Saint Clair and the views of Bugey. Among these he greatly admired the coloured sketch of the Forest of Mazières, with the Lake of Geneva in the distance, and said it was admirable, but the Pyramion, half-covered with clouds, fixed his attention. He took it aside to examine it, and then exclaimed, 'Your brother must have a great deal of talent!' He told me to make a foreground, whatever I pleased; and then to keep it, as he would use it as a background in one of his pictures. He thinks it would be a great pity if you do not paint, and I entreat you with all my heart to do so. I believe you would sell your pictures, and I know you would be happy in the occupation,—only choose fine subjects such as raise your own mind. Draw scenes in which nature is great and terrible, such as the valleys of Saint Rambert or Charabottes, or the hills of Ain. How I enjoy recalling them! and we were together then!

". . . Now to answer you as to my mind and Paul's as to Gros's pictures. We do not like them, because, to say nothing of the drawing, which is very weak, they are devoid of power and effect. There is plenty to catch the eye of what is glittering and brilliant, but that is all. I grant that there is very skilful

[1] The Ascension in the Museum at Lyons.

manipulation in his pictures, but it is not what one wants, for it is not a good rendering of nature, which is far more tranquil. We may be told that we are cold, but, on the contrary, the nature that I behold is far warmer, more vigorous and energetic than Gros paints it, but at the same time it is calmer. This is what I think, but do not let what I say go beyond our own home."

"PARIS, *Dec.* 17, 1830.

"My dear Papa,— . . . We are well, except that I have had bad toothache for the last month, and have at last had two teeth drawn in three days. I was sorry to lose them, but I was suffering so much, and could hardly do anything. Now I am better, and we are hard at work. God grant that we may not be hindered by war, for we should most certainly be in the Garde Mobile, and no one would care to be dispensed from that. Meanwhile we are working as if nothing could interrupt us, and I believe it is the best thing to do: —one must use the present moment well if one does not wish to regret it afterwards."

"ESTRÉPAGNY, EURE, *Dec.* 28, 1830.

"My dear Papa,—I know you will be very much surprised at the date of my letter, but I will tell you how it has come to pass. The ministers' prosecution raised an excitement in Paris, and all the row went on

in our quarter,[1] it being supposed that they were in the Luxembourg. It was necessary to keep troops and National Guard out (there were certainly forty thousand men in our quarter). The people were shouting for the ministers' heads, and would not wait for the judgment. Free circulation in the streets was stopped; we were obliged to be escorted by National Guards to get into our own room. One could do nothing at the studio; in short, everything looked like an immediate crisis. So, one of our companions[2] asked us to go with him to his relations in Normandy, and work with him. After asking M. Ingres' leave, we accepted, and here we are, most kindly received by his parents, who are very good to us. They live near Rouen, to which place we have just made an expedition. Some other time I will tell you about all the interesting things we have seen. We received the trunk on the day we started. Really, dear papa, we cannot thank you enough for the trouble you have taken about it and all its contents, great-coats, trousers, shoes and stockings, portfolios, cover-lids. We are most heartily grateful for all these things. We know all your love for us; we have had plenty of proofs of that all our lives, and we thank you for everything with hearts full of gratitude and love. . . ."

[1] The Flandrins were at this time occupying a room in the Rue Mazarin.

[2] Jules Bisset.

"PARIS, *Feb.* 18, 1831.

". . . Complaints in every direction! I don't know if it is the same at Lyons, but here people complain more of the new government than of the old. The newspapers cry out, and caricatures are more spiteful than ever. I don't know if there is just cause, but it seems as though it were difficult to rule, since France changes her *régime* ten times in thirty years, and is none the better satisfied. I should know but little of what goes on if others in the studio did not talk about it; I am altogether too much occupied with drawing and painting to acquire information otherwise. I do most earnestly desire to get on, in order to relieve you of the sacrifices you make for us. I work as hard as ever I can. . . . My thoughts are often full of you, and those are the pleasantest I have."

"PARIS, *March* 30, 1831.

"We are doing all we can to earn something. I have a pupil at fifteen francs a month, who comes to our room for his lessons. It is not much, but still! M. Ingres daily shows more kindly interest in us: he has just put the climax to his goodness by remitting all that we ought to pay him, so that we have nothing to spend but ten francs a month for models. We do all we can to show our gratitude, and I have been so fortunate as to be able to be of some use in making

some copies for him. He encourages me to try and get into the *concours* for the Roman prize. Before that there are twenty trials, but I will make every effort, and then, whatever the result may be, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with. Our time is quite filled with studying in M. Ingres' studio, the *concours* at the Academy, and preparation for what is called the *concours de Rome*. That implies a great deal of trouble and work, for one has to hunt up museums and libraries, in order to learn about the costumes and ways of the ancients, and to read up their history. We shall know in May whether I get in, and meanwhile I am working with a hearty good will. . . . We often see M. Foyatier, and he very kindly sometimes asks us to dinner, we gladly accepting. He is working at several statues for the great exhibition about to take place. M. Ingres, our dear master and benefactor, is also going to exhibit a large and admirable picture.[1] Oh, what a good disciple I want to be!"

[1] "PARIS, *April* 15, 1831.

" . . . Oh! how I love our dear M. Ingres, and how earnestly I long to do him credit in the *concours!* Three of these are just over, and successfully; that of perspective, of attitude, and of composition. May

[1] The Martyrdom of S. Symphorien, which was not finished till three years later.

God be pleased to help me on to the end, for I have still two *concours* to go through before reaching that which is called the *concours de Rome.* But it will all be settled soon, and I will write and tell you the result.

"There has been a fresh census made of the National Guard in Paris just lately, and I could not escape this time. I am inscribed on the lists of the Garde Mobile. I was asked if I could supply my uniform, but I answered that it was impossible, so, whenever I am wanted, I shall be clothed and equipped by the Government. What I want to get off is the service of the Garde Sédentaire, because mounting guard and exercising are such a loss of time. But when the Garde Mobile is called out you may be sure the case is urgent, and everybody ought to be willing to contribute to the safety and defence of their country, and to be ready to leave everything for so useful and honourable a duty. A few days ago we had a splendid review of forty thousand men. The King presented the standards, and the troops were magnificent, especially some of the cavalry, among others the Cuirassiers. It was a Sunday—neither muddy nor dusty—the Champ de Mars was quite full between spectators and troops, and it lasted till evening. All went off well, and no accident marred the day's success."

There is a P.S. to this letter in Paul Flandrin's handwriting as follows:—"Papa, I am quite out of breath! I rushed up to tell Hippolyte that he has got the medal, the composition prize. I have just heard it. I am so glad to have to tell you such a good thing. I can imagine your pleasure. We saw the exhibition this morning, and everybody adjudged the prize to him."

"PARIS, *May* 30, 1831.

"*Mon bon ami*, my dear Auguste,—I have got through the last trial before reaching the *concours* for the great prize, but it has been cruelly hard! The subject was a figure painted three feet high. I did it, and yesterday was the day of judgment. I was satisfied myself, I had good reason to hope; but you shall hear! M. Ingres, M. Guérin, M. Granet, and three other members of the Institut, on going into the exhibition hall, pronounced me to be first. But no, M. Gros and his party carried the day, and I was tossed out from being first to last; and finally M. Ingres, in despair, went away, after protesting with all his might against what had been done, and I was rejected! You can fancy how I felt yesterday when I heard it; that is to say, when I learnt that I had been rejected, without knowing any of the circumstances. I did not dare go near M. Ingres, and yet I had nothing to reproach myself with; my figure

was much the best, I may say so without vanity. At last, in the evening, I resolved to go to him. I found him at the dinner-table, but he could not eat. Several members of the Institute, M. Guérin among them, had come to comfort him, but he was a long way off that. He received me saying, 'Here is the lamb that has been butchered!' And then, addressing his wife, who was trying to quiet him, he said, 'Oh! you have no idea how cruel and bitter injustice is to a young man's heart!' and all this was said with such a heartfelt manner, that the tears were falling from my eyes. He made me sit down to dinner, and embraced me as a father his son. I went away comforted. How much I owe to this man, who has already done so great things for us, and who has, perhaps, done most of all now. I don't know what to say to him, what to call him, but the thought of him fills my eyes with tears, out of mere gratitude. But still, from time to time I am beset with regrets, for it might have been a great start for me, and I had good reason to hope. I was prepared to strain every nerve. I was *en train*, and, moreover, it was the only way of testifying my gratitude to M. Ingres, for to you, dear brother, I may say it—my good master had reckoned greatly on my picture. Perhaps he was too hopeful, but I would have spared nothing to justify his confidence. And then it would have been such a

pleasure to papa and mama, and to you. I felt all that, and it doubled the delight I felt in what I hoped. I shall keep my painting, the one just rejected, for you, and bring it to you when I come to Lyons."

There is a touching little incident connected with this picture, and the competition for which it was produced. As usual, Hippolyte was greatly straitened for means, and had he been admitted as a competitor for the Roman prize ("*admis en loge*," as the technical phrase is) he would have been unprepared to meet the inevitable though not very heavy expenses. So, feeling tolerably confident of such a prospect, he decided on the only attainable means of raising necessary funds, and wrote to his brother Auguste, in whose hands the medal he had won a month before was left, to sell it to some goldsmith, and send him the money. Auguste had a small sum in hand himself, which he forwarded at once to Hippolyte, cherishing the first token of his younger brother's success, which he could not bear to sell, and when Hippolyte, finding what had been done, wanted to return the money, which, however acceptable, had lost its original object, Auguste affectionately insisted on his brother's keeping it and using it as he pleased. Hippolyte accordingly made use of it to begin a small picture now in the possession of his family, called, "Virgil's Shepherds,"

which was finished later on at Rome, when the much-desired scholarship had been really won.

"PARIS, *June* 29, 1831.

"My Dear Papa,—Forgive me for not answering sooner—it was owing to something stronger than I! I have been confined to bed for some days with a malady which is very common here, called *le* or *la grippe* (influenza), and I would not write until I was getting quite well for fear of making you anxious.

"Dear father and mother, it was your fête day lately, and I let it pass unnoticed! But what could I say? That I love you? Oh, you know that! My whole heart is yours, and I can only renew the deed of gift! It is wholly yours, and will always beat fast at the precious names of father and mother. And all I can say Paul says too,—he is heartily one with me.

"I knew how keenly you would share my trouble at my failure in the examination. From time to time regrets will come over me anew, but on the whole I am comforted (which is more than I thought to be). But that you know is M. Ingres' doing,—you heard of all his kindness to me. I shall never forget it all! He often does the same sort of thing. The other day he inquired whether I thought you were vexed with me because of my failure, as, if it were so, he would write something on my behalf in one of my home

letters. I told him I did not think you were vexed with me, but that all the same I should be very pleased if he would write. So he promised, and I am going to take my letter to him. . . . Mama, if you see Madame Lacuria, tell her, please, that her son is well. He took great care of me during my illness, and did all manner of things for me. Dear papa and mama, take care of yourselves, that your children may find you well, and have no drawback to the pleasure of seeing you. The time will soon come. Oh, how delicious it is to think of coming home!"

Hippolyte might say that he was too busy to know anything of the outer world on his own account, but he was too genuine a Frenchman to be without keen feeling for European politics. His enthusiasm for Poland, common to so many of his day, breaks out in some letters of this date:

"PARIS, *Aug.* 1, 1831.

". . . . Our life here is very quiet, and I have nothing to tell but what I have told you over and over again. From time to time some event rouses us, but not often. Such an exceptional thing has just happened in the recent fêtes. We saw the magnificent review which the King held on the 29th, and a glorious sight it was. There were at least a hundred and thirty thousand men under arms, two hundred cannon,

and as many caissons, which altogether made two immense lines, nearly two miles long, crossing the town from barrier to barrier. The whole defiled before the King and Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, shouting 'Vive la Pologne' with the utmost enthusiasm. May these shouts reach the Russian camps and their Emperor's palace, and tell them that the Poles will not be destroyed, for they kindle the sympathy of every generous heart. Oh, that Poland were not so far off!"

Before this he had written to his brother Auguste: —"*Dis donc*—it seems as if papa thought me a Carlist. I don't know what has given him the idea, but truly, I don't believe anybody loves liberty more than I do, and as a proof I like the Belgians, and I admire the Poles and their great deeds. If one admires their deeds one must needs recognise and admire the principle whence they spring. As for me, I pray daily that they may be triumphant; but one must do something more, and give them practical help. Are we to do nothing for a nation which fought side by side with our troops for fifteen years, which fell with us, and which has undergone so much barbarous mutilation and oppression merely because its cause was bound up with our own? Many people grumble, but government holds its own, and does not heed

popular clamour. But all this is only for you—I say it to you, because I like you to know all I think."

The brothers had just paid another visit to their home, (again on foot,) when a serious insurrection broke out in Lyons among the always hot-headed, insubordinate silk-weavers of that city; occasioned this time by the promulgation of a fixed tariff of wages. The young Flandrins were overtaken at Sens by tidings of what had been going on, and hardly refrained from going back to be near their parents in a season of danger. However, they judged it wiser to go on to Paris, and hear the true state of things, and there tidings from home satisfied them to a certain extent that their return to Lyons was useless. But Hippolyte writes vehemently to Auguste, indignant with the Government, and ready to defend all the Lyonnese, masters and workmen alike!

The winter of 1832 was another season of laborious trial and strict self-denial. Hippolyte began for the first time to suffer from the rheumatic affections which were a continual torture to him during the rest of his life, fostered as they were by frequent work in damp or cold churches. This first attack seems to have come on while he was engaged in copying Sebastian del Piombo's Visitation in the Louvre.

"For the last month" (he writes February 14, 1832) "I have been working at the Musée at a copy. It pays

badly, but then while earning something I am studying too, as the picture is a fine one. The worst of it is having to work without any fire in a gallery seven hundred feet long. The winter is not very severe, but I can tell you it needs a good will to remain five or six hours together without stirring."

Another and more imminent peril was at hand in the shape of cholera. Hippolyte writes to his father:—

"PARIS, *March* 27, 1832.

"I must send you scraps and odd bits, for I have not a clear hour to myself. The examinations are coming on, and they follow so fast one upon the other that the several studies necessary for each fill up all my time. It won't do to dawdle! Dear papa, you are afraid lest we should want for anything, but we are only afraid lest you should inconvenience yourself too much for us, and that distresses us. We have never spent so little as this winter, and that because we, with Lacuria, have cooked for ourselves. We clubbed together, bought a great saucepan and three pots, and now we make soups and dishes of potatoes, and sometimes a *pot au feu*, which lasts the whole week. You may imagine that the cooking is plain, but it is more wholesome than in a restaurant; and perhaps feeding in this way may help us to escape the cholera morbus, which has broken out here suddenly, terrifying every-

body. No other subject is talked about, and the wonderful thing is that it has happened in the midst of splendid weather, which we have had for the last two months. People expected to see the cholera advance gradually through the departments between Paris and England; but not at all! it leapt straight from London here. Wards are set aside in the hospitals, ambulances, and depôts for drugs are prepared on all sides, but they say the best remedy is in an orderly, quiet, and simple habit of life. And so we try not to be fidgetty; for, according to that, we may be hopeful. Our room is clean and airy, and so we entreat you not to be anxious about us. Let us have trust in God.

"You will have heard already at Lyons that the cholera is here, and so I write without loss of time to tell you that both of us and Lacuria are well."

"PARIS, *April* 13, 1832.

"I have just received your letter, which shows how alarmed you are about us, but I think you would get one from me that same day. It was not altogether reassuring, for Paris was anything but quiet, and the ravages of the cholera were spreading. Since that it has been worse still; more than a thousand persons have been attacked daily. Indeed it is a sad sight to see all the litters carrying sick people, or processions of

ten or twelve corpses at once—no rare thing, I assure you. But for the last two days the malady has visibly decreased; not only fewer people are attacked, but the disease is less severe, and more easily subdued. May God grant that it spare Lyons!"

"PARIS, *April* 19, 1832.

"My Dear Papa and Mama,—I have received your last letter which speaks of our coming to Lyons. I did not answer the same day, because Lacuria had just written to his parents on the same subject, and I thought they would give you tidings of us; so I waited two days, in order that you might hear the oftener.

"We had thought of going to Lyons in order to share your danger if the cholera reached you, but meanwhile it broke out so suddenly here that we have been so far in a state of indecision. The best doctors say, and all the newspapers repeat their opinion, that it is most imprudent to go away now. They say that if one is in the heart of the malady and has become acclimatised, it is better to stay quiet, for that one is much more likely to sicken in a change of air; and this has been pretty well proved by the number of people who, flying from Paris, have been taken ill, twenty, thirty, or forty miles hence, in places where there had been no previous infection. So you see, dear papa, that we have substantial reasons for deciding to remain.

Moreover, the worst of the evil is happily over, it is dying away, and it is quite impossible to account for the line of its advance. There were great apprehensions about the more confined and dirty quarters of Paris, but so far the cholera has not been worse there than elsewhere;—for instance, our quarter, which is certainly one of the best, has been most severely attacked. Happily it is decreasing now, and has crossed the river. It is said now to be worst in the Marais.

"The reports sent to Lyons must have been very alarming, and perhaps they may have been exaggerated. But the scourge has been very severe, for yesterday the *Moniteur* officially announced more than ten thousand deaths since the beginning. I trust that all necessary precautions will be taken at Lyons, since there at any rate there is some warning. Be as easy about us as you can. Take care of yourselves for our sakes."

In his next letters to his father Flandrin says: "We have no time to think about the cholera, for now I am embarked in the *concours*, and have gained a medal which gives me a permanent right to the first *places* in the Academy. But now the matter in hand is the famous Roman *concours*." And a few days later he says: "I told you that I had got a medal. Well,

since that the whole school has competed for the historical composition. Twenty were to be selected out of this large number, and I was fifth. Now there is the last trial to come, the one in which I was rejected last year. I am preparing for it with all my might, and mean to pull hard at the collar. M. Ingres is very much pleased at the way in which I have been received. He is as kind and good to us as ever—we often go to his house. He is well, and I pray God to preserve him long to us."

All this time Flandrin's health was in a very uncertain state, and practically he was quite unfit for the work before him. Weakened as he had been by privation and overwork, the atmospheric influences of the cholera told severely upon him, and he became so weak that he could literally not walk without the support of his brother's arm; and almost immediately after the beginning of this anxious competition (his *entrée en loge*, as it is called) he became too ill for any further resistance, and had to take to his bed, in spite of the importance of the work in hand. It was a severe trial, and the more alarming that one of Flandrin's fellow-competitors for the Roman prize was struck down by the cholera, and died almost at once. The doctor who was called in to Flandrin threatened him with the like results if he attempted to leave his bed

still more if he tried to work; and for a few days he submitted, from sheer impossibility of doing anything else. But the moment he felt the least return of strength he dragged his weary frame back to the scene of competition, leaning painfully on his brother's arm; and after working till he well-nigh dropped, he would go back to bed for the next day, quite exhausted, to begin the same process the day after! Perhaps the excitement really kept him up—anyhow, with his usual affectionate consideration for his parents, Hippolyte treated his illness as lightly as possible to them. He writes:—

"DE MA LOGE, PARIS, *June* 1, 1832.

"I write a hasty line because you are anxious and believe me to be ill. I did not know that Lacuria had said anything about it, or I would have given you particulars before. It is only that I have had just a little touch of cholera. It lasted five days, during which I was pretty well spent, but the cousin of one of my companions nursed me, and I soon got well. Happily it was not much, and now I am full of very different matters! I have to paint a picture, it is my first, and I am competing with men who have tried seven or eight times already. But I will not be discouraged,—at least I hope I shall not."

"PARIS, *June* 24, 1832.

"I wish I could see you, . . . but I am forcibly detained here—gratitude itself ties me down. I must try to justify M. Ingres' confidence by my picture, I must defend his doctrine and the credit of his school against men who are so prejudiced, that even if they saw the truth they would not acknowledge it for fear of condemning themselves. You see I have a weighty task upon my shoulders; God grant that I may be able to bear it. But if it should crush me, at least I shall have left nothing undone, and shall have used every effort."

"PARIS, *Aug.* 31, 1832.

"At last I can give you a sign of life. Thank God I have come to an end of the *concours*. Now there is a month to wait before knowing the result, which is trying, as we should already have set out to join you, if I did not fear that M. Ingres, who takes so much interest in us, might think us indifferent. So we must wait till after the judgment, which will be given by the end of September. Till then our pictures are all under seal, and M. Ingres—whose first glance will pronounce my sentence—will only see mine at the same time with the rest of the jury. I await that with the keenest impatience, for one word of praise from him is of infinite value to me. On the last day of competition the candidates can communicate with one

another, so that we saw each other's pictures. Mine is in quite a different line from the rest, and it made an impression which they did not conceal. They judged me much more favourably than I have judged myself, for they talked about my winning the prize, and I was not thinking of that. The Director, Sub-director, and Professor who came that evening to affix the seal of the School on the pictures, spoke of mine to M. Ingres, and very favourably too. All this would tend to excite my hopes, but no! I must keep them down. My dear master is on tenterhooks like myself. He often says, 'Oh, if you have done well how much I shall owe to you!' How dreadfully long this month will seem!"

"PARIS, *Sept.* 9, 1832.

"My dear Auguste,—If you only knew how impatient we are to see you! But various essential matters hinder me, things which I cannot set aside. I am waiting most impatiently for the time when M. Ingres will be able to tell me what he thinks of my picture. You can hardly imagine how I long for and yet dread the moment! The judgment of my competitors was in its favour, and I must confess to you that in my own heart and conscience I think myself superior to the rest. This is a confession which I entreat you to keep to yourself—it might appear unseemly for me to make it. Besides, I warn you that I expect nothing;

for my work is not in the least like the present style of things. Not that I am the least bit satisfied with my picture anyhow—I see numbers of faults which with more time I could have corrected; but remember that there are twelve figures, background, a great deal of architecture, and a heap of accessories: and all that had to be done in thirty-five days, for I was ill during the first six weeks, and the others had half done before I began to paint."

At last the longed-for moment arrived, and Flandrin found he had been successful! Let him tell his own story.

"PARIS, *Sept.* 25, 1832.

"My dear Papa and Mama,—I must tell you of our joy. I have worked hard and taken great trouble, but I am altogether rewarded by the satisfaction of my dear master. Let me tell you everything. To-day our pictures were exhibited. When the time of opening drew near my heart beat fast, for it is very alarming to find oneself for the first time exposed to public criticism and censure. At last the doors were opened, the public entered, and from behind I could look on at the groups of spectators. First I saw an enormous gathering cluster round my picture, and then a number of people whom I did not know asked me if I was not M. Flandrin? and when I said yes, they congratulated

me. A minute after all our own fellow-students arrived together. They examined, criticised, and then came up to me, squeezed me, surrounded me, embraced me; and indeed these tokens of friendship pleased me very much! Soon after the men from other studios came, and many of them added their testimony to that of my own comrades; and then there came a crowd of people whom I had never seen, among whom were some of the reporters, as you may see in the *Constitutionnel* of the 26th. I was very happy in the general approbation, but I still wanted that of M. Ingres; he had not yet seen my picture, and I trembled. About noon I went to see him, and told him what was going on at the Exhibition. He shed tears of joy, and told me to come back at five o'clock, when he should have seen it. All the day there was a crowd round my picture. When five o'clock came I went to my master. He met me with open arms, and told me that very few painters had made so brilliant a *début*, that he was proud of me as his pupil, and a number of other flattering things. I repeat all this because you are my father, mother and brother, and because what gladdens me makes you so happy. And certainly I could not have a more welcome reward than M. Ingres' satisfaction, and the way in which he expressed it. In short, the day's result is, that artists and the public have decided by an

immense majority that I deserve the prize. With the public and M. Ingres on my side I think that I *do* deserve it, but I don't expect to get it."

"*Thursday, 27th.*—To-day the crowd is as great as yesterday, and says the same thing. Many people have been to congratulate M. Ingres, which pleases him very much. This morning he went to his pupils, and praised my picture highly, speaking of us with so much kindness and affection. All this is far more than I expected."

"*Friday, 28th.*—There is still a crowd around my picture, and everybody says I shall get the prize; but I don't believe it, for the cabal is horribly active.

"Here we are at Saturday, 29th. It is the day of judgment, but yet I am much calmer than when I was waiting for M. Ingres' opinion. Now he and the public have adjudged the prize to me, and that makes me calm. 'I have done my best, and I hope I shall bear injustice bravely since I have done my duty.' Among painters our battle is the struggle between good and evil—the two principles can never be reconciled; and so our enemies are going to collect all their strength. M. Ingres has just left me to go to the judgment, saying, 'We shall see how far men can carry iniquity!'" Below the last lines come the following words, written with a trembling hand in large writing:—"Well, I was mistaken! I have got the prize! I will tell you all

fully soon. Adieu! Your son who loves you, oh, so very much!"

"PARIS, *Sept.* 30, 1832.

"My dear Papa and Mama,—You cannot fancy M. Ingres' delight! In spite of all his enemies one of his pupils has at last succeeded in winning this prize! To be the French student sent to Rome, and that by universal consent! My picture remains at the school, to be placed in the *Salle des grands prix.*

"Our journey will be delayed still, for the prizes are not given yet, and I must receive my brevet with my own hand. I am very sorry, for I long to embrace you, tell and explain everything to you; but we must wait another three weeks. It does seem so long!

"An idea has come into our head, and if it could come to pass I should be so delighted! It is, that Auguste might come at once to Paris; he would see the distribution of prizes, the Exhibition, in short, all Paris; and after a few days we should set out together for Lyons, and after staying there for two months I should start for Rome, where I must be by January 1st. If Auguste could do this, it would make me very happy; but he must make haste, for we long to get to you.

"M. Ingres is always talking to me of Rome, and what I am to do there. It seems that I shall inhabit the Villa Medici, the most beautiful palace in Rome,

that city of palaces. I cannot realise it! What a wonderful thing, to have five years entirely given up to study and cultivating one's talent! On the other hand, there are some very sad things. M. Ingres says that next year Paul must get the first prize for landscape, but meanwhile we shall be separated. Think of that!"

"PARIS, *Oct.* 21, 1832.

"My dear Papa,—I am still kept from you, first by a portrait I am painting for M. Ingres which I cannot get finished, and further, by what does not depend on myself. I have to receive my passport for Rome, and the money for my journey, all which is done at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, where they do not hurry themselves. But they have been promised me this week, and then I shall take leave of my dear master and come to you quickly. . . .

"Now for a piece of news! Paul has competed for the first time in historical landscape composition. Yesterday judgment was given, and it is he, it is Paul has won the medal! We *are* pleased, and so is M. Ingres; he looks upon it as a good augury for the great prize next year. Long live M. Ingres and his school!

"The distribution of prizes came off a few days ago at the Institut. People say that there never was such applause as burst out when I went up to salute the President and M. Ingres. My dear good master

was so moved, and squeezed me in his arms so tightly! How I do love him! more than I can tell. I hope soon to tell you the day we start, and the day we shall arrive. I am boiling with impatience. Adieu! I embrace you all three with my whole heart."

Flandrin was the first pupil of Ingres who had won the *grand prix*, and it was an event which caused a great stir in the art world of Paris. "The success of his school," says Vicomte Delaborde, "had the charm of novelty to some, but to others it signified a double victory over the old academic idealism, and over the avowedly revolutionary tone which inspired a certain set of artists at that time."

All this contributed to make Flandrin a greater fame than was usual under the circumstances, and he found himself suddenly becoming a celebrity, less on account of his real talent than as the advanced guard or representative of a party. This was not, however, the temptation it might have been to a more vain or self-conscious man; he was never disposed to come forward or meet the world's advances, and even if his natural humility and simplicity had not withheld him from profiting by the opening society offered him, his means were an effectual barrier between the young artist and such indulgence. He could not even afford the clothes necessary; and when M. Bertin,

director of the *Journal des Débats* (a man of considerable weight in the political and literary world), wishing to make acquaintance with the rising artist, invited him to dinner, Flandrin had to find some excuse, his real reason for not accepting being scarcely available, *i.e.* that he possessed nothing in the way of head gear save a *casquette*, and had not wherewithal to buy a hat.

Six happy weeks were spent by Flandrin at Lyons with his family, and then at last he set off for the Paradise of artists—Rome, accompanied by two other successful competitors for the *grand prix;* Léveil, who had won that for architecture, and Ambroise Thomas, the future composer of *Caïd* and the *Songe d'une nuit d'été*, who had just gained the first prize for musical composition, and to whom, from this time, Flandrin was bound with the ties of closest friendship. From Thomas, Flandrin learnt what music really is, and during the happy days spent in the Villa Medici, it was the young painter's constant delight, after a day of hard study and work, to spend the evening listening to his friend's exquisite rendering of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his art. It was a delight which never failed to the end; until the day when the same skilled and loving hands for the last time drew forth from the organ of Saint Germain des Prés the strains to which his friend's ear was closed for ever in this life; and while Hippolyte Flandrin's coffin waited

before the altar, Ambroise Thomas burst forth with Beethoven's great Andante (Symphony in A), and almost overwhelmed himself by the memories and associations wakened thereby.

To those now accustomed to rush through the great Mont Cenis tunnel, the following account of the young artist's journey will seem almost like fiction.

"ROME, *Jan.* 12, 1833.

"My dear Papa and Mama,—I must set you at rest and tell you of our journey and safe arrival. After I had said good-bye to you and my brothers, those dear brothers! I felt that I was really rushing away from you and from Lyons. As long as I could I looked back to Lyons, which contains all I love, and sighed heavily. One of my companions did all in his power to cheer me, but he did not set to work the right way. His gaiety worried me, tears would have relieved me far more than laughing and singing. However, by degrees they brightened me up, and the first night we slept at La Tour du Pin. . . . The next day we entered Savoy—inspection by the Savoyard Douane, and approach to the Alps. I enjoyed my companions' admiration, for they had never seen anything of the kind, and I shared it heartily, for the scenery was very fine. We entered a very narrow valley, frowning rocks above us, the road cut out of their sides, and

down below the precipice a torrent, the foam of which we could see as we heard its roar. The weather was fine, but the temperature grew colder, and in a few hours we began to walk over snow (I say walk, for we constantly did walk, and that very willingly). The next day we crossed the Grotte des Échelles, and went for some hours through a wild valley, which however grew wider as we approached Chambéry, which is a pretty, lively town, and all around it cheerful. Montmélian and Aiguebelle are in this valley, and then we entered into the Maurienne. There the landscape changes, it becomes wilder, the pyramid-like mountains are of darker rocks, scattered over with fir-trees, whose dark boughs add to the gloom of the scene. The valley rises up to Lanslebourg, and you see Mont Cenis. At three o'clock in the morning we began the ascent. Our team consisted of eight mules and seven *conducteurs*. We went slowly, by the light of a lantern: —everything was covered with snow, nothing to be heard but the *grelots* of our team, and the howling wind, which soon brought the clouds over us, so that we could see no farther than the ground we stood on. A fine snow came whirling round and blinded us; and meanwhile we listened to a story told by one of the men, of a post carriage which went over the precipice ten days ago. Everything was lost, men, horses and carriage. He wound up by saying, 'As for to-day I

am not afraid of the snow, but it is the wind!' And then the coachman, the one you saw, asked very gravely if we had said our prayers, and commended his wife and children to God. All this was not exactly alarming, but it was rather exciting. We three young men went on ahead, and were first at the top. We could see nothing but the road, the clouds, the crosses put up here and there to mark the windings of the way, and the little refuges. At the top we breakfasted; the mules were taken off, and we went on with our three horses. And now our troubles began; for, crossing the plain of Mont Cenis, there was a high wind, the carriage got into ruts, and we had to keep it from upsetting by pulling it with ropes on the opposite side from that on which it was tilted. I can assure you I never was hotter than while about this, knee-deep in the snow! Part of the descent on the Italian side was difficult, but we soon left the snow, the sun grew warm, the mountains were lower, and we reached Susa in splendid weather, and so went on to Turin.

"We stayed a day at Turin, and I wrote to you from there. The streets are straight, wide, and full of life. The two next days we were in the plains of Lombardy. At the Austrian customhouses we were examined and rummaged, and even the letters in our portfolios were read. At last we arrived at Milan, a superb town which one should have plenty

of time to see. We spent Christmas Day and the following day there. The cathedral is sublime, all in white marble, more than three hundred and sixty feet high; we went up to the top twice by an open staircase. The interior is full of precious sculptures and pictures, in short, the whole thing is a marvel. It is impossible to tell you all we saw in a letter, but we made careful notes each evening, and I shall lose nothing.

"After Milan, we saw Piacenza, Parma, Modena. Everywhere customhouses, everywhere passports called for, coming in and going out of all the towns—it is a downright persecution. Many a time we cried out *Vive la France!* We stayed a day at Bologna, and then started again to cross the Apennines. At first we had bad weather in the mountains; there was a fine snow falling all that day and the next morning, but about nine o'clock the wind rose, carried away the mists, and gave us a view of the mountains. The road became worse and worse, and we were constantly obliged to have four oxen as a *renfort* to our three horses. The summits of the Apennines are wild, and the crosses one sees here and there are dreary, for they are expiatory, and point out the spot of some assassination. We were ascending still for three-quarters of this day. The wind was terrible; it carried the snow about like dust, and we were constantly smothered in whirlwinds of it. The clouds rested on the mountain

crests, and were carried away with frightful rapidity. More than once we thought the carriage would be upset, but happily we got over all the highest points without accident, which is more than every one can say, for we saw one carriage upset. At last the weather became glorious, and the next day we descended and reached Florence. I must jump over the rest of our journey, which was prosperous, and tell you about Rome.

"We saw it, not without excitement, when about five *lieues* off; the dome of St. Peter's rising above all. A few minutes after we met some of our comrades, who had come to meet us; all the others had made a mistake, and come out the day before. At the Porta del Popolo I met M. Bodinier's brother,[1] and several other friends who went with us to the Academy. We were delightfully received by the students, and dined that evening with M. Horace Vernet. As the student whom I succeed is ill, I have a charming room provisionally. I command the whole town; and the first thing I saw from my bed on waking was St. Peter's and the Vatican. The house and gardens and everything is far better than I had been told. Why are

[1] Bodinier is a French artist, the painter of various Italian subjects, among which a picture called "Ave Maria dans la Campagne de Rome" is well known. It is now in the Museum at Angers.

you not here, in this glorious country? The next day, at breakfast, I got M. Ingres' letter enclosed in yours. Oh! what a pleasure it was, I kissed them, and cried over them. . . ."

Flandrin's delight in Rome was as great as might be expected. In his first letter to his brothers he speaks enthusiastically of his visit to the Vatican, which had exceeded his greatest expectations. Especially he particularises the Mass of Bolsena,[1] the School of Athens and the Dispute. He writes to his parents:—

"ROME, *Feb.* 6, 1833.

"Rome comprises everything necessary to make an artist happy; a glorious sky, a beautiful country, a fine type of men, grand monuments, and the most splendid pictures and sculptures. Every day I make acquaintance with some *chef-d'œuvre*, but I do not hurry, because one grows utterly weary with seeing

[1] Alluding to this, M. Delaborde says, "Is it not noticeable that of all Raffaele's *chefs-d'œuvre* in the Vatican the one which he specially mentions is precisely the least complicated both as to subject and execution, the one perhaps which contains most markedly that reality in type, that unction and simplicity of expression which was eventually to stamp the French painter's own works? It would seem as if Flandrin's earnest admiration for the Mass of Bolsena might be partly because he saw his own presentiments developed therein, and felt at home before that picture which so essentially embodies inspiration without effort, and truthfulness without display."

too much at once, and I do not want to weary of what is beautiful. But in spite of all these things I am sad, especially in the evenings, because I want you. I am alone, and my thoughts always turn to you. I have a magnificent view from my window, and in the evening, when the sun is down, I look out over this great town, over the Campagna beyond, and my gaze loses itself in the vast horizon of the sea. But my thoughts go farther, much farther—to you, and I see you alone, sad, far from your children; the picture saddens me, and I shed tears, which are some relief, and then I turn to a comforting idea, that of my return, and this gives me courage and energy for work."

"*Feb.* 14.—For some time I have been at work, but not as yet very actively. Several things hinder me. First, I have still a good deal to see; then the room and studio which I occupy at present, though most delightful, are only temporary, which keeps me in suspense, and prevents my settling thoroughly. I shall not have my permanent quarters till April. However, I am not losing my time. I am working from Raffaele,[1] and, above all, I profit by the contents of a splendid library. Sometimes I go in the evening to the Director's, where there is often a great crowd,

[1] Flandrin made some very interesting studies from the Stanze at this time, which are now in the possession of his pupil, Louis Lamothe.

but that does not suit me best. I like it better when there are not so many people, and when my late travelling companion Thomas plays exquisitely. . . . Yesterday, Boïeldieu, one of the first French composers, who is passing through Rome, came to M. Vernet's salon. Thomas was introduced to him, and then he asked for me, shook hands, and seemed much interested. He has a fine head, which indicates the genius he has displayed."

"*Feb.* 15.—I have just finished some drawings from the antique, for which the Minister sent to M. Vernet, on behalf of a work going on in Paris. The Director applied to me, and I undertook them. Now I am doing some bits from Raffaele, in the Vatican, as a study. Then, as I told you, I read a great deal; and I am learning Italian, at which I am working steadily, because it is so useful, that one can hardly get on without it. We have a great deal to do with Italians, and it is, moreover, a great enjoyment to read and know the great classics of this language; so I work hard at it. To-day I have been taking the portrait of a sculptor student who has finished his time and is returning to Paris—Jaley[1] by name; this

[1] Now member of the Académie des Beaux Arts, and the sculptor of two of the finest modern historical statues in France, Mirabeau and Bailly, executed for the Chambre des Deputés by the order of M. Thiers when he was Ministre de l'Interieur.

will remain in the Academy. . . . . I am on very pleasant terms with all my fellow-students, and have nothing whatever to complain of as concerns them. I hope they may say as much of me. I am very happy here, but I don't want to go to sleep in my *bien-être*. I know what is due to M. Ingres, and his letter, which I read over often, is a constant stimulus to me. May the result justify my efforts!"

There was one drawback to Hippolyte's full happiness, to which allusion is often made. It was the first time in their lives that he and his brother Paul had been separated; and, while thoroughly appreciating the relief from grinding want, and the opportunity of "talking face to face with Raffaele and Phidias," he sorely missed the dear companion who had hitherto shared the hardships of his life, and whom he now craved after to share its pleasures. Writing to Paul, he says: "Rome is sublime in her beauty, but one's mind is not always equally able to enjoy it. I am often very sad, especially in the evening, when I look at the magnificent sunset sky, and my thoughts wander afar. When the lights in the town begin to glimmer I shut my window, and read Plutarch till about nine o'clock, and then I go to bed and read over your letter and M. Ingres', and fall asleep thinking of you and him. . . . . Can it be really true that I have left

the Rue Mazarin and the studio, Pont Royal and the city, with her two crowning towers of Notre Dame! I dwell more on all their beauties now that I am absent. This country is delightful, but it will be much more so when we enjoy it together. *Allons*, courage, let us work away! The progress we both make will add to the delight of meeting again!"

Flandrin's letters to his brothers, who were now together in Paris, are full of enthusiastic love for art, and earnest cravings for advance in it both for himself and them.

"ROME, *Feb.* 25, 1833.

"I rejoice to see that you are working hard; I have always felt that Auguste would not have cause to repent of his resolution, and what you Paul and Bodinier tell me of his progress is precisely what pleases me best, because I have confidence in your judgment, and I know that you love him too much to flatter him. Dear Auguste, persevere bravely, and we will all three go on together and help one another. For my own part, I feel greatly the want of an aid and helper; of some one to raise my courage when it fails, as too often happens, and which has already happened here, although amid so much that is new and exciting I ought to be free from such a malady. But it is just because the sight of all these beautiful things makes me long to work, and several misadven-

tures hinder me from working as I should like. First of all, there is no room in the Vatican, it is full of copyists, and if you want to paint you must engage a scaffold three months beforehand. Then, on the other hand, I cannot work at the Academy, because I have not yet got my studio, the man whom I succeed not having finished his last picture. M. Vernet has been so kind as to lend me his studio, but it is so full of his pictures and concerns, and, in honest truth, those are so entirely different from what I want to do, that I cannot stay there long, still less work there. (Don't repeat this to any one; it is not well to get wrong with the people one lives with, especially when there is nothing whatever of which to complain.) But I hope soon to be in my own quarters, for which I shall have waited three months, not in idleness certainly, but to my great inconvenience."

"*March* 1, 1833.—Don't be anxious about my health; I am quite well now. It was only that a little while back, while working in the Vatican, I got a chill, which brought back my pains; but now I have got a good cloak of thick Roman cloth, which is an invaluable defence against the cold, and since that I have worked on without any return of the pains. (However, I beg the aforesaid pain not to look upon this as said in defiance.)

"I was very sorry to hear of M. Ingres' illness, both

because of his own suffering, and because it must delay his picture. I do so dread that it will not be in the Exhibition! and if it appeared now it would be so *à propos!* Everybody's eyes are fixed in expectation on our master, and I really believe that great work would be appreciated. That would be the final stroke of victory, at least I think and hope so with all my heart. . . . You were right to reassure M. Ingres about —— and ——; we seldom meet, and they are working hard. Tell M. Ingres that the only people with whom I talk art are himself, Raffaele and Phidias. I have never had any discussion in the Academy, and hope not to have. Words are not very effectual to convince in such a case; example goes a great deal further; let us try to argue by that means.

"My dear Paul, you talk about music, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Oh, how I should like to have heard it with you! The way you speak shows that you appreciated it thoroughly. I am fortunate enough to know it, not indeed as executed by the perfect orchestra of the Conservatoire, but admirably rendered on the piano by my good friend Thomas, who gives us some of the best music almost every evening. We have Beethoven, Mozart, and all the best masters in turn, and often there is music in

[1] The Martyrdom of Saint Symphorien. It was not exhibited till 1834.

M. Vernet's salon, when I promise you I am never absent! All the best society comes there. Yesterday evening we had a Grand Duchess of Baden, a Bavarian Princess, and another from Sweden, besides ambassadors, dukes, counts, and countesses, barons and so forth; among whom I often see very fine heads and good draperies. Among the beauties Mademoiselle Vernet is always conspicuous. As to me I look and listen from my corner, and sometimes I actually pluck up courage to cross the salon before everybody!"

"ROME, *March* 25, 1833.

"I was delighted to hear of the sensation caused by M. Ingres' portrait, though I fully expected it. And I was still more pleased to hear that several of his pupils had distinguished themselves, and so bore witness to his sound teaching, and the truth of his principles. . . . Tell M. Ingres that I often take his favourite walk from the Academy to the Coliseum by Santa Maria Maggiore, and always with a little sketch-book in my pocket. I go into the churches and make *croquis*. If you only knew the effect of going into Santa Maria Maggiore! First one is struck by the mysterious gloom which enfolds the choir and aisles, and the perfect stillness which prevails, two or three people only kneeling in a corner. A few days ago I went there, and was startled by this religious impres-

sion. All of a sudden a beautiful chant rose from some distant chapel, in the most perfect harmony with all the surroundings. My eye grew accustomed to the darkness, and then I could distinguish the figures in Greek mosaic which decorate the back of the choir, and which are really awful in their greatness. Indeed these old basilicas impress me quite differently from St. Peter's, which is a marvel of grandeur and richness; but duly to estimate it you must use your feet rather than your eyes, for, as one has often heard, it looks far less spacious than it really is."

"ROME, *April* 20, 1833.

"At last I am finally settled in my own room and studio, a nice one of twenty feet square joining my room. It is adorned with some good bas-reliefs, some other casts, all I have in the way of engravings and sketches, and two or three heads I have drawn from Raffaele." [Flandrin also inscribed on one of the panels of his studio the words of Psalm xcii. 4, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works, and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operation of Thy Hands."] "I have left the beautiful view I had over the town for a quieter scene; my present room looks on to the gardens. Between and above the laurel trees I see the fine pines of the Villa Borghese, glimpses of the plain, and towering above all the

beautiful snow-covered Sabine hills. It is a wonderfully calm refreshing view. At this moment as I write the sky is bright with stars; I hear no sound save that of a fountain, the plaintive monotonous cry of a bird, and now and then a distant clock striking. There is nothing to remind one of the town. All is calm, silent, beautiful; one can think and dream as one will. Oh! this stillness has a great charm for me, and when I feel it I travel the more readily to you—I see and speak with you! But one must come back to realities, and we shall not meet again this long while yet. Never mind, courage! The thing is to make good use of the time, and that is what I am trying to do. I am making special studies from models in order to overcome the faults I am conscious of. . . . I hear that the Duke of Orléans[1] has ordered a picture of M. Ingres. I am delighted, because at least that will be seen, and nothing more is needed for M. Ingres' paintings."

To M. Lacuria.

"ROME, *April* 23, 1833.

". . . How often I have wanted you to enjoy things with me, for at Paris we shared interests so

[1] This picture was the Antiochus and Stratonice, which was bought by M. Demidoff at the sale of the Duke of Orléans' gallery in 1853, and is now the property of the Duc d'Aumale.

fully! And so amid the Alps, at Milan in the cathedral, at Florence with Masaccio, Giotto and da Fiesole, at Rome with Raffaele and Michael Angelo; in town or country, wherever I am among beautiful things, I think of my brothers, and always including you. I suppose they have shown you my letters, and that you know all about me—so let me tell you what I saw on Easter Day. Early in the morning I went to Saint Peter's. The great piazza was already full of neighbouring peasants, with their wives and children, and among them a great many pilgrims, some coming from far. The greater part were sitting on the ground, waiting for the benediction, which was to be given at noonday. There were wonderfully beautiful groups. Soon the church also filled. The crowd in these churches is not a quiet one as it is in France; there are no chairs, and the people are continually moving and heaving like the waves of the sea. I was fortunate enough to get a good place, and to assist at the Pope's high mass. The ceremonial is magnificent. After mass the Pope went solemnly through the church, carried on a throne by sixteen men, and preceded by all the Bishops now in Rome. I never saw such fine heads as some of the Greek or Armenian Bishops. Then came all the Cardinals, and lastly the Pope. He was carried to a tribune in the midst of the façade of Saint Peter, which commands the

piazza from a height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. Everything combined to make this spectacle sublime. The sun, which had been clouded, shone forth at that moment as the Pope appeared in the tribune, sitting on his throne, still raised on his bearers' shoulders. Then the most absolute silence prevailed amid the vast crowd; the Pope rose, spread out his hands, and gave his blessing 'to the city and the universe.' At the same moment the guns fired, their thunder mingling with the sound of bells, drums, bands. I never saw anything so majestic or so solemn. Long shall I remember it!"

"*May* 4.—I often go into the churches. Perhaps I go too much as a looker on, but I cannot help thinking of France, and comparing what one sees there with what goes on here. The churches in Rome are very numerous, and no doubt that is one reason why one finds so few people in them at any given time. I recall the crowds one finds in the Lyons and even in the Paris churches,—how striking and quiet and reverent they are! Here people come and go, talk out aloud, salute their friends and acquaintance, and—specially if it be a high festival—one would hardly believe oneself to be in a church! We complain of the exterior of the Parisian clergy, it is far worse here! But the monks are admirable; they are grave, recollected, and many of them look most entirely

religious. I take to them because they have an open, frank manner, which one does not find among the *bourgeois*, and in the matter of physical beauty they are infinitely superior, especially the mendicant orders. I fancy this is because the monks are peasants, or *hommes du peuple*, and these have preserved a very remarkable and characteristic physiognomy, whereas the middle classes and rich people are of the most ordinary type."

"*May* 25.—A few days ago Vibert and I went to see Overbeck, who was good enough to show us his works. We were charmed with the religious spirit which pervades them; and we were specially struck by an immense composition representing the revival of art and science under the influence of religion. It is most beautiful and well conceived, but Overbeck uses means of expression which are not his own; he altogether takes the old masters' garb—he observes nature, but by his own confession he hardly ever has it actually before his eyes when working. Moreover, he aims less at painting than at expressing his thoughts as though in writing. To my mind he is wrong, for if he intends to make use of painting as a way of writing his thoughts, the more true and correct his medium the better the rendering will be. But we came away most pleasantly impressed, talking of the religious impression which Overbeck knows how to

give his works, and which always conveys a calm cheerfulness." . . . .

To his Brothers.

"ROME, *May* 22, 1833.

"I have just been making a two days' expedition in the neighbourhood. If you could but have been with us! There were my friend Vibert, Stürler, M. Ingres' pupil, Thomas, and three others. I never in all my life saw anything to compare to that beauty. We first crossed a part of the Campagna, which was new to me, intersected by long lines of aqueducts: buffaloes and oxen grazing in the marshes. At Albano we left the carriage, and walked by a delicious path beneath the finest, most beautiful trees I ever saw, the sea, lit up with sunshine, sparkling amid their branches. As far as Ariccia, which is much higher than Albano, it was but one exclamation at the beauty! As for me I could only be silent and gaze on the beautiful sea, which we overlooked from on high, the islands more than twenty miles off, and the Campagna with Rome in the midst, looking merely like a cloud of dust. Directly after we came upon the Lake of Albano, the bed of which is the vast crater of a volcano, on the edge of which stands Castel Gondolfo. The next day we started early on donkey-back. My ass was bigger than ordinary, and just like those which Raffaele has

painted in the Loggia. We went slowly through fine woods to the top of Monte Cavo, whence there is the most marvellous panorama imaginable. After revelling in it a long while, we came down again, passed through the village Rocca di Papa, and went to Grotta Ferrata, where we visited Domenichino's fine frescoes. Thence to Frascati, and at last back to Rome, eager for work, as the people in all those places struck me quite as much as the scenery. The women are most exquisitely beautiful—such grandeur, such breadth! Here indeed are Raffaele's models! He took them from this beautiful nature—nature who, queenly and supreme as she is, gives so freely to those who woo her with humble cravings."

"ROME, *July* 17, 1833.

"My dear Paul,—I am very sad after seeing our dear comrade Deroches[1] drowned before my eyes without the possibility of saving him. Some twenty of us had gone to bathe, only about ten being able to swim, of whom Deroches was one. They all went up about a mile higher than we who could not swim, meaning to come down the stream. Only Deroches stayed behind, and, in spite of all we could say, he would

[1] Deroches was a young painter (not an Academy student) working at Rome. His mother had just joined him, and the next day he was to start for France with her. He had stopped in the midst of packing for this bathing party.

cross the Tiber; but, coming back, he got exhausted in the most rapid part of the current. I saw him raise his hands for help, I heard his last cry of agony. It was horrible! I shall never forget it! He never re-appeared, and there was nothing to be done. You can imagine our despair. A moment after the others came down. Perhaps if they had been there Deroches might have been saved! Then his poor mother had to be told. The next day we returned to the spot, in hopes of recovering the body, and rendering it the last offices, but all efforts were in vain. Three days later I went with two other men to verify the body, which had been brought to shore. It was him, but terribly disfigured. We buried him in a church near the Academy—his poor mother was gone. I cannot tell you how all these sad events have told upon me, it seems all like a horrible dream. That poor young fellow, so full of hopes—all come to an end. And now M. Guerin[1] is dead. He died yesterday, after more than two months' failure. Madame Horace never left him, and Bodinier did all that a son could do for him. He is a real friend! To-day is the burial, to-morrow a service. You see what a sad chain of events it is."

It was only a year before Flandrin's earnest desire was fulfilled, and his brother Paul rejoined him

[1] Horace Vernet's predecessor as Director of the Academy.

at Rome. Hippolyte, as usual, was thoroughly unselfish, sharing all his small means with his brother, and even contriving, though not without the greatest difficulty and constant self-denial, to send his mother, from time to time, sums which, however small they may seem as compared with the lavish expenditure of wealthy people, were large and important both to giver and receiver in this case.

In March 1833, Flandrin writes to his brother Paul:—"Tell me in your next letter if you sent mama what I told you, and what you have taken yourself from my money in M. Ingres' hands. I only want to know what we actually have, for remember that when you need it my money is yours and theirs as much as mine." And again :—

"*Oct.* 20, 1833.— . . . I send this letter under cover to our cousins, because I have things to say which will not do for a family letter. . . . I want to know what you have done about the money we had in Paris. . . . Tell me, and also about any other little resources you may have. If only I had my 3000 francs at my own disposal, then we should both be well off, whereas now I am in a close fit myself. For the last ten months I have been trying to lay by a 100 francs for mama, but I have not managed it. Yet you know that I am not a spendthrift! nor have I become one. But I will explain to you how, with 3000 francs a year,

one may be without a sou to spare. You see 2100 francs are deducted for board and lodging, and medical advice if needed. So then there remain 900 francs, to pay for attendance, tailor, shoemaker and laundress, light, wood (and already I am obliged to have a fire for my model), canvas, models, and all other appliances. So you see there is a superabundance in one direction and positive stint in the other. One is very comfortable at the Academy, one wants for nothing, but nevertheless one has not means to get as many models as one requires. All the fellows who do anything of consequence for their *envois*[1] spend five or six hundred francs more than their pension, and that is what I am unable to do.—But to return to your matters, we shall find you some resources here. . . . You may do these things from time to time, without really neglecting your other studies. Oh, when you see these landscapes! How often I have delighted to think of the pictures you may make from them! You will find Poussin and his grand simplicity at every turn. There is no landscape painter here who has got eyes in his head, but when you see the Roman Campagna you will paint it as it is.

[1] The "envois" were pictures which, according to the original rules of the French Academy, her students at Rome were bound to send to Paris from time to time as guarantees that they were really studying and advancing in their profession.

You will advise me, I shall advise you, and we shall renew the old student life I love so dearly. . . ."

Early in January 1834, Paul Flandrin arrived at Rome, and then Hippolyte was able to go on working at his "envoi," which for very excitement in the delightful prospect had come to a standstill, and was reposing with its face to the wall, until the young artist should feel steady enough to continue it. In the September of 1833 Flandrin had sent his brother Paul a sketch of this proposed picture, in order that it might be submitted to M. Ingres. It was done from nature, and the sketch selected was chosen out of sundry attempts.

"The subject is from the Iliad. At the moment when the Grecian army gathered to make a fresh assault on the town, Polites, Priam's youngest son, trusting to his agility, ventured alone among the Trojans to remain without the walls, and seated on the tomb of the ancient Æsetes, he watched the Greeks. I want advice on another matter. Next year I must make my copy (another *envoi*), and after seeing innumerable fine works, I have fixed on Raffaele's glorious Galatea. It is a great undertaking, but still I should like it very much. It has just breadth and vigour, and is at the same time so fair![1]

[1] Flandrin eventually gave up copying the Farnese fresco, and his *copie d'envoi* was from the School of Athens. It is now to be found in the École des Beaux Arts.

If M. Ingres approves, you see what my picture would be. Here, the only idea is to paint great pictures, but I am less ambitious, and though I may be laughed at, I should be quite content if it were possible for me to paint one good figure. I hold that I came to Rome not so much to paint pictures as to acquire the power of painting them."

"ROME, *Dec.* 24, 1833.

". . . When I began my figure I resolved to show it to nobody, but you can't imagine how difficult that is! First of all, I was obliged out of respect to show it to M. Horace Vernet. He examined it for a long time, and said, 'I confess honestly that I was not prepared for this, it is very original and in very good tone.' But one can't trust to that. Since I have been forced, will you, nill you, to show it to others who have praised it highly, but as to reckoning upon all that!! . . . To you, brother, I look for real frankness,—it is the truest proof of friendship which can be given."

About this time Flandrin's eyes became a source of trouble to him; the first allusion to this anxiety is in a letter to his brother Auguste dated May 3, 1834, and his usual tenderness for his mother appears in his regret that a letter of a few days' earlier date may have fallen into her hands and alarmed her about his eyes. "I complained a good deal of them, and asked you

to consult Cousin Beaumers. It is a great trouble to me! It is a weakness in my good eye, and for the last six weeks I have done nothing in order to give it rest, which is almost the only remedy suggested. But don't make yourself unhappy, for the last few days it has been rather better; only I do regret all the time it makes me lose!"

It was becoming now a question of Ingres succeeding Horace Vernet as Director of the French Academy in Rome, and in the same letter Flandrin alludes to this:—"I also told you not to start for Paris till you knew whether M. Ingres is coming to Rome as Director, in which case I should advise you to come here at once. When you see M. Ingres you will know here it is spoken of as a thing settled and done. Give him our love, and beg him to forgive me for not having yet made the little sketch he wants from his picture at the Trinità di Monti.[1] I looked out in vain for a moment when I could get the *ensemble*. However, as the time for sending *envois* grew near, I went to try and copy as much as I could see, when my poor eyes put an invincible hindrance in the way. It is very hard that casual circumstances should make us who love our dear master so much seem ungrateful; he asked Paul to copy a head of St. Peter in the Vatican,

[1] Our Lord giving the keys to St. Peter,—a picture now in the Luxembourg Gallery.

and Paul has never yet been able to get near it. The hall of the Disputa is full of Russians making enormous copies, and during the year and a half I have been here, though I have been longing to copy some heads, I have never succeeded. But Paul has bespoken a place, and the first thing he means to do is this head for M. Ingres. Tell him all this."

In spite of Flandrin's personal pleasure in the prospect of Ingres coming to Rome, he regretted it professionally. "In my private opinion," he wrote to his brother, "it is a misfortune for art. The thought of seeing him again delights me, but I grieve that he should forsake a position in which he had so desirable an influence over art in France." And in another letter he says:—"In coming here I regret to see him give up the works he was about to execute, and which, being permanently located in Paris, (one was the decoration of a chapel in Saint Sulpice, the other some wall painting in the new church of Notre Dame de Lorette,) in places open to all the world, would have taught so many people, for I believe that in order to correct the judgment of a perverted public you must constantly show them what is really good. M. Ingres has done this already, and it has not been duly appreciated, but it is a question of education. People must have what is really beautiful before their eyes till they get accustomed to it."

To M. Ingres himself Flandrin wrote a little later :—

"ROME, *July* 25, 1834.

"My dear Master,—Now that all uncertainty is over, we may give ourselves up to the pleasure of seeing you again, as is but natural. You have done so much for us, showed such real interest in us ! And so you are coming back to beautiful Rome, and I trust it will give you all the rest and quiet you need, and that you will leave the endless worries of Paris behind you. Meanwhile you will work, and your paintings will be constantly teaching the right road in France.

"M. Vernet tells me that he has written to you, and that he by no means congratulates you on coming here. I could not help telling him that I thought it would have been kinder to say so before your appointment than after. If M. Vernet has had some trifling annoyances, it is generally considered due to the *légèreté* of his character, which nevertheless is full of kindness. I, who have never received anything but kindness from him, am of this mind ; and I only speak out so freely because I am afraid his letter may have prejudiced you against the students here, who are all full of respect and esteem for you. I am sure that they have only to know you and love you. We ourselves are only too happy in regaining our dear master and his good advice, and we anticipate the day of

meeting longingly. . . .—Your grateful and respectful pupil."

Meanwhile Flandrin's *envoi*, Polites, had reached Paris, and he writes to Auguste, September 22, 1834:—"Thanks for what you tell me about my *envoi*. I foresaw M. Ingres' judgment; I knew all its faults, but I did not feel that I could correct them save in another picture. I was setting to work in good earnest when the affection of my eyes came to make me lose this year during which I reckoned on making some progress. I do regret it bitterly. I should have been so glad to show M. Ingres something better. But to have nothing at all! However, as my eyes are pretty well now, I am beginning another picture. If I could express all I feel it would be better unquestionably. Please give my love to M. Ingres, and tell him that I see all the justice of his criticisms on my *envoi*, which are so much good advice which I shall try to use. And please thank him in behalf of us all for the interest he takes in all that concerns us. I think he hardly knows how much we love him. Make my respects to Madame Ingres, and say that if we may know the day of their arrival at Rome, and it will not annoy them, some of us would like very much to go out and meet them."

"ROME, *Oct.* 28, 1834.

" . . . I have been glad to see in the newspapers that my figure has not been thought ill of. Indeed it has been more praised than I expected, and I am glad that M. Ingres has had no annoyance on that score. . . . . I have begun a picture which I should like to have presentable against M. Ingres' arrival. The canvas is ten feet high, the subject taken from Dante's Purgatorio; eleven figures in the foreground. You see I have embarked in a great undertaking, and I fear M. Ingres may not approve of it, but now it is some way on, and I must do my best. If only you had been here you should have been my model for Virgil! Don't mention this picture to any one."[1]

"ROME, *Feb.* 18, 1835.

"My dear Papa,— . . . I am working with all my might for the Exhibition, which opens in six weeks.[2] M. Ingres seems satisfied with my picture, but not so I myself; I should like to begin something else in hopes that it might be better. Paul too works hard, and I expect his progress will be rapid under M.

[1] This picture was exhibited in 1836, and won the second medal. It was bought soon afterward by the town of Lyons for 3,500 francs, and is now in the Museum.

[2] According to the former rules of the French Academy there was an exhibition every spring of the students' *envois*, after which they were sent to France.

Ingres' advice, and that we shall soon see some good landscapes of his. M. Ingres seems very happy here. He has been so well received by all the first artists of every nation; and he found so much order, regularity and harmony among the students, that he was quite touched, and has said so repeatedly."

"ROME, *May* 9, 1835.

"My dear Auguste,— . . . Our exhibition has just closed; I wish you and papa and mama too could have seen it, for M. Ingres expressed keen satisfaction, and I have been congratulated by many artists; but still I am not the more satisfied with myself, and I am very far from going to sleep over it! What really pleased me (this is only between ourselves) was the satisfaction M. Ingres showed on the first day of the Exhibition. While first my figure[1] and then my picture were being hung, his eyes sparkled with delight, and as he passed me, he gave me a private squeeze of the hand, and every time I have seen him since he has spoken in the most hearty and encouraging manner."

"PISA, *June* 15, 1835.

"My dear Papa,—A fortnight ago we set out, Paul, Oudiné and myself. We have already seen Viterbo, Orvieto, Bolsena, Aquapendente, Sienna, Volterra,

[1] A figure of Euripides, now in the Musée at Lyons.

and many smaller places, which are all interesting because of what they contain either in architecture, painting or sculpture; and everywhere we made sketches, which will be valuable remembrances, and which we shall like to show you. It is very pleasant to walk, but horribly tiring in such weather. It is only prudent to walk from three in the morning till nine or ten o'clock, and then again after four or five in the afternoon. Thanks to neglecting this rule two or three times, we are about the colour of mahogany, and my slender beard and moustaches come out quite white against our tint! but we will not make it any deeper, and will be more careful."

To Eugène Roger.

"ROME, *Aug.* 1, 1835.

"According to promise I will tell you all we did after parting at the Porta Perugina. Florence was lovely as seen from the hills we ascended, and as usual when leaving anything I became full of regrets. We often looked back, but in about two hours Florence finally disappeared. In the middle of the night we halted at San Giovanni, Masaccio's country. Then slept at Castiglione. The next morning we went under Cortona, but the great heat prevented us from even thinking of going up. Lake of Thrasimene—awful heat; *cicali* such as I never saw or

heard before! Once at Perugia we were greatly pleased, and would fain have stayed there more than two days, but Assisi lured us on. We were astounded by our visit to San Francesco. It is not merely the finest collection of pictures of that school I ever saw, but they pleased me more than any others. Cimabue and Giotto are marvellously great! However, we were tired with the last two months' work, and could not do much; and, bothered by the daily storms, we left on the sixth day, promising ourselves to return on purpose, and we still have to see Foligno and Spoleto. During the three last days of our journey, we did not know how to express our admiration for the beautiful scenery through which we were passing; but amid all this we were pestered with one terrible nuisance—the fleas! I never saw anything like it. Only fancy, in the carriage all four of us had to set to work at one fellow's leg to get him something like clear!

"At Otricali we saw Mount Soracte and Monte Cavi again, and I must confess we were very glad to do so. We got back to Rome two months from our start to a day. Adieu! Ton camarade bien affectionné."

"ROME, *Aug.* 15, 1835.

"My dear Auguste,—I understand your reasons, and highly approve of your resolution not to leave our

parents while there is any fear of cholera attacking our city. It is an excellent reason, and I would that Paul and I could help you to comfort and encourage our parents. Your other reasons strike me as feeble. Dear fellow, do what you think best, but consider all I told you, and believe always in the sincere love of your brothers. I reckon on that love as the real happiness of my life—*our* life, I mean to say.

"I should have liked you to know our musician, Ambroise Thomas, with whom I have formed a real hearty friendship. He taught me to understand the real beauty of music. Every one loves and esteems him. For nearly three years we have benefited by him as man and as artist, and by his admirable talent; but there is an end to everything! He must go, and I feel it very deeply. Since I have been here I think I am much more sensitive to these things, and yet they have come so often over and over again! Nearly the whole Academy has been changed since I came; I have had time to get attached to my comrades, and then one by one I have seen them go, and Thomas is the last, and quite the greatest loss I can have. Without Paul I should be quite alone. . . . . The lovely music which I heard daily has become a necessity to me. It had become a remedy against the frequent attacks of discouragement which murder one and destroy the best part of one's life. . . . .

P.S.—We have just heard of the abominable crime of July 28th,[1] and, like every one that loves his country, we were horrified."

"ROME, *Aug.* 16, 1835.

"My dear Papa,— . . . As the cholera is approaching Rome, to spare you anxiety through exaggeration, I may as well tell you that it is at Leghorn, sixty miles hence. At present there does not seem much to fear, and it may leave us on one side. People say that the situation of Rome, in an entirely volcanic country, is favourable; we shall see. And if it comes, Paul will come to me, we shall go out but little, and spend the evenings with M. Ingres. After all, the best thing is to wait patiently, and have trust in God. You bid us pray to God for you, dear Papa. We never fail to do so, but assuredly we shall do so now with double earnestness, and on our side we look with comfort to your prayers for us."

The close affection between the three brothers is very touching; simple and unassuming as he was, Hippolyte always seems to be forced into the position of eldest, rather than Auguste, who was actually the senior. Probably Hippolyte's position as an Academy prizeman, and his superiority of means, small as that was, were partly the cause of his being involuntarily

[1] Fieschi's attempt.

treated as leader. His little bits of brotherly advice are generally accompanied with some unselfish offer or suggestion. Thus he writes, urging Auguste (who was taking portraits at Lyons) to "work at them as if they were studies. Don't let the thought of money creep into them, for it spoils whatever it touches. All the same, don't let that hinder you from asking a better price than you have hitherto done."

Hippolyte and Paul were always longing to have the trio united, and in the autumn of 1835 their wish seemed likely to be realised. The French Government commissioned Ingres, as Director of the Academy in Rome, to have copies made of all Raffaele's pictures in the Loggia and Stanze of the Vatican, and he wished to associate Auguste Flandrin with his brother Paul in the work. It does not exactly appear why Auguste declined the offer, but Hippolyte writes, Sept. 29, 1835: "Paul is working at his copies from Raffaele's Loggia. I have seldom seen anything so difficult to copy, but he is doing it very well, and between ourselves, we cannot help being very sorry that, after being selected by M. Ingres, you should not be able to come; for this work, while it forces one to make real progress, would have brought you in useful supplies, and would probably have enabled you to try a picture. However, it is not quite a lost chance, for, if you come later, I hope M. Ingres will give you

some of the copies to make. Only yesterday he told me how sorry he was not to see you at work there. . . . . Paul works all day at the Vatican, and I in my studio at my *envoi.* It is a figure (called the Jeune Berger); and besides that I have a picture in hand for the magnificent Cathedral of Nantes. The subject is fine—St. Clair restoring sight to the blind. The scene is at Nantes, where St. Clair was Bishop in the third century, and my canvas is nine feet high. The Bodiniers arranged it. They proposed to me to paint the picture, and I accepted with great pleasure, so as to do something that has a destination. As to the price we must say nothing about that. I am doing fifteen figures, the size of life, for a thousand francs, pretty much what the expenses will be—but what would you have? I would rather that than be obliged to hire a lumber-room."

To M. Ambroise Thomas.

"ROME, *Jan.* 20, 1836.

" . . . . As you say, you have returned to an active life, I, as well as all who know you, hope that you will neglect nothing, that you will seize opportunities, and that before long we shall hear you spoken of. If such opportunities occur, do not lose your courage. Work, always work on. It will not be lost, even if there were no other result than strengthening your powers. I remember you used to say yourself that

to write well a man must write much. . . . . I will tell you what we are all about. Jouffroy has just finished a very beautiful figure. Husson, who has three months' extension of his time, is getting on with his group. Simart is doing a great bas-relief, which promises well; Oudiné a figure, with which M. Ingres is delighted. Jourdy and Brian have each a figure in hand. In architecture I am best acquainted with Baltard's *envoi*, which is very interesting and well done. As to Elwart, he is composing comedies, dramas, songs, and odes; besides cantatas, duets, trios, and ever so many masses. He works as hard as possible. For myself, I have almost finished my figure, and am getting on with my picture, which began with ten figures, and now has seventeen,—a little bit of dear old Thomas, which everybody recognises, is one."

To the Same.

"ROME, *March* 17, 1836.

"Yesterday M. Ingres came to me in the salon, and squeezing my hand, said in a whisper, 'Oh, how more than ever I miss him!' He did not mention your name, but we are so much in the habit of talking of you that I quite understood. Your letter and the little bit of Beethoven [an autograph] pleases him much. By this time you will have seen Oudiné,

and perhaps Elwart. Instead of them we have got Farochon, and also Boulanger, who seems a very good sort of fellow. I am so glad you gave him your waltzes. I often linger in the corridor to hear him practising them. . . . What of Meyerbeer's new opera? [the Huguenots, just out.] Mind and tell me in your next letter."

To M. Lacuria.

"ROME, *March* 24, 1836.

"It is so long since I sent you a friendly word, that, although I have nothing to write with save my left hand or the two middle right fingers, I must not hesitate to begin. The cause of my incapacity is this. After finishing both my picture and figure, with back and chest broken and eyes worn out with tire, I intended to set myself up again by a little expedition to the sea, returning by the mountains; when, choosing some brushes in a shop, and using my nail vigorously to draw them out of a packet, the wood split, and a splinter went up under the nail as far as the first joint. I had to run half over the town to find a surgeon who could take it out, and the result has been a great deal of pain, and instead of a tour I have been condemned to keep my room and be starved! But don't be alarmed—I am much better.

"Janmot has a letter from you, in which you abuse

yourself tremendously for having—so you say—written all manner of nonsense to me about my picture. I don't agree with you. I thought some of your advice very useful, and I have kept it. My studio is in such a mess that I can't just now put my hand on your letter, so I cannot refer to it, but I will answer from memory. First of all; as I like your tone, I was very pleased to read your praise of certain parts which myself, too, I think the best. Then, looking at it as a whole, you say that you do not recognise Hell, or the expression of fear which is so prevailing in Dante. But here you are mistaken; it is Purgatory that is treated, and the predominant feeling in Dante's mind is not fear, but pity: a feeling which I have tried to express by Dante's action, that of consoling the suffering souls. As to the criticism that there is a lack of power in the expression, I entirely agree with it. Dante's poetry is quite another thing. It has often made me afraid with a sublime fear; but to convey that one needs something far beyond the talent of a man who can see, or fancies that he sees, what is true beauty at intervals as transient as lightning, and then grows lost in the analysis of form, tone, and all that is purely mechanical. It is the trouble which the mechanical part is to me which involves so poor a result in expression. I feel and confess it, and yet (perhaps I may be mistaken) it does not seem to me a reason

for avoiding difficult subjects, and that because one never shakes off pettiness of handling so well as when subject to a predominant thought. I think that ought to enable one to improve far more than aimless studies. To my mind, the more one asks the more one gets. Ask a great deal, and you will get a little; ask but little, and you get—nothing! I am not sure if you will understand me, anyhow I am sure that you would understand what I want to say if I were talking. It is so difficult to write these things!

"I have finished my other picture, my Saint Clair, and M. Ingres came to see it. If you only knew how encouraging he was! Well, I think I must tell you all about it, on condition that it goes no further. He came in, sat down in front of the picture, and for a bit said nothing. I was confused, and so was Paul. At last he got up, looked at me, and embraced me warmly—you know his way—saying, 'Well, *mon ami*, art is not lost, and I have not been useless!' I felt very small to be the subject of such words, and did not know how to speak, only my tears fell. The dear good man was so happy! I shall never forget that minute! But I could only tell such a thing to a friend like yourself, my dear Lacuria; you must see as well as I do that it would damage me in the sight of others.

"I remember your asking me some time ago if I really loved this country? Somehow I cannot ex-

67721

press what I feel. I love France dearly—my parents and friends are there, and assuredly I love it best; but when I think of leaving Rome I am heart-broken. When I look from my window on that beautiful plain, and the fine chain of Sabine mountains—those fine mountains with their grand old names; and then at our lovely garden, and at the old palace where I dwell; when I see all this from one window, and then turning to the other I command the whole town, with the sea line in the horizon, I cannot bear to think of leaving it all. It will cost me a great deal, but it must be done; I feel that I ought not to live here. . . ."

To M. Ambroise Thomas.

"ROME, *April* 30, 1836.

" . . . Yesterday I was alone; it was very fine, and I went to the upper galleries of the Coliseum, where I had never been since you left. How childish one is! Coming to that last arch, I was quite overcome. However, I got there, and nothing is changed, except that the two little seats, intact, are surrounded with big plants and flowers. I thought of you, and recalled what you said one day as we were going up the Pincio, about our being happy if some day we could make a name, and attain some reputation as artists. I re-echoed you; and now we must remind one another of it, for such a stimulus is helpful. There are still two

years before we shall meet again,—two of our best years: they should be well spent."

Amid all this enthusiastic devotion to his art and artist friends, the parents at Lyons were never forgotten; the same warm outpourings of love which went to them from the young boy first leaving home continued to cheer M. and Mme. Flandrin in regular succession from Rome, and one of the first thoughts, amid any credit won or prizes obtained, was sure to be the pleasure it would give at home. Thus he writes to his parents (June 1, 1836): ". . . I often look at a little sketch I made long ago, of Lyons from the heights of Montesuy. I think of you there, waiting for us, and then the time seems very long! But, on the other hand, when I think of the work done, it seems so little, and time to have gone so quickly by! However, I can conscientiously say that I have worked hard, and I feel that I have advanced."

And to Ambroise Thomas (June 14) he says: "I hear from you and from Bodinier that I have got a medal. I am very glad for my father's sake. Bodinier will give it to him *en passant.*"

This was a second class gold medal for the picture from Dante, and the following year the Saint Clair won a first gold medal. Flandrin was then preparing for his last *envoi*,—a picture now at Lisieux. He was

very reserved about it, and made all his fellow-students promise not to look at it until it was finished, wishing to be uninfluenced by any comments or criticism save those of his brother Paul. So far did he carry this fancy, that wanting very much to use a student, Dominique Papety by name, as a model—Papety having remarkably well-formed hands—Flandrin almost gave him up rather than reveal his secret! The good-natured fellow met his friend's difficulty by offering to come and sit blindfold! and in this way the resolution was kept. Flandrin writes to his friend, Ambroise Thomas:—

"ROME, *June* 14, 1836.

"I have fixed upon a Scriptural subject I have always loved, and which M. Ingres approves highly. I take the moment when the Jewish women brought their children to Jesus Christ that He might bless them, the disciples repulsing them, and Jesus rebuking the disciples, saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' I can imagine a wonderfully beautiful scene; the grand meaning and feeling stamping our Lord's words afford a magnificent opening, but it is an alarming thing to undertake. M. Ingres' approbation encourages me greatly. I was afraid he might have preferred something else, but, on the contrary, he was delighted with this subject. All this is between our-

selves, please. Until my picture has got on, I shall say nothing about it to any one. Besides, I shall hardly begin to paint it before January, having my sketch to make, a copy, and a journey to Naples."

"ROME, *July* 8, 1836.

"My dear Auguste,—Flacheron tells me that there is to be an Exhibition of Paintings at Lyons in October, and as I often grieve that papa never sees anything we are doing, I have a mind to send my Dante. Flacheron also says something which encourages me to do this, namely, that the town will have from forty to fifty thousand francs to spend, and, who knows? they might perhaps buy my picture! M. Ingres is vexed that it was not bought at Paris, but there is no good thinking about that now—it is over. So will you find out about the exhibition, and when pictures should be sent in, and then write to Lacuria, or any one else who cares enough for us to take the trouble, and ask him to go to the École des Beaux Arts, and reclaim the Dante and the Shepherd, and have them packed with the frames they had in the Louvre. It must all be done as cheaply as possible, for they have already cost me about eight hundred francs, and I am hardly disposed to sell the clothes off my back for so uncertain a chance.

"I am so glad to tell you that the other day, while

Paul was working at the Vatican, a fellow-student helped me to sell two of his landscapes. That gives him a little nest-egg of eight hundred francs, which came at a good time, for that very morning he found he only possessed a baiocco and a half, or about two sous! I am particularly glad, because I was afraid he would not have been able to come to Naples with me, and I could not have helped him. Working as I do, I am not rich enough to lend fifteen francs to anybody!—not a very brilliant position, as you perceive, but so happy in many ways, that I think I shall always look back to this time longingly!"

The Dante was exhibited at Lyons, and was bought, as Flandrin hoped, by the municipality for 3500 francs. His figure of Euripides was also bought by the town for 1000 francs. The Shepherd, which was sent to Lyons with Dante, was going to be purchased by Flandrin's old Lyonnese master, Legendre-Héral, but, with his usual kindliness and liberality, Flandrin refused to accept a price, and gave it to the Professor, who in return volunteered to execute a bust of his father for Hippolyte. This was joyfully accepted. He bids Auguste tell Héral "how grateful we are, and how pleased at the prospect. I cannot say how delighted I am to have a portrait of our father, and by him! Tell him that I think my Shep-

herd has found a better position than I looked for, and that his approval is a weighty encouragement to me. He must excuse my writing myself, my head is very weak, and I cannot get rid of fever. We have lately been at Albano, to try change of air as a last remedy. The first few days we were both better, but the fever returned, and now we are back at Rome, waiting to see what time will do. However, Paul is something better, and perhaps he will shake it off before the spring. Don't say anything about it to papa and mama; but I must confess to you that it is very unfortunate for us to be losing such precious time!"

It was a terrible time of fever, and all the strangers residing in Rome seem to have suffered. Flandrin writes to Ambroise Thomas:—

"ROME, *Aug.* 29, 1836.

". . . . This is one of the worst years for fever. In the Villa Medici alone, M. and Mme. Ingres, Simart, Jourdy, and Boulanger (twice over) have had it, and I am just getting better. I was comforting myself by preparing for our journey to Naples, where we were to meet Baltard, and my eldest brother was to join us. Our plans were magnificent! But it all had to be given up. Cholera has broken out severely at Ancona; all communication with the kingdom of

Naples is suspended, no passports given; and I have written to my brother to defer his journey, for if the cholera should come here, it would be stupid for him to come so far to meet it! So farewell to lovely Naples, which I accept on the faith of your descriptions. Without having ever seen it, I seem to know it, and even to have most lively recollections thereof! I should have looked for well-known footsteps, and names inscribed. I feel quite familiar with the Hermit of Vesuvius' book! Doesn't all this make you think that one forgets less quickly at Rome than in Paris? It may be so, eh? and does not seem unlikely. Ah, well, *mon ami*, all this charming prospect of journey, excursions and expeditions has been exchanged for fever and the alarm of cholera!

"My life is perhaps still more recluse than when you were here, and that is a year and nine days ago, which upon calculation shows me that I have still more than sixteen months. Poor dear Rome, how shall I leave her? The other night, before going to bed, I took a chair and sat out on the balcony to enjoy the moonlight view of the town. It was one of those nights when the light, coming from behind the masses of buildings, throws them out so well. The frogs croaking and the fountain splashing did not mar the silence which prevailed, their monotony almost seemed to blend with and increase it. There was not a motion,

not a light. Just as I was going in a few chords of a piano fell upon my ear—and oh! they brought back so much that . . . . *Basta!* I was only going to tell you that I should be very sorry to leave Rome, although it will be to see my parents and friends."

The alarm of cholera was serious. Hippolyte wrote a little later to Auguste:—"Cholera is making great destruction at Ancona, but as yet it has not advanced further. The French garrison has behaved very grandly. Finding that the terrified natives forsook the sick, General Cubières asked for volunteers to go and nurse the cholera patients, and almost all the soldiers came forward, and rivalled one another in zeal. Supplies were wanting, for the neighbourhood sent in nothing; but the French General set that straight by threatening to make a sally with the garrison and pick up whatever he could lay hands on for the town."

The malady spread to Naples in spite of precautions, and Flandrin had reason to rejoice that he had not gone there. He writes to his old friend Eugène Roger (October 31, 1836):—" . . . . Baltard has not returned, for the cholera broke out at Naples before he left it, and he is obliged to make a sort of quarantine for three weeks at Sora, with his wife and child. It was partly his own fault, for it was not hard to foresee how it would be. At Naples there are already as many as two

hundred and fifty cholera cases daily. It seems as if it must come here before long, and yet who knows? It has spared Lyons. You have heard how grandly our fine soldiers have behaved at Ancona; the Italians let them have an easy monopoly of courage and self-devotion. I must tell you a story. Just lately one of our last year's students, Famin, an architect, was making an expedition to Anagni without a passport, when the Governor of the town arrested him, and sent him from one prison to another in chains. As soon as he got free and reached Rome, he went straight off to M. de Latour-Maubourg. It was nine in the morning. The Ambassador wrote off a thundering letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State, who appeared himself by noon to make excuses for the Government, and to say that a courier was already despatched to recall the Governor of Anagni, and order him to Saint Angelo, where he has now been a week. The Ambassador further insisted on a circular describing the assault and its punishment being sent to all the Governors of towns in the Roman State. We are well pleased with our Ambassador, and very grateful to him for avenging us of such treatment so speedily.

"What you tell me of X. is very grievous. . . . . Accumulating work, undertaking everything, and receiving money, is not all that a man has to think of! I agree with you, that in such matters one's character

as a man must be borne in mind as well as one's talents as an artist.

"We have had a terrible autumn. Rome has been devastated with fever, and at the Academy almost everybody, from the Director to the porter, has had their turn. I am just getting over my third attack, and I very much fear that it will not let me get my copy quietly done."

"ROME, *Feb.* 12, 1837.

"My dear good Mama,— . . . . I am quite sure you shared my pleasure when the town bought my pictures. It is a piece of good fortune which I want to share with you. I know, dear little mother, how much you dislike living in a dirty apartment, and if nothing has been done to ours since I left, I am sure by this time it must be very little to your taste. So will you please, dearest mama, to do me a pleasure, and accept the little sum of one hundred francs for some improvements, if they can be done without putting papa out? In that case you must take the money for anything else you will. Auguste will be my banker and give it you. You will take it, dear little mother, won't you, and try to beautify your small abode? Auguste was to have come here in January, but I begin now to despair of seeing him before I go. Yet he might have got so much good from it. I hope at least he will remember how persistently I have begged and

entreated him to come. Adieu, dearest mother. I pray daily for you and for our dear father. I am quite sure that neither do you forget us, and I attribute all the good things which befall me to my darling mother's prayers."

To M. Ambroise Thomas.

"ROME, *Feb.* 13, 1837.

" . . . After a dreary rainy winter, spring begins to cheer us now. The bright sun and flowering trees recall one of our first walks—we bought fir cones and oranges at the Quattre Fontane, and went to eat them at Caracalla's Baths. . . . . Here, as the cholera is dreaded, the Carnival was forbidden; but as the Romans bore the privation patiently, though regretfully, they were permitted to have the Moccoletti on the last day. The Corso was full, and everything seemed all right, but the first moccoletti were hissed and forcibly extinguished: there was quite a hubbub with carriages getting out of the row, shops shutting, and all the rest of it; and now it is called 'the Revolution of the Moccoletti,' and, as usual, the Romans say that its chief promoters were the students of the French Academy.

" Your Carnival cannot have been very gay either, with your influenza. We have been very unfortunate here—poor M. Ingres has been very ill. . . . . Paul

has not had any fever for two months, so I hope he has done with it; but as for me, I don't seem to have had my share, for it keeps coming back twice in each week. I am waiting impatiently for the amendment which the doctors say spring will make. It has thrown me back so much, that I can assure you I shall have no difficulty in finding occupation from now till April 1838.

"*Feb.* 23.—My letter was delayed by an attack of fever, but to-day I am better. . . . . You ask if I often go over the scenes of our favourite walks? Alas, for a long time I have scarcely stirred! I have only been once to Torre de Schiavi since you left, the violets at Villa Pamfili were gathered without us, and since the day we went together to the Villa Mellini I have never been able to return. *Tre anni, bagatella!*"

"ROME, *June* 18, 1837.

"My dear Auguste,— . . . . You say that we shall soon see you, and that I am not to set off without you; but, my dear fellow, I am not my own master, especially in my present state of health. I am still beset with fever, and the doctors say the month of September must not find me in Rome, or that I shall assuredly be ill all next year again. So I must try to get away in the beginning of August. You can imagine that it is grievous after having worked, and

my works having had so much more success than I expected, to be hindered just when a much more important work is in hand, and when I want to collect all my strength, and make a sort of final effort. I feel that I am almost losing even the wish to succeed. Illness and weakness have given me a sort of disgust and depression which follow me everywhere. Shall I really be obliged to give up all my hopes? But, after all, I am not always in this disheartened state. A few days without fever restores some energy, and I feel my love of work again. I have made a beginning of my great picture in one of these intervals, but one ought to be very strong to carry a thing like that through."

"FLORENCE, *Aug.* 24, 1837.

"My dear Auguste,— . . . . In the last days of July, after the terrible news from Sicily, a few cases of cholera appeared in Rome, where the alarm was very great, because Government and the doctors have done everything they could to persuade people that it is contagious. I had been for two months without fever, and was working at my last picture, unfortunately harder than I had strength for. I was to start in August, so as to avoid the fever season, but fatigue brought it on too soon; and just as the first cases of cholera appeared I fell ill again, and the remedies caused violent inflammation. After some days of

uncertainty as to whether the plague was among us or not, we were reassured, and M. Ingres and our friends advised us to go away and try to cut my fever short, for fear I might have it through another year. Alas, if I could have foreseen what has happened I would not have gone, and I am sure that I should not have suffered as much in sharing the danger with them as amid the fatigue and anxiety we have experienced. We started, thinking that this attack was only much the same as some thirty or forty attacks I have had since I was at Rome. We took the Sienna route for Florence, August 3rd, in a fearful heat, and with a vetturino, who went like a tortoise, only getting on some ten or twelve *lieues* a-day. And oh! what I suffered, being ill to begin with. When we reached the Tuscan frontier we were met by two men, who informed us that we must go back, as the Tuscan Government had set up a *cordon sanitaire;* and we had to go and lie in quarantine at Aquapendente for a fortnight, a horrid little town. We were five Frenchmen and one German, all artists, and all very good friends. We agreed to go and make out the time at Perugia, a very beautiful place, on a hill, and with a much better air. When we got there they hesitated whether they would let us in or not. It ended by our being admitted, and then I got some fresh fever. However, the quiet suited me, and I was

mending. Soon the news from Rome grew alarming, and we heard from a crowd of fugitives that cholera had broken out very decidedly; that there were as many as two, sometimes even three hundred deaths daily, and that our good M. Sigalon was one of the first victims. . . . . How I regretted having left M. Ingres and the Academy under such circumstances! However, as it was impossible to return, and our quarantine was over, we set out for Florence. When we reached the frontier they signalled to us to go back, and some soldiers came out to arrest us. But at last, after a great deal of debating, we were admitted. Two hours later we were dining at Arezzo, thinking ourselves lucky in having at last crossed the Tuscan frontier, when suddenly we heard that the cholera had broken out in Florence. Just think of this. But we had gone too far to turn, so we went on, and on arriving here we found that there have only been one or two cases, which it is hoped will not have any succession. If it should increase we are ready to start, without quite knowing where to go, for cholera is everywhere,—at Rome, Naples, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice. So you see, my dear fellow, we cannot give you any advice as to your journey. . . . . My poor picture! it will indeed be fortunate if it ever gets decently finished. However, we must hope for better times."

To M. Eugène Roger.

"SERMIDA, *Oct.* 11, 1837.

"Here we have been for several days watching the Po rush by, and waiting until we can cross it. I must tell you how it has all come about. At Padua we devoured the Titians and Mantegnas, but, above all, the Giottos in Santa Maria del Arena. What a jewel that chapel is! What soft sweet harmony among the Titians! I approve your choice. You will preserve a thing like to perish, and which is most admirable. I imagine you to be at work by this time.[1] After three days we started for Vicenza and Verona. Our first business was to find out whether Verona was healthy, and would do for our quarantine. On first asking we were told that the town was *sanissima*, and a certificate to that effect was given us, but unfortunately we could learn nothing for certain, so we started for Peschiera and the Lago di Garda. And at Mantua they could hardly guarantee the quarantine we proposed keeping; so there was nothing for it but to go to the frontier and make sure. We saw Giulio Romano's frescoes in the Palazzo del Te, and I was surprised, amazed. Certainly in some of them he comes out like an old

[1] Eugène Roger had undertaken to copy a fresco of Titian's in the Scuola di Sant' Antonio at Padua. His copy is now at the École des Beaux Arts.

master. We stayed there three days, not failing to visit the Palazzo del Te daily; and we should have been glad to work there, but the fever traces we saw on so many faces frightened us. I have not had any actual fever since we parted, but I feel that this air is bad for me. I am still weak."

To M. Ambroise Thomas.

"ROME, *Dec.* 10, 1837.

"Only twenty days more of my time here! The end is coming, but I shall feel it much more than you. I have still some troublesome things to do, I have to leave this quiet peaceful position, this beautiful country, which—fever notwithstanding—I love more and more—dear M. Ingres and our comrades. Of course I shall have my country and parents and friends instead, and I appreciate the compensation; but still in my heart there is a sad gloomy thought of parting from the soothing stillness one enjoys here, to go and fight in that ant-hill for bread to live upon! If at least I could have waited till I had decided! But no, I feel that I am pushed on, and that I must leave in three weeks. You advise me to go at once and finish my picture in Paris, but indeed I cannot, my dear fellow. I am sure that my picture would suffer, and it has already suffered enough through my bad health and the unfortunate circum-

stances amid which it has been produced. But I am doing all I can. In fear and trembling at the short time remaining, I am using that to the utmost. . . . My plans are as follows, supposing cholera and other things to agree. I hope to have pretty well finished my picture by the middle of April. Then I shall go to Naples and stay there a month. Thence return to take leave of Rome, and take the steamboat for Marseilles. Then six weeks or two months at Lyons, and by August I hope to embrace you. But you shall hear again. At this moment I hear the *pifferari*. How they recall past times. Yesterday evening we went to the Ponte Molle to meet Roger. It was so pleasant. Alas! alas! I shall never do that again for any one, unless it be for the man who succeeds me!"

The happy meeting with his parents to which Hippolyte Flandrin had looked so continually through his years of study at Rome was not to take place. His father, who had seemingly been in bad health for some time, died just before the expiration of Flandrin's studentship. He writes as follows:—

"ROME, *Jan.* 26, 1838.

"My dearest Mama and poor Auguste,—I will not attempt to dwell on our grief, you know it all by your own. We have lost our good, loving father; and

you have both been all you ought to him; you could prove your love for him, you have fulfilled all your duties —but we! After an exile of five years, just as we were about to return, our one thought was to see you again, and by our loving care to make up for time lost; yes, it was really lost, inasmuch as we have not been able to help or comfort you—just at this moment our dear father is gone from us. We could not embrace him or hold his hands, and you have been suffering and weeping without us. It is very hard to bear! But I am only adding to your grief by all this!

"We thank Auguste warmly for the details he sends us. They are an alleviation you must feel strongly. He is gone, loving us all, upheld by the religious mind we could most have wished for him;—the holy mind, which can loosen the tenderest bonds without breaking them. What courage that must have given him! I ought to comfort you, and fain would do so; and it is very trying to us, dearest mama, not to be with you and able to do so as far lies in our power. But I trust to our brother, that dear brother who has done so much for us all, and for whom we feel such boundless gratitude. I trust to your religion, the true source of our courage and all your goodness; and I trust too to your love for us. Mama, you do wish to live for your three children, don't you? and you will ask God that you may do so, just as we ask it continually?

Oh, if we could but embrace you! I beseech you to be brave and resigned; I rely on it because of your love for us. Do not be anxious about us; we are surrounded by kind friends. . . . Imperative duties detain us here for a while, but we shall lose no time in coming to you. Take care of yourself I beseech you. We pray for our dear father, and for you and for our brother. Do you pray for us too. Adieu, dearest mother, adieu, dear brother and friend."

To MM. Ambroise Thomas and Harlé.

"ROME, *March* 16, 1838.

"Dear Friends,—I write hurriedly to you, because, as you guessed, I am working at my picture, and have no time to spare. Your letter was very welcome, and your expressions of friendship all the more precious, that within the last two months we have had a heavy sorrow. We have lost our dear father, and a few days after, one of our comrades, Clerginet, had the same loss. I had finished my time, I was going to see him. . . . O dear friends, it will be a sad return! So you see I have had to work at my unlucky picture amid sickness and sorrow. God knows what it will turn out! Nobody has seen it yet, not even M. Ingres. As for me, I am tired out to the last degree, and am no judge. Adieu, dear old fellows. The sympathy of friends is a true balm, and I know we have yours."

"ROME, *March* 30, 1838.

"Dear Auguste,—I answer your last letter in haste. I was quite sure you would approve our choice. Assuredly our dear mother deserves every proof of confidence and love. Thanks for your good report of her, it is a great comfort to us. Dear fellow, I have had much the same thoughts as you about our weakness. We have no more strength to bear a prolonged sorrow than a very great joy, or a protracted season of rest. Already we sometimes reproach ourselves for beginning to sing again at our work; yet I don't think any one could love a good father more devotedly. His memory is always present, and our regret is very deep. I hope it will soften, and that we shall find comfort in recalling his words and doings to one another's mind."

To M. Ambroise Thomas.

"NAPLES, *June* 14, 1838.

"I am writing to you from Santi Combi's on the Santa Lucia, and what is more, from your own old room. Every day I look out on all you love so much,—the beautiful gulf, Vesuvius, the mountains and islands. I have all these, I drink them in and admire them; and yet the beloved Rome is continually rising up before me. I left it on the 4th. Poor M. Ingres! how sorry I am to leave him for two years and a half!

Our comrades were very kind, they went as far as Porta San Giovanni with me; we were twenty-three in all there when we separated. Here we have been already over and over again to the Museum, Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius, which is very placid at the present moment, but fine all the same. At the Hermitage my first object was to get the book of 1833, and to find your name. I was so pleased to find it I could not resist putting mine by it. I am here; with Paul and my eldest brother, who joined us at last, as also Boulanger and Roger, capital travelling companions. We are starting for Pæstum. Then we propose going by sea to Leghorn, and taking Pisa, Florence and Milan, that our brother may see them. Then a time at Lyons with my dear mother; and early in September we hope to join you, and see what can be done."

To M. Eugène Roger, Naples.

"FLORENCE, *July* 6, 1838.

"Here we are, but not without our troubles! For the first seven hours after leaving you our voyage was a sort of enchantment. The sea was superb, mountains and islands put on the most marvellous effects of form and colour, the sun set gloriously behind Cape Circe, the bright moon lit up the sea. All was calm; but towards ten o'clock the wind rose, clouds covered

the sky, general *malaise* began to be felt, every one grew restless and began to try to find bearable positions—in vain! On all sides lamentations and grunts! Then came rain, which forced every one to seek shelter, stumbling about and holding on as they could. Inside, such a sight! a downright battlefield. There we stayed, like the rest, stretched pell mell on the floor like so many sacks of corn. The waves were dashing noisily over the deck, and washing down into every corner of the vessel, drenching us all; but I never stirred a finger to avoid getting wet, nor any one else either! However, after three or four hours, by some superhuman efforts, we did contrive to slither into our berths, and there we stayed till ten the next day, when we reached Cività Vecchia. We landed and met Famin and good old Guénepin, who had come to meet us. We wanted to dine with them, but, all in much the same condition, we had to content ourselves with seeing them eat, casting dismal glances the while at the sea dashing up against rocks and ramparts.

"However, we re-embarked bravely, under our friends' auspices, and though the sea was very rough we had not strength left to be as ill as the night before. We stayed huddled up in our holes till we reached Leghorn, where we left Boulanger. The sea was calmer, so I hope he will have got on better. Pisa delighted us, and Florence is always charming to

me. In spite of all we have seen at Naples, the old Tuscan masters hold their own to my mind. I delight more than ever in them and in Raffaele."

These last words, written as Flandrin's student life in Italy closed, are noticed by his friend and biographer, Vicomte Delaborde, as a noteworthy *résumé* of the impressions he had received, and a programme of his future work and the earnest aim of his life. "Do we not find the continued proof of this preference for the old Tuscan masters and for Raffaele" (M. Delaborde asks) "more and more in all his works, from the Chapel of Saint Severin to the nave of Saint Germain des Prés? Not that his respectful memories for his great models took shape in mere literal imitation or technical likeness. Hippolyte Flandrin knew too well that, like ancient art, the Italian Renaissance is not a language, the beauty and genius of which can be adopted by the mere outward copyist. Rather than rest content to imitate the exterior of the great works which he took as his permanent models, he devoted himself to studying their spirit, striving to revert to the source whence their inspiration flowed, so that he too might drink thereof. So that while the Stanze of the Vatican are to his mind the most absolute expression of pictorial perfection; while, as he repeatedly would affirm, Giotto s

frescoes in Santa Maria del Arena, or those of Fra Angelico in the Chapel of Nicholas V., ought to be 'the very breviary' of the painter of religious subjects, Flandrin none the less sought daily to study on his own account, and to adapt the lessons of the past to the requirements of his personal feeling and the wants of the present day."

Three years spent in Rome had indeed not been wasted. His influence among his fellow-students had been great—it is one of themselves[1] who speaks of it as "a downright fascination to all who came near him—the fascination of a superior artist and a good man;" and the two things were wonderfully blended.

From his birth he had possessed—and they never failed him—the passionate instincts of an artist, a keenness of perception of, and craving for, every expression of external beauty, realising the great truths of all forms of beauty, and irresistibly constrained, so to say, to give it shape; but he was also a Christian, one for whom there could be no beauty save on the condition that it tells of God; one who in the region of the ideal could no more separate his admiration from his belief than he could separate his speculative knowledge from his actions in daily life. The most perilous days of early youth were steered through in safety by the help of a pious childhood, and the wholesome examples of

[1] Ambroise Thomas.

a pure home; and he was kept straight amid the temptations of artist life by the remembrance of the lessons of that home, and a voluntary obedience to the duties there impressed upon him. So that, as one of his friends says, when he became a man, Flandrin "only needed to be himself to be a Christian, just as to be an artist he only needed to follow his natural tastes and exercise his faculties." It was this perfect harmony between his characteristic talent and his habits of life, this entire conformity of the painter's inspirations with the principles and practice of the man, which have won Flandrin a claim to an altogether exceptional respect, and an unquestionable authority. Where so many other painters of sacred subjects under David, or earlier still, had but played a part skilfully, Flandrin devoted himself wholly to his art, because his work was as much the creation of his heart as of his mind. His piety in nowise dulled him to the delights of real beauty, any more than his zealous prosecution of art distracted him from metaphysical contemplation; and when in his early days at Rome, Flandrin wrote to his brother to send him some brushes and the Pensées de Pascal, he was unconsciously gathering up all the occupations, longings and passions of his life—a life divided between the need to paint sacred things and the no less imperative need to meditate upon and penetrate into their

mysteries. Later on, when decorating the Church of Saint Paul at Nîmes, he inscribed the names of father and mother, sister and brother's wife and children, of all whom he had loved or lost, within a fold of the drapery of his figure of Christ at the top of the choir. It was not done as a token of his faith, or a profession of affection; the inscriptions are totally invisible, and moreover Flandrin only told one person what he had done, bidding him keep the secret. It was an *ex voto* intended for no eye save that of God, and it was as a prayer that his hand traced the words.

Probably the secret of Flandrin's influence as a man and as a painter may be traced to the same cause, what M. Delaborde calls his "thorough moral sincerity."

"Men believe in the artist's authority and his eloquence, because he himself believed in the things of which his pencil tells; they are touched with his emotion, infected as by a happy contagion with the Christian tenderness which breathes in all his works, because he felt it himself in every task, not by a mere effort of will or accidental act of intelligence, but through the wonted springs and innate cravings of his heart. Flandrin's thoughts followed readily and naturally into those ideal regions, those supernatural spheres where formerly Fra Angelico's spirit drank its inspirations; and when he covered the walls of

churches with types of earthly renunciation or told the tale of heavenly mercy, when he depicted the beauty of self-abandonment to God, resignation and love in such unearthly purity, he seemed less to be fulfilling a task than obeying the laws of a natural vocation; rather to be embodying his familiar thoughts and memories than carrying out any formal plan."

"It was a new undertaking," M. Delaborde says elsewhere, "to combine the severity of religious thought with calm grace and peaceful ease of expression; just as it was in a fashion audacious—in practice anyhow most skilful—to unite the time-honoured traditions of beauty with conformity to what nature sets before our eyes; to embody on canvas the likeness of life's visible truths, together with the results of a training acquired in picture galleries." This undertaking Flandrin achieved in his Dante, his Saint Clair, his picture of our Lord blessing the children; and while not forgetting the debt owed to other modern artists, among whom Orsel is chief—his aim being, as he said himself, "to baptize Greek art"—Flandrin carried out the principle and combined the higher tone of Christian realism with the recognised traditions of ancient art, believing heartily in both, and that more and more to the end of his life.

The episode of Roman life was finished; and returning to his native Lyons, Flandrin writes pathetically:

"I have done with my student life, and I must confess, that, in spite of the return to home and friends, it is with regret, a most keen regret, that I part from this period of my life. I might have been more fortunate perhaps, for eighteen months of fever do not tend to make one see things *en beau;* but I found so much not to be found elsewhere, so much to be deprived of, which seems intolerable as I look forward! It costs me more than I can say to part from it all; and, of course, just now the loss is felt at every turn, and the compensations are scarcely appreciable: perhaps later on I shall be more open to them." Probably most people who have spent any time, above all in study, at Rome, have more or less such cravings to return to its marvellous fascinations; certainly from the day of his departure in 1838 to the time he returned there—as it proved, to die—Flandrin longed after his beloved Rome; and in his letters, telling of worries, social conventionalities, and the like, from time to time a pathetic "O! for Rome once more!" creeps in.

But he was not a man to sit down and lose time over vain regrets or sentimentalities. The promised visit to his mother was paid on his way to Paris, where work, hard, resolute work, was Flandrin's deliberate aim and intention. He writes to his friend Ambroise Thomas:—

"LYONS, *Aug.* 9, 1838.

". . . We gladly accept your proposal that we should come to you for the first few days. How pleasant it will be to talk! though indeed, as you say, we shall hardly know where to begin. But somehow I think we shall soon find ourselves in Rome! It is an endless subject, and one which I rejoice to associate so much with you. Coming back, after Florence, there are the Apennines, Bologna, and some other fine things; but how shall we find elsewhere the picturesque character of that wonderful land? Where else that rich, lovely vegetation, those woods of laurel and ilex, those magnificent pines, olives, orange and lemon trees, pomegranates, aloes? They are all replaced by willows and plane trees; the land is a marshy rice-field; everything is by rule and line! What a change! Nevertheless, after all this fastidious preparation, I could not cross the last Italian boundary with indifference. Among the glaciers at the top of the Simplon we said a loving and grateful farewell to Italy;—and indeed we have a large debt of happiness owing to her!"

The days of pedestrian journeys were over,—time was a more precious thing now to the artist brothers, and a diligence journey, much hindered by rains, brought them to Paris in the first days of September 1838. The first impression on his return was such

as probably most of us have felt on re-entering a Northern town after sojourning in the South and amid the glowing tints of Italy. "There was the familiar Paris again, but with more noise, mud, smoke, and crowd than ever! For a moment it appalled me; it never had seemed so immense."

A weary time ensued, seeking an atelier. "Interminable running about in horrible weather after a studio. But at last we have ended in getting one in the Rue de Lille. It is fairly good, but very dear, although cheaper than the rest. Seven hundred francs! and then, besides that, we have to think about our own quarters, for we are still with Thomas."

After installing himself in this studio, Flandrin and his brother Paul returned to Lyons for a month, finally settling in Paris in November, whence he writes to his mother:—

"*Nov.* 30, 1838.—Monday was a dismal day; we were leaving you for a long time, and the rain, which lasted nearly all day, would not allow us to go on deck, and we had to stay below till we reached Châlons, at half-past nine in the evening. There we took the diligence, which was full, and in the *coupé* between us we had an Englishman, who proved very agreeable. At ten o'clock, final start; but our pace was that of the tortoise, and the climax was, that at Avallon, on Tuesday evening, there were no horses to

be had at the *messagerie.* So we waited five hours in the middle of the street, until at last, in despair, when it was past midnight, we decided to go and knock up the mayor, the head of the police, the *juge de paix*, and all the authorities of the place! Their united efforts at last took effect with the postmaster, who would not give us horses because the officials had not applied to him first of all. At last we got off,—rain, fog, everything horrible—to Paris, where, instead of arriving, as promised, on Wednesday evening, we did not find ourselves till seven o'clock on Thursday morning. We were tired, but would not go to bed. We went to the Musée (Louvre), and thence to our studio, where we found everything in order."

Hippolyte Flandrin's picture of our Lord with the little ones was in the Louvre, and, as we have seen, he was anxious to sell it; but his artist's pride had some severe struggles to endure. Soon after his return to Paris he writes to his brother Auguste:—

"PARIS, *Dec.* 3, 1838.

"I want you to do me a service, into which I know you will throw yourself zealously. This is it. Yesterday I was going to the Ministère de l'Intérieur to see M. Dumont,[1] to whom I attribute the success of my picture with the Minister, when it came into my head to go first to M. Gatteaux, who said, 'Well, I have seen

[1] Chef du Bureau des Beaux Arts.

Dumont; he told me that your picture is sold, and that they will give you three thousand francs!' So far from being overcome by this generosity, I made a grimace which I had to hide as best I could; and I asked M. Gatteaux what was to be done with my picture. He said nothing was known, but they thought of sending it to some country museum. I thanked him for the information and retired, postponing my visit to M. Dumont out of prudence. I was prepared for something of this sort, but one is always taken by surprise when a thing actually happens. If I did not expect a very magnificent price, at least I reckoned on a more honourable position. But you see it is a great favour;—they don't suppose I could possibly refuse such a thing! They don't know what to do with it, but nevertheless they buy it and rid one of it! Oh, how I should like to say 'It is sold at a higher price!' So please see Petrus, and ascertain what chance there is of his plan for getting the picture bought for Saint Louis being carried out. Nevertheless, one must act prudently; for I must confess my object would be to show that I have other resources, and I must further confess that I would rather sell it for less here if I had been given a place in a Paris church or gallery. I think, dear old fellow, that you will understand. See to it, but keep my letter and its drops of vinegar to yourself!"

"PARIS, *Dec.* 7, 1838.

"Thanks, dear Auguste, for what you have done. I shall not, however, go to M. Roland; it is impossible for me to make such a proposition myself. Moreover, M. Gatteaux says that these gentlemen at the Ministère would be charmed at my refusal, and that it would be tantamount to scratching my own name off the list for future work. So you see I must end by doing as they would have me, which is rather hard, for at that rate, considering Paris expenses, it would be impossible for me to do another work on the same scale. They grind painting down to the mere trade level by depriving one of the possibilities of progress. You see I was not far wrong in my judgment beforehand of the world we have to do with. As for you, work away, and make the most of what you have got down there. Paris is not so beautiful after all when you are in it! But your picture! your picture!"

"PARIS, *Jan.* 6, 1839.

"Thanks, my dear Auguste, for the advice you give me in the kindness of your heart;—but, but—oh, what a lot of buts! As to going to see the '*gros bonnets*,' I assure you that is quite too great a hardship. Since I came here I have tried to do it, and if it were to go on I could not stand up against it at all. Oh, for my dear Rome! But here to be treated with so little consideration, and to be obliged as a matter of

calculation to thank people for the miserable offers they make one—if indeed they do as much as that, for they think themselves conferring such a favour that they dispose of one's work without so much as condescending to say they have bought it! You didn't know that they were going to send my picture to Fécamp, a thing which M. Dumont happily put a stop to. . . . I went to see the Préfet a fortnight ago; but between ourselves be it said, I determined not to go there again in a hurry, not being accustomed to be received in such a way, that is to say, so drily, with the most marked coldness, leaving me to say what I would without a word as to what he had seen or had not seen. In spite of this I invited him as well as I could to come and see my picture and Paul's. He could not promise,—said that he would try, etc. etc., and here is a fortnight gone by and no Préfet. I have seen a great many people who might have been useful to me, but most of them think it enough if they are civil. There was no one but good M. Foyatier,[1] who was excited at the idea of my picture going for three thousand francs. He talked, brought people to see it, did everything in his power, but . . . Well! patience. Only work is out of the question with this perpetual running about, and one is

[1] The sculptor whose example and pleadings had first led Flandrin's parents to consent to his studying art.

decidedly worth more than the other, for some people, and it seems that I am one of them,—never can make much of that trade!

"One thing in your letter displeases me very much: I mean the discouraged tone in which you speak of your picture.[1] It vexes me exceedingly, for I was so full of hope. It is so well begun, that one might almost consider it done. Now then, once for all, do what you can, and I shall be satisfied. . . . Pray, dear old fellow, work away, and I will answer for your success. Paul's picture improves daily, and what I have done to mine has had a good result too. Take good care of our dear mother. Oh, if we could but have her here, how happy we should be, for, to tell the truth, we are not over-cheerful in this Paris, with all its absurd grandeur, where one doesn't come at one's friends as one would like. Thomas himself we see but rarely; between Desgoffe and us there lies about a *lieue* and a half, and inasmuch as directly rain or fog come Paris turns into a pond, more or less deep, we cannot pay one another many visits. . . . Don't go and fancy, after all, that I am out of heart. When I have thoroughly set to work, when I have begun another picture, it will be all right. The thing which really weighs me down is the rent I have on my hands."

[1] This was a picture of Savonarola preaching in San Miniato, which he exhibited in Paris in 1840, and which is now in the Musée at Lyons.

"PARIS, *Feb.* 13, 1839.

"Sometimes I forget myself, and date my letters from Rome, though, certainly, there are plenty of things to remind me that I am no longer there! The *Salon* (Exhibition) draws near. To-morrow we send in our pictures. God grant that Paul's pictures may be well placed, for I think if they are seen they will be successful. We are working hard, but with constant interruptions; for we have a constant stream of visitors —sometimes as many as twenty or thirty persons. Just conceive, with short, dark days, and all the visits we are obliged to pay, how much time is lost! We have not been able to stay at home one evening since we got here. All this is a matter of constraint and necessity, and without exaggeration we have only once been able to get an hour's walk—whenever we go out it is sure to be on unavoidable business. I don't know whether I shall get accustomed to this kind of life, but just at present it wearies me horribly. O Rome! Rome!

"As for you, it seems to me that you are working very hard. So much the better, but you don't tell me about other things. Are you thinking of marrying? It would be reasonable. And have you done as I advised you, and seen a little more of the world this winter? If you hide yourself, my dear fellow, you will not be found out. . . . . I must tell you, just for

yourself and mama, that there is an idea of giving me a chapel in Saint Severin—very bad pay as I hear, but it is an opening for doing something really good, and just now that is what I must think most about. I am working at compositions for it, and in a month's time I fancy it will be decided. Till then don't let us be too confident, but it would be delightful."

To M. Eugène Roger, at the Academy of France at Rome.

"PARIS, *March* 11, 1839.

". . . . As to the Salon, March 2, at eleven o'clock, we got in with the stream of the crowd. The opening had been delayed a day in consequence of the quantity of works sent in. It was splendid weather, and the great salon was dazzling. First of all we saw M. Vernet occupying the whole of one side with three pictures of the *Prise de Constantine.* At the first glance I was taken by a certain life about them, and by the clear, simple way in which the action is given, but go into details, and they lose considerably. Then come Decamp's pictures, which strike me as better than anything of his I have seen before. I can hardly describe them, as there are eleven, and it would be too long a story. On the other side of the great salon, rather too high unfortunately, comes Paul's great landscape, which is greatly improved,

and which, to my mind, is the most classical in the whole Exhibition, although Aligny, Edouard Bertin, Marilhat, Corot, etc., have pictures in it. There is also a Saint Luke painting the Blessed Virgin in the great saloon by Ziegler, which does not please me immensely, but in which one is forced to recognise power and repose, which separate it in a measure from the otherwise universal confusion and chaos.

"Except the pictures I have mentioned, the grand salon is full of the worst things in the Exhibition. Apparently out of consideration for my unlucky cartoon, they wouldn't put it in such company, it is in the gallery where the Davids are. That might have been all very well if it had been at a reasonable height, but they have perched it right up atop, with a window above it, so that the daylight makes a sort of frame to it, and a window opposite, like a mirror. Indeed, I wish it were still less seen, and then people would not try to form any opinion of it up there!

"Then, by way of portraits, we have all the Royal Family, by Winterhalter, but they are not very remarkable. There is a picture by one Leullier, of the Christians thrown to wild beasts in the Coliseum. Perhaps the subject is not particularly well chosen, but the animals are drawn admirably, and their action wonderful; it is full of energy. Desgoffe has several good pictures, but, like Paul's four others, they are

villanously hung. Signol has a picture for Versailles, Saint Bernard preaching the Crusades; and Bézard too has a picture, which is a good composition and well conceived, but the details are entirely study, and I think there are certain points which can only be attained in the actual presence of nature.

"At the end of the great gallery Scheffer exhibits five pictures, which touch one another, and make a sort of background to each other in a very clever way. To my mind they are full of delicate feeling, but at the same time a little bit *pleureur*. The colouring wants power; it is simple, but rather flat and smooth. Nevertheless, M. Scheffer is supreme in the salon, as may be supposed. As for the rest, *ma foi!* I have nothing to say about them, except that I don't know what they are at! . . .

"I must tell you that, amid all the misfortunes of my picture, it has got a happier prospect in store. They have promised me that, after the Exhibition, it shall go for a time to the Luxembourg, and after that to Lyons. Just now there is a question of my painting a chapel in Saint Severin. If that might come to pass I should be very happy, although I am told beforehand that it will not pay, and that it will have to be well and quickly done. I have often thought, my dear Roger, of taking a studio (of pupils), as you used to advise at Naples. Some fifteen young men

have already applied to me, but, not knowing M. Ingres' mind on the subject, I refused them. Some however persist, and I have determined to write to M. Ingres about it. As I wrote to him a few days ago, I enclose a note for him to you. If you talk it over together, and he does not answer at once, I wish you would do so yourself. You know all I think about the matter, and the reasons which have made me refuse hitherto. So, if M. Ingres should talk to you about it, tell him everything, for above all things I would not have him think one presumptuous and self-assuming."

M. Ingres heartily urged Flandrin to open a studio for pupils, and in the month of April 1839 he wrote to his brother Auguste that he was preparing to do so, and looked forward with pleasure to extending his master's school; but he never carried out the intention, and six months later he says in a letter to Auguste that Madame George Sand was anxious he should take her son as a private pupil, but that he had refused, for want of proper accommodation.

The picture Flandrin exhibited at this Exhibition, of our Lord blessing little children, met with very great admiration among his brethren of the art. Among these Ary Scheffer was prominent. He had been one of the first to visit the picture while yet in the painter's studio, and, regardless of his great name and undoubted suc-

cesses, he exclaimed, "Why is it not given to me to follow confidently as you do in this track! Why did I not acquire a teaching such as you have had, but which it is too late for me to seek! You can express what you feel as you will; you know, and I do not know. My pictures only let intentions peep out without affirming anything, and your pictures prove it to me by force of contrast." Nor were these mere words, for Scheffer studied Flandrin's works carefully, often took counsel with him, and to the end treated him with a deference which caused much more perplexity than pride to the younger artist. Paul Delaroche was equally liberal in sympathy and applause, and M. Gatteaux exerted himself to obtain scope for the exercise of the talents he appreciated. It was through him that Flandrin was commissioned first to paint the Chapel of St. John in Saint Severin, and later, the Choir of Saint Germain des Prés. Conscious of the truth of his art principles, and standing emphatically by them throughout, there was no particle of self-assumption or vanity in Flandrin's mind. Whatever success he obtained he always attributed to the teaching of his beloved master, to whom, up to the last days of his life, he showed the same deference expressed in the first year of his studentship, the same gratitude "for one I can never admire or love sufficiently." And this exceeding modesty and freedom from self-assumption or conceit

drew men to Flandrin in a wondrous way. "Completely without self-confidence as he was, timid and shrinking to the last degree when encountering praise or having to go through some worldly ceremonial" (so writes a friend), "how well he understood reassuring and convincing any one who stood in need of counsel, encouragement, or sympathy!" In all dealings with other men, Flandrin set himself entirely aside, even among those who were unquestionably his inferiors: whether in public or private he always avoided everything tending to bring himself forward, and seemed to dread being made prominent as much as most men dread being overlooked. Not that he did not desire to win the prizes of his art, but it was without self-consciousness or vanity—for the art's sake, not for his own; and to see Paul successful was a greater happiness than to be successful himself. Yet he was not other than alive to what he considered justice.

After the Exhibition of 1839 he writes to his mother and Auguste: "Paul has had great success; to my mind his landscape is the best in the Exhibition, and fortunately I am not singular in my opinion. . . . The prizes have been awarded. The *croix d'honneur* to MM. X., a *mitraille* of medals to MM. so and so. M. Paul Flandrin, whose picture has been deservedly noticed and admired, has permission to take it home again, a favour he will know how to justify by renewed

efforts. M. Hippolyte Flandrin's picture has been bought, as you know, by the Ministère de l'Intérieur. It was destined for the Luxembourg Gallery, then for that of Lyons; but in consideration of the legitimate success it has obtained its destination is changed, and it is to be sent to Lisieux, a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, with a Musée already containing two pictures and three casts, and where the Municipal Council may be inclined to vote a grant for the construction of a hall fit to contain these objects of art. *Voilà!* But all the same, one must be resigned, and reckon one's-self fortunate, and seek in one's own conscience a reward which I know is worth more than that of the world. Anyhow, that is what one ought to do, but it is difficult. Sometimes one lets off a strain of uncontrollable indignation. Adieu, dear old fellow; let us always do our best, and then—*arrive que pourra!*"

And again :—

"PARIS, *May* 17, 1839.

"Now the Exhibition is over, and between ourselves I may tell you that your two brothers were of the best, but there was not the smallest offer from the Ministry or the King's household. Nevertheless, they buy the most rubbishy works, and shower prizes, *croix d'honneur* and the like, upon them. That's what comes of being well backed, which is very far from being our

case. We know a great many people, but no one speaks on our behalf, and as to asking for myself it is a thing I could not do. But remember, please, this grumbling is only between ourselves. I always do and always shall tell you whatever I think, and perhaps there may be some hope yet. I should specially have liked to see poor Paul's picture sold. If you had seen it among all the rest, there really was no comparison. All artists did him justice, but the administration is not *connaisseuse.*"

Among the friends who appeared in Paris now, the brothers were pleased to see General Paultre de Lamothe again,—the same good soldier who was commanding at Lyons in the days of their boyhood, and who used to take so much interest in the military sketches of the "petits Flandrin," now, as he prophesied, become "real artists." After one of his never-forgotten affectionate visits to his mother, Flandrin returned in July 1839 to Paris. "The rheumatism," he announces, "took its departure on the way, and I must tell you that I behaved very well, for though I had left all I love I was not too sad. I should like to know if little mother has been as good, and whether I have to scold or to thank her! Meanwhile I embrace her with all my heart. I found a heap of letters here—some asking me to dinner, some to dance! and one

telling you, Paul, that your picture is come back from Orléans, that is to say, unsold as before. . . . . I saw my chapel this morning. . . . . Work hard, Paul, and don't you, Auguste, lose any of your zeal. Dear mama, you will pray for all three!"

Paul remained a little longer with their mother, and while at Lyons, he received dismal news of his pictures from Hippolyte.

". . . . My dear Paul,—I must tell you what is not pleasant; but after all we are men, and so hard enough (*coriaces*) to bear worse than this. I told you that your picture had come back from Orléans, the one sent to Nantes is also returned, and finally the big one is not more fortunate. . . . *Ci vuole pazienza!* . . . . Dear old fellow, you remember that on leaving Lyons I regretted not having been able to go *up there* to our dear father. Well, it worries me. If you could go with Auguste and say a little prayer for us both, it would be a good thing. If it is possible, please do so, dear Paul. But if you cannot, don't tell Auguste to go alone; he has suffered too much already."

Paul rejoined his brother, "and everybody says, '*Voilà le Flandrin tout entier!*'" The two artists established themselves in No. 14 Rue de l'Abbaye, and there Flandrin continued to live until the final journey to Rome, in 1863, where he ended his days.

Hippolyte's letters to Auguste continue to urge study. "Work, raise the tone of your mind, think of all that is beautiful and expansive, and if you can, read. I shall for ever sing the same song; one must renew, revive one's ideas. Forgive me for perpetually bothering you, but I am too thoroughly convinced of the value of the advice not to repeat it continually. Homer, Plutarch, Tacitus, Virgil, and such inspire the beauty which we love."

The commission for Saint Severin had been given to Flandrin, and at the end of the year he writes:—

"PARIS, *Dec.* 23, 1839.

"My cartoons occupy me greatly with all the necessary study for them, to say nothing of all the painters and masons one has to direct. All this too in about five hours' daylight, and such daylight too! Paris is a gutter—a very swamp—through which one must paddle to pay visits, and comply with the exigencies of this ridiculous world. (Dear Rome, where art thou?) Oh, how often I get into a rage, and would fain get rid of all this world's nonsense! But one must live. In this famous Paris people won't hunt you out, you must appear, and very often the most impudent fares best. I have not yet been able to return to the Ministère. I cannot forget all the proceedings about my picture, and nothing short of

necessity will take me there again. I know people who are quite content to spend a couple of hours every Thursday in M. Cavé's antechamber, and who accept his bad humour as well as his good humour; but I am sure you would not like it any better than I do. Poor Paul is still less of a visitor, and still less fortunate. Neither portraits nor pictures, nothing befalls him, not the smallest bit of provender, and consequently it is impossible for him to follow your advice about laying by. As to me, I can do no better. We shall soon both be driven to our last resources, for they will advance me nothing for the Chapel until the cartoons are done, and even then the money paid in will be swallowed up at once by the work-people, who are already putting in their claims."

Hippolyte's watchful interest for Auguste did not flag. He writes:—

"PARIS, *Feb.* 5, 1840.

". . . . In your last letter you speak of not coming to Paris. I cannot consent to that. How can you profit by the Exhibition? You must see yourself and others there, or else not work at all for exhibitions, as it would be quite a mistake to judge yourself according to the favour or rejection of the public. You must study yourself there. It is all very well to say that you are held fast by your pupils. You might

easily leave them for a fortnight, and let us enjoy a glimpse of our brother."

"*Feb.* 6, 1840.—This evening late we received your pictures, all arrived in good health. You can imagine our impatience unpacking them, but I should have liked you to witness our joy in recognising a quantity of delightful things. To-day, before it was light, we were at your pictures, and according to your permission we have rubbed, glazed, softened, deepened little odd touches, all things which you would have done yourself if you had had a week to spare. But I tell you that we were very much satisfied. You should have seen Louis' delight."

Louis Lamothe was first a pupil of Auguste, who sent him in November 1839 to his brother's care, and to the end Lamothe remained the devoted friend and assistant of Hippolyte Flandrin. Auguste's picture was duly sent to the Exhibition.

"PARIS, *March* 6, 1840.

"When we get you we will tell you the faults we find with your picture. Meanwhile all we can say is, that it has pleased us very much, as well as many others, artists and friends, for I must tell you that it appeared in a sort of Exhibition we had at home for a few days.

"The Salon opened yesterday, and I want to tell

you that you are very well placed. You are seen, and gain more than you lose. So all is for the best, and it comforts us a little for the horrible place assigned to our poor Paul's four pictures; but he is very brave, and does not allow himself to be cast down, and I have a firm conviction that he will soon rise, as to talent, above those highest placed and most thought of. I am sorry that you can't come now, because naturally I lose a certain time through the Exhibition, which we could have spent together, whereas by and bye, when you come, I shall be in full chapel work, and as they hurry me it will be difficult to leave it."

Flandrin's wish that his mother should come to Paris was fulfilled this year, and it is touching to find him making little arrangements for the comfort of her journey,—with daughter-like care, begging her to keep her feet warm, planning to meet her at the bureau on her arrival, trying to make her comfortable in the little room, doing his best to amuse her and be her companion, although so pressed with work that, as he tells Auguste in a letter of April 1st, he "has not a moment of rest, really not time to eat."

Flandrin had always been subject to a squint, and when the supposed discovery was made, that by means of an operation severing a particular muscle in the eye this deformity could be rectified, he readily consented to undergo the treatment. At the moment

the operation appeared to be successful, but his eyes soon recovered their normal condition, and he squinted as much as ever, with the undesirable addition of a rapid failure of sight in his right eye, which had always been weaker than the other. Before long this right eye became perfectly useless, and for years all Flandrin's work was done under the difficulty of such an imperfect sight. He writes to Auguste :—

"PARIS, *Feb.* 19, 1841.

"Tell mama that my eye is mending, and will soon be well. People here have been so wonderfully kind, they have taken as much interest in it as if it were an important matter. It got known, and the house was always full of visitors, whose sympathy I fully appreciate. . . . Adieu—I am forbidden to tire myself, which does not coincide with all my business, for I never was so pressed."

"*Feb.* 24, 1841.—I know you would be pleased at the success of the operation. . . . Unfortunately the last few days there has been some going back. At times the eye returns to its old position, but they hope that as it recovers strength it will keep right. I have suffered enough to deserve thorough success; and the anxiety caused by this little fluctuation was very keen at first, but we must bear what cannot be helped, and trust everything to God's Grace."

At this time Flandrin undertook to paint the great hall of the Château de Dampierre, and it was when about to go thither that he wrote urging Auguste and his mother to come and live with him and Paul in Paris,—all the tender consideration for her comfort and desire for his brother's advancement, which were so marked a part of his character, taking part in his arguments.

"We want you. Is it not a trial for those who love one another to live apart, perpetually sighing after reunion? Do what you will, our dear mother must have long seasons of solitude when you are at work; but among the three we could give her more constant companionship—if not one, it could be another. Moreover, when I look at your portrait of M. Desguidi, I say that it is a pity to hide away such talents, which would increase here more rapidly and more surely, besides finding better opportunity for coming to light. Think of all this, but don't be too long thinking. Half one's life is spent in projects! . . ."

In April 1841 Flandrin writes in high spirits about his work, though so hurried and pressed about the wall paintings at Dampierre, that he had to leave Paris just as the Exhibition opened, and as the public was admitted to see his Chapel in Saint Severin. He and Louis Lamothe worked from six in the morning to six

in the evening; but Flandrin never shrank from work, though before he had finished his paintings at Dampierre, he fell ill from over-pressure, and from the bad air he breathed, shut up in a close hall with a quantity of other painters at work. The Chapel met with great admiration, and, what Flandrin valued more than the approbation of Prefect, Municipal Council and Institut,—Varcollier, whose judgment M. Ingres esteemed highly, wrote a highly commendatory critique of it. A further testimony to his merits appeared in his nomination as a member of the Legion d'Honneur, and the man's simple, unselfish character comes out in the way he announces this fact to his mother and brother.

"PARIS, *June* 24, 1841.

"I lose no time in telling you the news which M. Ingres has brought to celebrate your fête and mine. The King appoints me a Member of the Legion of Honour, and I am happy to see the pleasure it gives to our friends. I am certain of yours, and that of our relations and friends at Lyons, which greatly increases the value of the honour conferred on me. I heartily long for the same to be granted to my dear Auguste and Paul, who only need full opening to show their talent, to obtain their deserts. . . ."

Flandrin's stedfast mind on religious subjects is

put forth in a plain practical way, when replying to his brother Auguste, who had asked his advice on the subject of matrimony.

"PARIS, *July* 18, 1841.

"With respect to . . . believe me, even if a man has allowed his religion to grow slack in his heart for long, it is dangerous to become united with a woman of a lower standard. Those differences which seem unimportant at first may by and bye become causes of disunion, especially where there are children, and without wishing to hinder or weaken the religious instruction they receive, father or mother find themselves, if not condemned, as least accused by their young ones. And besides, you know as well as I do that it is in religion only (we have a beautiful illustration of it in our mother) that we can find any real strength amid trials and sorrows. If a man feels this sincerely and deeply, what a misery not to share the conviction fully with her whom he loved! Consider all this, my dear fellow, and think it well over."

And a little later he says on the same subject: "I want you to have a wife who loves you heartily, and above all of a high tone of mind. That seems to me the most important thing to be wished, for it includes what may be called the ordinary gifts, those everyday virtues which affect the happiness of life at every hour."

Apparently the advice was followed, for Auguste Flandrin did not marry. Hippolyte spent part of that autumn at Lyons, and wrote of his brother's works as advancing greatly in breadth and solidity. Returning to Paris, he continued actively to promote Auguste's professional interests, getting some of his portraits (which the younger brother criticises freely though lovingly) into the Exhibition of 1842, where his own picture of "Saint Louis dictant ses Établissements,"[1] was exhibited; and continuing to urge the plan already proposed, for the whole family to live together in Paris, where he tells his mother he now has a housekeeper to cook and take care of things, living quite like "gens établis." His affectionate heart seems to have craved for his mother's presence. "May God long preserve you to your children," he writes to her, "and render you happy in their love. I trust my father sees and knows it all; he knows that we do not forget him. His memory is precious and honourable to us—happy the children who can keep such memories of their parents. Dearest mother, I know that these remembrances do not sadden you—they are ever with you, and it is so comfortable to talk of what one loves." And to Auguste he says, "May God preserve our mother to us, and allow us to share in your care for her. May the reunion I have

[1] Now in the Palais du Sénat.

so long desired come to pass, so that we may all enjoy one another for such time as is given us. Time does indeed pass very quickly, and I regret above all not to be living for those I love best."

Letter after letter is full of the like affectionate urgency. In spite of pressing work, Dampierre was finished at the end of May 1842, with a last most fatiguing effort in painting the ceiling (for Flandrin suffered cruelly from rheumatism); a portrait of Mademoiselle Delessert, which he says "frightens me horribly;" and preparation for his great frescoes in Saint Germain des Prés, a work just entrusted to him. His tender heart was sorely touched by the sad death of the Duc d'Orléans, July 13, 1842, which, he says, had thrown all Paris into gloom and mourning, and more than ever he longed to be united to his own dearly-loved ones. That was the last letter he ever wrote to his brother Auguste, who was suddenly seized with brain fever, from which he did not recover. The instant Hippolyte heard of his brother's illness, he left everything, and started for Lyons, arriving there August 23rd. Auguste recognised his brothers, and showed signs of pleasure at seeing them, but could not speak, and in a few days he died, lovingly tended to the last by his two brothers and his mother. Flandrin writes to a friend:—

"LYONS, *Sept.* 1, 1842.

"It is all over, and this morning we laid him in his last earthly resting-place. From the time we got here we watched the disease advancing steadily, but still there was some hope, and to the end everything possible was done, but vainly. The last agony began about five o'clock on Tuesday morning, and he was gone by ten o'clock. We closed his eyes, and after a loving embrace, we left him, to devote ourselves to our poor mother. Her resignation is very beautiful, but it is a heavy blow. . . . Our dear brother's death has been generally and deeply felt in the town. Almost every one of any position attended the funeral this morning, and this last proof of respect and affection was very soothing to us. You knew him, and I am sure you will regret him. *Nous étions si bien à trois!* Now we seem to have lost so much. So we must draw all the closer to our friends. . . ."

And to Ambroise Thomas, Flandrin writes mournfully :—"Now that the first stunning grief is past, if you only knew how deep our grief is! Everything seems to feed and increase it. It was so good to be three, and when there are only two, one seems so near being left alone! Sad indeed for the one left last! Forgive this outpour of weakness, but there it is, in the bottom of my heart. The one who seemed so strong,

so full of life, has been taken so suddenly from us. On the very first day he said that he felt himself taken for death. Our poor mother feels this severe blow very keenly, but with great courage. We must not be ungrateful to God, but thank Him for sparing her to us."

His letters of that autumn to his mother are naturally full of the beloved one who had gone from them, and the tenderness of his consolations to the bereaved mother are very touching. Hippolyte was himself about to carry out the good advice he had given to Auguste, and to unite himself to a wife who was likeminded and who would strengthen him in all that was good. His mother's approbation was anxiously and dutifully sought when he resolved to make Mademoiselle Aimée Ancelot his wife.

"We rejoice in your consent, which we hold to be an indispensable blessing in so weighty a matter. I shall take the good tidings this day to her family, thereby adding to the kindness with which they receive me—all are prepared to love you. The more I see of them the happier I am. . . . We hope to be married about Easter. Your presence cannot be dispensed with, indeed we would willingly wait to have you present. I am grieved to have to write so hurriedly, for on such an occasion there is very much I should like to say. But to be brief, dearest mother, I will

only say that I accept this great happiness with trust in God and in my good intentions. Your prayers cannot fail to bring us a blessing. May the event bring some gladness to your poor heart, so sorely tried, yet still so fresh and warm and loving. On Ash-Wednesday we heard Mass for our dear Auguste. It was six months from the day, and we assisted, feeling our loss as freshly as in the first days. Pray continually, dearest mother, for him and for us."

"The more I know of her who is about to be my wife," he writes to Ambroise Thomas, "the more I love her, and rejoice;" and on May 10th, the day before the wedding, he writes to the same friend:—"I am very happy, I am just winning my prize. . . . I find even more than I could have dared to hope for! She is charming, so gentle and tender. Rejoice with me! Please come rather early, for the organist is not in Paris, and if you come at a quarter to twelve or half-past eleven, you can feel your ground. Try to remember some of the beautiful bits we used to be so fond of, the *Ave verum*, etc."

The marriage took place May 11, 1843, and Madame Flandrin must have felt that, as Hippolyte said, she had gained another child, rather than lost her son, or his devoted tender care and affection. "Your *trois petits* love you dearly;" he used to write, ever associating Aimée as well as Paul in all his

tenderness to his mother. He was occupied from May 1842 to the end of 1844 with the decoration of the sanctuary of Saint Germain des Prés, paintings in which the large subjects consist of the Entry into Jerusalem and our Lord bearing His Cross on Calvary, as also of figures on the left side representing Faith, Hope, Charity, and Patience. Saint Germain and St. Doctrovée (the first Abbot of Saint Germain des Prés) receiving the model of the church from Childebert and Ultrogoth; and on the right side, Justice, Prudence, Temperance and Strength, with Saint Vincent, the Pope Alexander III., the Abbé Morard, Saint Benedict and King Robert. The paintings in the choir were of a later date, 1846 to 1848, and those in the nave were in progress from 1855 to 1861.

Flandrin's heart was in his work; he repeatedly thanks God for having given him the opportunity of devoting himself to religious painting, and the tenor of his thoughts, always calmly devout, seems to have become increasingly so under the influence of his sacred task.

"Just now as I went to work," he writes to his mother, "I begged the Blessed Virgin to go and see you in your dark little corner by the clock, where I fancy you must be very *triste* in this bad weather. I am sure she will have given heed to my prayer. She must love you,—you are so good and kind and

patient, and you bend your will so gently and submissively to God's Will. I only wish we could imitate you as much as we love you!" Among other works finished at this time (1844-5) was a picture painted for the Prince de Berghes, for his mortuary chapel at Saint Martory, near Saint Gaudens (Haute Garonne). It was to be a Mater dolorosa, and Flandrin took as the motto of his picture the words of Jeremiah, "O all ye that pass by behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."[1] He described it himself as "the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross, offering the instruments of our Saviour's Passion to Christians as a subject of meditation." This was painted during the cold dark days which would not allow of his working at Saint Germain des Prés. Perhaps the best tribute that could have been paid to this picture was involuntarily offered by the Queen Marie Amélie, whose mother's heart, still bleeding from the awfully sudden death of the Duc d'Orléans, was transfixed by the beauty and sympathy of Flandrin's representation of the Mother of Sorrows, so that on first seeing the picture in the Exhibition of 1845, she burst into a flood of tears, and stood gazing in rapt earnestness before it. It was no mere artistic effect that could do this, but the painter's life was in keeping with the subjects on which he worked. He

[1] Lamentations i. 12.

does not say much in his letters upon religious subjects, but there is an undercurrent of practical devotion and serious thought which betokens the constant influence religion had over all he did. That his duties were regularly attended to, and as no mere form, such sentences in his letters as the following show :—"*April* 1, 1845.—Yesterday we all three kept our Easter (avons fait nos pâques) together, and consequently together prayed for you. It is a great happiness when fulfilling so holy a duty to see those one loves beside one, though, alas ! they were not all there !"

A fresh source of happiness was opened this year to Flandrin, when he became a father; and an enthusiastic admirer of his baby son he was from the first. He writes to his own mother :—

"PARIS, *Oct.* 9, 1845.

"Dearest Mama,—I have good news for you. A little man came into the world last night. He and his mother are doing well, the doctor is satisfied, and I leave you to imagine whether I am. I know how glad you will be. . . . Oh the delight of hearing the first cry of this little cherished being, so beloved already ! You, dearest mother, know what the delight is, and I can see you now thanking God for having given it to your children. Naturally we think the

little darling charming, and really, prejudice apart, I think he is much prettier than most children of his age. We dwell upon that, because there is nothing else to be expected of him now, but later on we must hope to find that he has a good heart, and to train it well. I mean him to love everything good and beautiful; in short, I intend him to be a thorough good fellow, able to love and worthy of being loved."

And again :—

"PARIS, *Dec.* 15, 1845.

"I must tell you, dear mother, that our dear child gets on wonderfully. He has grown so as to surprise everybody, and his intelligence is beginning to wake up; he follows one with his eyes, and gives one such pretty little smiles when one talks to him; he listens with a kind of attention, sometimes answering with the sweetest little cooing. When he laughs, it is perfectly delicious, and like a sunbeam lighting up the house. Of course I see it all with a father's eyes—somewhat prejudiced—but nevertheless, dear mother, everybody thinks your little grandson very charming. We will try to make him grow up good . . . . We have made the little one kiss this letter—so he sends you his own kiss."

"PARIS, *Feb.* 20, 1846.

" . . . . I wish I could send you a portrait of your

little grandson, with the gracious smile which is so bewitching, but, alas! everything of that sort is so changeable, so fugitive, so bad to catch! . . . . Oh how I wish you could watch our darling child's growth, his good looks, his fun, and his attempts to chatter! If you could only see his delight on seeing us when he wakes up—how he flutters legs and arms all at once, like a little bird that fain would fly, if only its feathers were not still too short! . . . I send you two or three scratches made of the little fellow, but though they are like after a fashion, they are quite without his life and grace."

At the end of a technical letter to his friend Lacuria, we find the admiring father reporting "*notre petit* to be a model for Raffaele's beautiful children," and moreover gifted with a laugh quite superior to ordinary babies, able to listen with intelligent attention; in short, altogether a wondrous piece of babydom! Remembering those early days of privation and discomfort in Paris, so bravely borne by the artist brothers, it is pleasant to find them leading a life, unexciting and hard-working enough certainly, but comfortable and happy, as well-filled and industrious.

"PARIS, *Jan.* 10, 1847.

"This is how our winter days are spent. Up at

eight o'clock—not very early to be sure, but I must tell the truth. So—up at eight o'clock—quick, a cup of milk, and then we are in the studio till eleven, when real breakfast comes. At half-past eleven quickly back to the studio, where we work till five o'clock. Then by wolf's light (entre chien et loup) a run on the Quai Voltaire, if the weather permits, which it does not always. Dinner at six. In the middle of the repast the heir is brought in and takes his place between papa and mama, in his high chair. He coaxes us a great deal, eats a little, and amuses us endlessly. After that come games and rolling on the carpet, then he grows sleepy and is undressed, making his round of kisses, and so disappears. Father and uncle then set to work at drawings, compositions, reading or writing connected with their work, till their time for getting sleepy comes too! Meanwhile, after her child's toilette, and after having mended stockings, gowns and caps, my dear wife sometimes goes to the piano and practises for a bit, which is always a pleasure to us. And so my days go by. . . ."

Flandrin had now no need to look out anxiously for work—his name was well known, and as he says himself, he was overwhelmed with commissions, although refusing numbers, and he only wished for ten hands! His reputation was fast making him a

lion in the world, and as such he found himself sought and fêted. His account of an evening at the Duc de Nemours', given to his mother, is written with all the simplicity of his early days in the garret au 5eme:—"Aimée told you, dearest mama, that I had been asked to Court. Was not that something wonderful? Nevertheless it is quite true. I went, and was very much interested. It was a concert at the Duc de Nemours'. I made myself smart—black coat, white waistcoat, white tie, black trousers, silk stockings, varnished boots, but woe's me! going up the staircase, I perceived that every one in sight was in knee-breeches! It was very alarming, especially as there is a much stricter etiquette at the Duke's salon than in the King's. However, on I went, and in a few minutes I had the comfort of seeing one, two, three, and in course of time a good many trousers to keep me in countenance. The Duke and Duchess de Nemours made a round of the salons, speaking to their guests, and trying to say something courteous to every one. I pitied them with all my heart, for it really is a hard task. A little later the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale and de Montpensier arrived: the ladies went into the concert-room, the princes stayed among the men, talking with ministers, peers, deputies, savants, literary men and artists. The Duc de Montpensier, to whom I was presented, came and

thanked me for a drawing I made some months ago for his album, referred to several of my works with a most winning grace, and finally (what quite won my heart) asked after my brother and his 'beautiful pictures.' The Duchesse de Nemours too was very gracious. About midnight the concert came to an end, the royalties retired, the crowd dispersed quietly, and I came home to my wife, and tried to tell her all about the splendid apartments, the ceremonial, the princes and princesses, the great people, and all the other wonders I had seen!"

The success of Flandrin's paintings in the choir of Saint Germain des Prés was so great, that in December 1846 the Municipal Council asked him to undertake the proposed decoration of the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul, a work most attractive to Flandrin from an art point of view, as well as in respect of the two hundred thousand francs offered with the commission. But with his usual absolute unselfishness and consideration for others, Flandrin refused a commission he would gladly have accepted, out of delicacy towards his old master Ingres, who seems to have undertaken the work and then resigned it. It is not quite obvious wherein he could have been annoyed at Flandrin's acceptance of the task, for after his resignation, and before the offer was made to Flandrin, it had been offered to Paul Delaroche, who

refused it. But anyhow, Flandrin feared to pain his beloved master, saying that "it would have been a grand and delightful undertaking, but my position with respect to M. Ingres is very delicate, and I would far rather give up the undertaking than run the slightest risk of wounding him. . . . . As I cannot accept the work, it has been intrusted to M. Picot, a member of the Institut, but the Prefect, in reply to the remonstrances of the Council, has promised that Saint Germain shall be finished, and, to say the truth, I think I should like that even better than the work I have refused."

As it happened, though Flandrin at last executed both these works, that of Saint Vincent de Paul was first taken in hand; for just as Picot was about to begin in 1848 the Revolution disturbed everything, and when a new town administration came into office, Armand Marrast, the Mayor, withdrew the commission to paint the Church of Saint Vincent from Picot and offered it to Flandrin. Disgusted at what he considered unfair treatment of a brother artist, Flandrin declined the task a second time, and it was only on Picot's own urgent representations that he would listen to any propositions on the subject, and even then he insisted on Picot taking part in the work as well as himself. Meanwhile, Flandrin worked on at Saint Germain des Prés. In a letter to his brother Paul, dated June 12, 1847, and referring to this

Church, he says: . . . . "I am quite worried by an idea which came into my head yesterday. Remembering that there is no really old tradition as to the colour of the Apostles' garments, I thought I would make them all white. You know one day you said something about it, so all night long I thought or dreamed about it. These twelve men uniformly white would be much more imposing, and have a finer effect than broken up into different tones, and moreover they are in Heaven, around the Throne of the Lamb. Morally it is far finer, but would the eye be as well satisfied as the mind? Would the whites harmonise with the whole tone of the decorations? That is what I wanted to try and find out to-day, by painting in Saint Matthew white, whom you saw violet. Unluckily it was not quite dry, and the under tints transpired somewhat, and consequently the white is not brilliant enough to enable me to judge definitely as to the effect. . . . . *June* 18.—I consulted M. Ingres and M. Gatteaux, and both answered, 'Don't do it.' But notwithstanding, after a night of indecision, I decided on the white, and have now repainted three figures. MM. Ingres and Gatteaux came to Saint Germain, and both exclaimed, 'Bravo! it is really much better so!' entirely approving my determination; so now my mind is at rest, and I am getting on."

Another considerable work was about to devolve upon Flandrin, the decoration of the Church of St. Paul at Nîmes, in which he was assisted by his brother Paul, Louis Lamothe, already mentioned, and Paul Balze. In the autumn of 1847 the two Flandrins went to Nîmes, to study the ground on which they were to work, and to overlook the needful preparations. "We are in a little hotel, where some good people take ample care of us, but I have been terribly disappointed on going to see the Church and the preparatory works, which are very far from what they ought to be. The scaffolding is miserable, and must be put up afresh, and the walls are badly prepared. It is all very annoying." A year later, after a short visit to Lyons with wife and children (there was a second babe now), Flandrin took up his quarters at Nîmes, where the clear blue sky of the South recalled his beloved Rome; yet he was not generally attracted by the place, and seemed to feel the time of his abode there long. The Revolution disturbed Nîmes, always politically restless, and Flandrin was prepared for possible serious interruptions; but after some "red and socialist banquets," which produced a little surface commotion, the town returned to its ordinary aspect, and was quiet enough. Flandrin writes eagerly to Ambroise Thomas for intelligence as to the new constitution and the general attitude of Paris, saying that

he and his fellow-labourers, engrossed from morning till night in their work, and hidden in the church which was the scene of that work, saw nobody, and had no means of knowing what was going on in the world they had left. For more than a month, Hippolyte says, they had not even received a letter able to put them at all up to the actual state of things, or the real tone of Paris.

"In spite of the delight of a work we rejoice in," Flandrin writes (Dec. 15, 1848) to his friend Victor Baltard, "we are keenly alive to our isolation and the separation from our friends. I can hardly believe that it is only two months since we left Paris. The time, as a whole, seems horribly long, although weeks go by like days, and days like hours. In order to get back as soon as possible to you all, I use them to the best of my power. Although the most splendid weather tempted us, and we should have liked to go and enjoy the glorious light and its effects on the rocks and the fair vegetation of the South, we resisted heroically. We have steadily given all working days up to work, so that we are really taking shape, and I am somewhat surprised myself to see how much we have been able to do in six weeks. . . . . The 10th passed off quietly here. There was plenty of life and animation, but the most perfect order everywhere. Louis Napoleon had 7000 votes; Ledru-Rollin from

1500 to 1600; Cavaignac from 1200 to 1300. Only it is said that Ledru-Rollin has a majority in the rest of the Department, and an immense number of votes all through the South, but I hope that the Centre and the North will restore things somewhat, and bring about a better result. Meanwhile I say, *Vive la Constitution!* and submit with the most absolute good faith to whatever universal suffrage may bring to pass, —it is the only possible basis in the present times for a political structure. And then I say with you, May God protect France! and I hope on. . . . . I have just received a letter from M. Hittorf about Saint Vincent de Paul, in which he says, among other things, that Varcollier professes to be greatly dissatisfied with me because of my coming to Nîmes and my work here. I must confess that this astonishes me, and I can only say that I am very sorry, for I know how friendly he has been to me in all this business. But what brought me here? I am fulfilling a promise, and that is what I hope all through life to do always. Moreover, I do not understand quite how any one can complain of my inactivity, inasmuch as in three months I have produced all the sketches and twenty-four metres of cartoons for the town. Anyhow, be so kind as to make my respects to M. Varcollier, and tell him that I am working so as to return to Paris by the beginning of the season, and that I am adding a

third cartoon to two already done, which are about to be transferred to the wall."

"NÎMES, *Jan.* 5, 1849.

". . . . Our *régime* here is much the same. We shut ourselves up within the four walls as soon as it is light, and do not come out again till dark. The days are too short, and we work by lamplight. We suffer from cold and rheumatism, albeit in the South, and I hope we shall have done by Easter. I can tell you it will have been by pulling hard against the collar."

It was during this pressure of work that Flandrin had a bad fall from one of his scaffolds, in which he was considerably hurt, but he did not give way to pain for an hour more than he could help, and in a few days, while yet stiff with bruises, he was again hard at work.

Flandrin alludes in one of the above-quoted letters to the "working days," and remembering how little such observation is general in France, especially perhaps, among men of his profession, it is interesting to find that he observed the rest of the Sunday. In a letter to his old master, M. Ingres, he says that their work "has had no interruption save that of Sundays. I long to submit this enormous work to you," he goes on to say, "and to hear your criticisms. I shall have to leave it so hastily that I shall hardly be able to

take in the *ensemble*, or to keep a lasting impression of it. In order to judge of it and of myself somewhat fairly, I should like to see it again at the end of six months. My good helpers have been most devoted, and I think we have executed the paintings as rapidly as was possible. . . . . We have had a most enchanting climate during this winter, and the rare expeditions we could indulge in were so attractive that Paul thinks of staying on in this country to draw."

April found Flandrin still at Nîmes in spite of his uninterruptedly laborious toil. "It is so difficult to finish a work," he writes to Victor Baltard, "and this, which is one of the finest I could have to execute, has led me on further than I expected. I wish you could see it; I think you would say I was right to have sacrificed and braved a good deal in order to finish it. Besides, a host of bothers which one could not foresee have hindered me, and, in spite of a beautiful winter, we have worked as much as a fortnight together by lamplight. However, now I am really finishing, but I am so weary with this persistent work that I really must have a few days of rest."

Flandrin had reason to be satisfied with his work at Nîmes, which seems prodigious to have been accomplished within the time. In the apse he has painted a colossal Christ in Majesty, Saints Peter and Paul beside Him, and at His Feet a king and a slave,

laying the one his crown, the other his chains, on the steps of the Throne; on the choir walls are three series of figures, representing the Evangelists, Archangels, and the Doctors of the Greek and Latin Churches; besides two processions of Martyrs and Virgins, a Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, and the Vision of S. Paul. Nor were these figures painted hastily, however rapid their production may have been. They were both conceived and executed, in a spirit of deep devotion; as the Bishop of Nîmes, Monseigneur Plantier said, "Flandrin sought to preach after his own manner, and to him painting became eloquence, wherewith he uttered a magnificent profession of faith in the walls of God's Temples."

Bishop Plantier seems to have been intimate with Flandrin, and to have thoroughly appreciated the artist's deep and real religion, which as he says, had inspired him "with a conscientious love of art, so that painting was no mere profession in Flandrin's eyes, but a ministry, for the functions of which he prepared himself as an evangelist going forth to teach. Long since I remember discussing his future works with him, when he had been asked to decorate the Cathedral at Strasbourg, and the thing which struck me most was the religious awe with which he contemplated his task, and the earnest solicitude with which he collected the materials necessary to guide him. The

bare idea of any voluntary shortcoming or negligence revolted not merely his artistic feelings, but his faith as a Christian. I shall never forget his saying to me in the most touching manner, 'Providence has constrained me to give myself up rather exclusively to religious art.' It was true. God, Who had claimed Overbeck's talents for Himself in Germany, seems in like manner to have claimed Flandrin in France, in order to prove to the nineteenth century, amid the reign of rationalism, that sincere faith and fervent love for the Church are not incompatible with the highest inspirations of art. . . . Heart and intellect combined in him to direct his talent. Too often amongst ourselves the Christianity of art is a mere circumstance, it renders a scene from the Gospel as it would one from Homer—its inspirations are factitious and shallow; but in Hippolyte the artist and Christian were absolutely one soul, his compositions and his moral graces sprung from a common source. He himself revered and worshipped that which he invited others to adore, and the saints who became the heroes of his pencil were also the models of his life. . . . He was just as simple in the practice of his religion as in the expression of his faith, and the combination of simplicity and superiority were very striking in him. If, to use a proverbial expression, he possessed *la foi du charbonnier*, he was no less possessed by the

highest faith of genius, . . . and with all its vigour he combined its most refined delicacy. . . . Look at the procession of virgins in our Church of Saint Paul; every stroke, their attitude, the calm purity of glance, the seraphic expression of countenance, the grand severity of drapery, all tell of souls so pure that all about them is spiritualised, so that merely the indispensable material existence remains. And these pure forms are a correct indication of him who traced them—he too was transparent and clear as crystal."

As a whole, those best able to judge have pronounced Flandrin's frescoes at Nîmes as second to those in Saint Vincent de Paul in Paris. Perhaps the involuntary preference which he had for the one place over the other may have told upon his powers, and he continually missed the sympathy and counsel which he liked to seek from friends, and which could not be attained in the Southern city as in Paris. The latter part of the time spent at Nîmes was saddened by the death of several friends, as also by a severe illness which the precious little Auguste underwent; and up to the moment of departure Hippolyte was longing to be gone. When, however, the time really came, his affectionate heart had found roots, as it was wont to do everywhere, and he writes to his brother Paul, who lingered behind:—

"LYONS, *May* 11, 1849.

"I was grieved to leave you, and I felt leaving Nîmes and all our kind friends there very much. We had magnificent effects on sky and mountains, such poetical sights and significations! I think, my dear half (not shadow[1]), you ought to turn your attention specially to this side of art. Auguste was silent, except when now and then a duck crossing the road drew forth a shout of delight! Zizi was very good. We saluted the Pont du Gard from afar. . . . We took the boat at four o'clock (at Valence), but it did not get on, and when we made that remark to the captain he said quietly, 'Oh no, it's true she does not go so fast as the rest, but she can keep on at it longer!' So it ended in our reaching mama about ten o'clock. She looks well, and is not in the least altered. . . . If you notice anything you don't like in Saint Paul's, I leave it all to you; do whatever you think right." And a few days later he says, "Thank you for having touched up our pictures. You will go and see them again as you pass through Nîmes, won't you, and tell me what impression they leave on you? On the last day I was not at all satisfied, and I cannot shake off the recollection."

[1] This was in allusion to Paul Flandrin's habit of modestly calling himself his brother Hippolyte's "*ombre portée.*"

Flandrin reached Lyons quite ill from the effects of overwork and exhaustion, and the doctor insisted on his resting quietly there for a time. Quiet, however, was not to be had at command. It was the election time, and there was a serious popular outbreak. Flandrin describes it as follows:—

"LYONS, *June* 17, 1849.

"The day before yesterday Lyons was in great excitement, every one expecting news from Paris, and in spite of torrents of rain people gathered in groups all about the town. According to the Red newspapers, Ledru Rollin was master of Paris, the President and ministers at Vincennes. Then the crowd swarmed over the Terreaux, and the quays, singing and announcing 'good news' for the next day. Although the rain never stopped, a host of people stayed all night in front of the Hôtel de Ville, shouting and hallooing. Some two hundred were arrested. Yesterday morning (Friday) I ran over to the Terreaux to fetch René, Mariette being ill. The place was crowded, and the Hôtel de Ville full of troops; only what is their mind? . . . The struggle was not believed to be so near, although we heard of sentinels disarmed, and soon we heard *feux de peloton*, and then guns from the Croix Rousse. I hurried off to fetch mama, who was with Mariette, and brought her home in great alarm. From eleven to three the guns in the Croix Rousse thundered

incessantly against the barricades, then there came a pause of about three quarters of an hour. We heard nothing, the soldiers were in possession of the barricades, the bridges occupied by guns, and all communication between the two sides of the river suspended. All of a sudden the fusillade began again, extended down the quays, and came so near to us that a woman was wounded in her own house, Rue des Bouchers, No. 18. [It was No. 11 that the Flandrins inhabited.] Just then a ball struck our house as I was double-locking the outer gate. The firing went on till about half-past eight, and then gradually died away. It had hardly stopped when lightning and thunder began, and it seemed as though God's Voice were denouncing the horrors of the day. But, alas! this people seems deaf to all lessons! The day before all sorts of false intelligence was made up and circulated in order to bring about strife—the people know that. Again during the fighting the leaders set about other reports just as false, and they know that too. Yet nothing will open their eyes, and they go on with the same stupid idiotic faith in their deceivers. *Aux armes!* that is for ever their first and only cry, as if our institutions and liberties did not supply any other means of expressing our wants! The truth is, these gentlemen want to subject others and not to be subject themselves.

"General Gémeau, who commanded operations, acted with admirable decision. Everything was foreseen, arranged, and executed as rapidly as possible. But for that the evil might have reached a most alarming extent, and the country owes a great deal to men who dare to compromise and sacrifice themselves for it thus. A subscription is being raised for the wounded soldiers and for the families of those who were killed. I have just made my contribution; surely it is but fair that we should show our gratitude to our defenders when other people are so ready to spend money in seducing and corrupting."

Madame Flandrin was, not unnaturally, greatly shaken by the terror of this time, when shells were flying about her house, and dead and wounded carried beneath her windows; and at eighty (as she then was) such an alarm brought on serious illness, so that, in spite of her wonderful vigour and energy, great fears were entertained for her life. However, the danger passed away, and the venerable mother lived to enjoy the unfailing affection and care of her sons until February 1858, when she died, at the age of eighty-nine. When able to leave his mother without anxiety, Flandrin, though still very far from well, and often suffering acutely from rheumatism, which his long hours of work, often spent in cramped positions and in cold damp localities, tended too much to confirm,

went back to Paris, and begun his work in the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul. In September 1849 he speaks of being comparatively free from pain for a few days together as of an unwonted thing. Flandrin's paintings in this church are considered by many as his finest work. Certainly no one will dispute the exceeding beauty and dignity of many of the figures which form the long processions on either side the nave; on the one Apostles, martyrs, doctors, bishops, and confessors; on the other virgin martyrs, holy women, penitents, and saintly household groups,—"pictorial litanies," as they have been graphically called. Those who delight to visit Saint Vincent de Paul, and gaze upon that wondrous group of imaged saints, will be interested in a little anecdote connected with the broad terrace which they will remember at the top of the flight of steps leading up to the west door, and which is specially characteristic of the master whose hand has decorated it. One September evening he had taken his little son there with him after dinner, and standing on the top of the broad steps, "I gazed in wondering admiration at the sky, one side of which still was bright with the glowing tints of the setting sun, while on the other the moon's bright orb rose silently. Auguste tried to count the stars. I talked to him about our Father in Heaven, and the child knelt down upon the stones, and leaning against

the door with folded hands, began to pray for all of us." The training of this boy may be indicated by this, as well as by his father's thanks, five years later, to M. Ingres, on the occasion of his giving Auguste a Homer in that original Greek which Flandrin himself had so often longed to command; as also by a few brief lines addressed to the boy himself on his first going to school :—

"*Oct.* 6, 1858.

"My dear Auguste,—My dearest child, whenever you feel unhappy or dispirited, or if you should unfortunately be tempted by any bad example, in order to gain courage or avoid wrongdoing, think of God, Who has been so good to you hitherto; of the Blessed Virgin, who watches over you; of your dear loving mother; and of your father, whose happiness depends on your good conduct and well-doing. In short, love us as we love you."

Meanwhile the frescoes in Saint Vincent de Paul were progressing. Flandrin announces M. Ingres' inspection of them, and his approval, with as much satisfaction and modesty as in his earliest student days; and a little later he reports a visit from M. Berger, then Préfet de la Seine, who, after great admiration, inquired how long Flandrin would be occupied in this work, and, hearing that two years

more were probably necessary, answered that in that case he would be ready quite at the right time for Saint Germain des Prés, which was destined for him to decorate. Flandrin tells his good prospects, laughing about his own "*bonheur insolant*," with a half hesitation to his brother Paul, whose success he would fain have seen equal to his own. He never seemed eager about acquiring honours or praise, though eager enough about the success of his work. Thus he neither expresses great disappointment at his failure on two occasions (in 1849 and 1851) to be elected a member of the Académie, nor great exultation when, in 1853, he became a successful candidate for this dignity.

In the autumn (1851) some rest became absolutely necessary, and Flandrin went to the South of France with his wife and children. He writes from Avignon to his brother: "I have just been to Notre Dame. From the high terrace in front of the church there was a most glorious view; the sun was just sinking, the Rhine and the plain in shadow, but the Ventaux and the chain of Alps lit up with its last bright rays. Glorious! glorious! and then that ancient church, with its grand images in front. It was open, and I went in and said a little prayer for you and for us."

Tidings of the death of the Flandrins' first master, Legendre Héral, reached him at Marseilles; and after

some kindly and religious expression of feeling, and allusions to their education in art, Flandrin goes on to bid Paul "always strive to get at the poetical meaning of nature, to find the most beautiful and most true side of everything, inasmuch as that it is which is most closely bound to things eternal, which is, in short, the moral sense that unites man to God."

In 1852 Flandrin had the great delight of seeing his brother receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which, as he says, brightened up his own marvellously. A year later he himself received the higher dignity of "Officier de l'Ordre de la Légion d'Honneur," and in 1854 he was appointed to a Professorship in the École des Beaux Arts. His strength seems often to have failed amid the pressure of work, at home and abroad, for he painted a good many portraits during the time that his great frescoes were in hand, the demands upon his purse being considerable; and he says to his brother that his labour was as necessary as the first day he set to work, although he felt that he no longer could work as he had done, but that everything became a toil. His constant aim to preserve a quiet mind amid labour, anxiety, or popularity is very striking. "*Il ne faut pas se troubler*," he says, "if only I could practise that admirable precept." An occasional trip to the sea, Eu, Tréport, or Havre, revived him, and his keen appreciation of all natural

beauty, sea, sky, sunset, or moonlight, generally brings back some remembrances of that artist's paradise, his beloved Rome. The work in Saint Vincent de Paul was finished at last, in 1854, and the following year Flandrin engaged in another considerable undertaking of the same kind at Lyons. Before going there to decorate the church of Ainay, he had to take part as one of the judges in that redoubtable Exhibition field wherein he had formerly suffered so much. His vivid recollection of his own early days made the office a painful one. He writes to his mother:—

"PARIS, *April* 1855.

"I have been stupid enough to be rather ill again. All the plaster was new in the Salles d'Exposition where we held our jury of decision, the rain and snow came in; in short, I caught cold, and was obliged to take to my bed. . . . All this jury business does not please me at all. One must reject people who believe in their own talent, and bestow maledictions on you for the vexations inflicted on them, just as they may be. Of course here and there one or two people there may be who are dealt with severely, and made to grieve unjustly, but it is almost impossible that it should be otherwise. Still it does not the less grieve your son, who you know does not like much better than his dear mother to see any one distressed

especially humble folk. Altogether I shall not be at all sorry when I can return to my own business."

In July of that year (1855) Flandrin took up his quarters at Lyons in order to paint the Church of Ainay. He found the Curé ready to trust him thoroughly, and the first measure taken was to get an order from that gentleman to have all his scaffolding taken down and put up anew, as it had been prepared so as to make painting impossible! There were other drawbacks when he began to paint; the walls were badly prepared, and so wet that the first outlines had to be drawn three times; then a platform on the scaffolding gave way, and Flandrin had a fall, not from any important height, but enough to sprain both his feet and cause him to lose several days. The church was dark, the lights inconvenient, and July though it was, several days were so gloomy, that he said a candle would have been acceptable! and the curves of the rounded parts of the building, which necessarily altered the outlines of his figures, were troublesome. Another trouble to which Flandrin was sensitive, was that every one in the church could see what was going on, and, as he says, criticism set to work as soon as there were four strokes drawn! Flandrin declared to his brother that if he had known all the difficulties beforehand which were to beset

him, he would never have undertaken the work. "I am ruining my sight, and take what trouble I may, I believe this work will never count as worth much!" This however was an unnecessarily gloomy view of the matter, and there were many who, like the Bishop of Nîmes (whose opinion and criticism Flandrin invited), saw a grand poem written on the three apses (if it be correct so to call the terminal *absides* of the aisles) of Ainay Church. Behind the high Altar is a grand figure of Our Lord blessing the world, with the Blessed Virgin, Saints Blandina and Clotilde, the Archangel S. Michael, Saint Pothinus, the Apostle of Lyons, and S. Martin. In the smaller right hand apse is Saint Benedict seated in his Abbot's chair, with two monks at his feet dedicating the Abbey of Ainay to his Rule, and on the other side Saint Badulph.

The following year Flandrin returned to Saint Germain des Prés, where he was commissioned to paint the nave, that is the intervals between the windows, containing forty figures, and eighteen groups in the spaces between the arcades and windows. The former represent the principal types and promises of Holy Scripture from Adam and Eve to Zacharias, from Noah to Saint John Baptist, while the lower groups consist of prophecies from the Old and fulfilments from the New Testaments. Thus, Balaam prophesy-

ing the Star which should arise in Judah is beside the adoration of the Magi; Joseph sold by his brethren by the Betrayal; the Tower of Babel beside the Mission of Pentecost, and so on. If the writer may be permitted here to hazard an opinion as to the merits of Flandrin's paintings, one is tempted to say, that among these groups his finest works are to be found; the dignity, poetry, and devotional feeling of many of those groups are marvellous. Perhaps Flandrin himself enjoyed this more than any other of his works. He had completed the nave, and was occupied in preparing to paint the transept (or arm of the cross in which the church is built), when death closed his earthly labours in God's service. When he left Paris in 1864 Flandrin foresaw that he should not live to complete the work. "Le bon Dieu ne veut pas que je finisse sa maison," he said, with a touching smile of resignation, conscious of the weakness to which illness had reduced him.

Always reticent and free from the self-consciousness which leads us to dwell largely on our own doings, Flandrin writes but little of this his favourite work; the few times he alludes to it in his letters are very characteristic, as when he writes to his landscape painter brother Paul (while painting Adam and Eve in Paradise, and Moses before the burning bush), "I am working at life-size landscape myself, and as the best

way out of my difficulty, I have a mind to go and see if your concierge will let me make one or two studies in your atelier;" and in another letter to M. Laurens, he says: "I am working at the nave of Saint Germain des Prés—just at this moment on the subject of God rebuking Adam and Eve after their fall; is it not enough to make one tremble?"

His failing health involved many absences and attempts at gaining strength. In September 1859 Hippolyte describes to Paul a journey just ended:—

"At Arles, we went to the Hôtel du Forum—pah! what filth! The town was sweltering under a sirocco, the very stones trickled, the sky lowered heavily, but all the same how I enjoyed re-visiting Saint Trophime and the Cloister, the Theatre and Arena. And all those beautiful and interesting things in the Musée! The head of Diana is a marvel, the Silenus, the Four dancers, the young Roman, are all worth hearty study, and though I saw them too hastily, they have left very delightful recollections behind. In spite of the rail-road Arles is Arles yet; the women keep their beauty and their costume, and the Southern flavour is strong and entire. At Tarascon, Avignon, and Orange, through which we merely passed, I devoured regretfully everything with my eyes! Le Ventaux was cloud-capped. Then came Montélimart, Valence, Saint Vallier: the South is slipping from us, yet at

Vienne, and still more at Lyons, we found a sky which somewhat recalled it. We decided on sleeping at the Perrache station, and the next day, with pleasant though somewhat changeable weather, we went from Lyons to Paris. Less and less of the beloved South, but nature always affords food for admiration, causes for praising God and thanking Him. We came back to the Forest of Fontainebleau, etc., in the light of one of the finest sunsets I have ever been given to behold. Paris was quite dark, the *macadam* still wet with yesterday's rain. Here is our own dear street; we got out of the carriage, and you can fancy our delight in hearing our poor little Paul[1] shouting our names with all his might. Next day I had to see to a heap of letters and papers. I hurried off to the École to see the pictures in competition. . . . My day was so full I could not write sooner."

"BLOIS, *Aug.* 31, 1860.

"My dear Paul,—It has rained, it does rain, it will rain! You will remember we had three tolerable days; and so we packed up, but meanwhile the weather lowered, and when the cab came to take us to the rail-road, there was no room for doubt; it rained hard enough to appal people who have not been case-hardened by the last eight months' *régime*. All the same we set

[1] Hippolyte Flandrin's third child.

out, took our tickets and places, and started. Through the rain we made out Étampes, the plains of La Beauce, Orléans, Beaugency, and at last Blois. Forty-four *lieues* through this torrent of rain and a driving wind. Then came a short respite. We went into an intensely picturesque town, guarded by its fine castle. After taking possession of rooms in the hôtel, we armed ourselves with umbrellas, and headed by Paul, we went all about that great monument, penetrated within, saw it from top to bottom, and admired inside and out alike. What a blessing that the restoration has been intrusted to M. Dauban, to whom we owe, not a mere preservation, but the very new birth of a *chef-d'œuvre* of originality and beauty. What poor wretched artists we are in comparison to such as those! On leaving the Château, we climbed to the heights in order to see the Loire, but the wind was violent, the clouds heavy and low, and we were soon driven back to the picturesque old streets, full of interesting old houses. We went to the churches, and at last came in to rest and dine—raining still. In the evening we went with umbrellas to the fair on the Quays. When we went to bed the clouds were dispersing, and the moon bright, but this morning the rain is coming down steadily again, with a pretence of innocent good faith which is most irritating; it looks as if it would never leave off! Nevertheless we have

ordered a carriage to go and see Chambord, four *lieues* distant. . . . ."

Some idea of the way in which work was crowded upon Flandrin,—the successful artist as he had become,—may be gathered from a letter to M. Lacuria, dated

"PARIS, *Jan.* 25, 1861.

" . . . . My life becomes more and more harassing. In addition to the old tasks which more than filled it, I am now *à la mode!* As I told you before, the success—absurd, because it was beyond bounds—of two poor portraits[1] has brought about this glut of applications. I have refused at least one hundred and fifty since the last Exhibition, but there are certain princes, ministers, etc., who demand, or command, with a persistence which drives me to despair, and to whom I submit with so bad a grace, that I am visibly dwindling away. *C'est fini,* I have ceased to be a painter! Farewell to study, and to that delightful hope of improvement which kindles all one's vigour and strength. This sort of good fortune crushes me, and I wish I knew how to get free from it, of which I have no hope! And yet, if even that were all! . . ."

[1] One of these was a portrait of Mademoiselle Maison, now Madame la Baronne de Mackau, which, on being exhibited in 1859, at once obtained the name of "*la jeune fille à l'œillet.*"

Repeated failures of health, over-work, and a journey to Allevard les Bains, seem to have been the history of that year. Flandrin writes, August 15th, to his brother Paul, who, by the way, was married before this:—" . . . . Monday was the hottest day I ever knew in Paris; when our packing was done we were exhausted, and I felt it was very imprudent to start in such a torrid heat. . . . . However, we set off at seven in the evening, and were fortunate enough to have our compartment to ourselves, and whenever any one was likely to get in, we all six poked our heads out so as to keep off intruders. In about two hours' time we said our prayers as though at home, and little Paul slept till four o'clock, when the sun roused him up. Near Châlons the sky brightened, the stars vanished, and soon the Saône glittered amid the sweet plains round Maçon. . . . . We came to the beautiful valley you remember so well. . . . . All my dear old childish memories seized upon me. At Culoz we took the Victor Emanuel line, crossing the Rhône, coasting the Lac de Bourget, and stopping at Aix and Chambéry. At Montmélian we left the railroad. It was eleven o'clock, horribly hot, and very tiring; we were broiled and stifled, as you and I were sometimes of old in Italy."

Flandrin rejoiced in the beauty of the scenery around, and would fain have indulged in his brother's

department of landscape painting, but his eyes were suffering, and he had to give them rest. He had hoped to go on to his "dear South," but the *Concours de Rome* was coming on, and he felt bound to assist at it. Stopping at Lyons on their way back to Paris, Flandrin wrote that the pleasure he had expected to find in returning there was destroyed by his bad health. "These three days I have been unable to see either people or things. The first evening of our arrival I went at nine o'clock with Auguste and Cécile, and gazed at our dearest mother's windows, and as I was speaking with emotion of her dear memory, I felt a tear fall on my hand, and Cécile was crying quietly. These tears of my children were very soothing to me I must confess."

Among the portraits Flandrin was called upon to paint in his heyday of popularity was that of the Emperor Napoleon II. (exhibited 1863, and afterwards placed in the Luxembourg). He alludes to it in a letter to M. Laurens, dated

"PARIS, *Dec.* 10, 1861.

"I have been long answering you, but I have been under tremendous fire—finishing my paintings in Saint Germain, or rather preparing to uncover what is finished, for there is a lot still to compose and execute. About a fortnight since the scaffolding was removed, and I saw the *ensemble* for the first time.

Then I went to spend a week at Compiègne. Can you fancy me in shorts, with a crush hat under my arm? Indeed, dear friend, I was not at my ease! Nevertheless, their Majesties, really courteous, treated their guests most kindly, and took pains to provide for their pleasure. We had *chasse à tir*, *à course*, and *curée*—balls, plays, etc., but all that is not worth the good daily bread of work, and one's own free studio and fireside! Still this visit will not have been unprofitable with a view to my portrait of the Emperor, and I know my sitter much better now than before."

The run upon Flandrin's portraits continued. He writes to M. Lacuria from Auteuil:—

"*June* 29, 1862.—I am not delivered from portrait-painting, but I am a little less beset, and I profit by it to return to that which ought to engross me entirely, and which, between ourselves, is much less wearisome to me. . . . . Health permitting, we are making an attempt to get to Rome, after which I have been sighing these twenty-four years, and the sight of which I fancy would do me a world of good morally. I was imprudent enough to talk of going there before the children, who are wild to go; and if anything obliges us to defer the journey till another year there will

assuredly be great lamentations. As to myself, I feel that I have already postponed it too long, and that if I could have indulged in such enjoyment some years ago it would have greatly added to my powers in the work at Saint Germain des Prés. Well, we think, and long to go, but all the while we know that a thousand things may hinder us."

"How I should enjoy going over the Campana collection with you, that new source of material for the study of art from the very earliest time to our own day! This altogether unique collection ought to be most carefully preserved apart from our other treasures. Unfortunately the *Administration des Musées* is intent on doing everything in its power to absorb it and swell the collections of the Louvre, which ought only to be added to by an occasional *chef-d'œuvre,* while everything of inferior merit is weeded out. The Emperor has heard everything that can be said on this behalf already; but perhaps he will yield from want of localities to contain the treasures, or money to create fresh ones.

"You have doubtless heard of M. Ingres' nomination to the dignity of Senator. It is a graceful homage on the part of the authorities, for which I feel very grateful to the Emperor, with whom it originated. When M. Ingres went to thank the Minister, M. Walewski, he replied, 'I rejoice in your nomination

with all my heart, but it is entirely the Emperor's own doing.' Moreover, the fact was announced in a charming letter to Madame Ingres from the Empress, who wished to be the first with her congratulations, expressed most graciously and nobly. There is a general satisfaction felt at this act of justice towards the chief of our French school of art, and only here and there some slight growling. We felt that this was an occasion for expressing to our master all the gratitude and respect we feel for him, his example and his teaching; so some forty of his pupils and old Roman students met at my house, and we voted an address to him, and a gold medal with his likeness, and the inscription 'A Jean-Auguste Dominique Ingres, Peintre d'histoire, Sénateur, ses élèves et ses admirateurs.' The address is at the École des Beaux Arts, where all who will are signing it. I know your mind so well that I was sure you would approve of my signing it for you. . . . I agree with you, in order to progress, one must recollect one's self and obey the dictate of one's heart; I believe it is the only way to reach other men's hearts. Simplicity and sincerity are our greatest strength. I must watch; I sometimes feel that too constant work in one groove tends to a falling off."

Flandrin had been for some time on the Commission des Beaux Arts of the Préfecture de la Seine, and

he was also on a Commission lately established by M. Walewski, which, among other duties, was expected to advise the Minister concerning commissions, purchases, and rewards to be given to artists.

The journey to Rome did not take place that autumn. Flandrin writes to his brother from Paris, Aug. 2, 1862: "Never, no, never have I been so tormented, distracted, and hustled as I was lately. Distribution of works for the town and Ministère, the Emperor's fête, when all the nominations for the Legion of Honour are made, elections at the Institut, at the École des Beaux Arts, and everywhere else! It is enough to drive one wild! I am becoming simply idiotic, and the only thing which surprises me is that I have any energy left to try to work! but, as you may imagine, all this pleasant engrossment of my time, with an almost entirely failing sight, produces a woful result. . . . Without wishing to murmur against the events which keep us apart, dear Paul, I do grieve over it. What a blessing it would be if we could spend a summer together, meeting to talk over everything as in old times, under some kindly tree! Unfortunately it does not seem as though rest were meant to be had in this world. So we must make ready for it in the next by leading good lives, and patiently accepting the troubles and vexations which abound here."

An interesting letter to M. Lacuria gives Flandrin's impression of some of the great works of art in Belgium:

"*October* 19, 1862.— . . . We went first to Lille to see the magnificent collection of Raffaele's and Michael Angelo's drawings in the Musée there. Raffaele shines in quantity and quality of his incomparable works—it is a real treasure. Thence we went to Bruges, a striking town in the character of its private dwellings, as well as in churches, markets, Hôtel de Ville, etc. Above all, there is a public Palace, which to my eyes is a very type of such buildings belonging to the rich and powerful communities of the fourteenth century. The Hôpital Saint Jean contains many deservedly famous and precious paintings of Hemling. The churches, which are fine and remarkable, have all acquired a something peculiar since the Spanish dominion, which strikes one a good deal. Those beautiful large Gothic naves are often cut in two by jubes [roodlofts or galleries] in black and white marble, and overladen with ornaments, pictures, sculptures, wood carvings. There are some very beautiful things among these, which we looked at again and again with the most intense interest, but unfortunately I had not time to draw.

"We were very much struck by our visit to the Béguinage—here in some forty humble houses (but so

clean as to defy all description!) a number of women live in retreat, bound by no vows, but under one rule, and wearing a fixed dress. The houses surround an irregular square of soft turf, shadowed by fine trees. The peace and calm of the place are infectious, and one feels as if an asylum there from time to time would be a great boon. The whole town is curious and interesting, and its early painters have supplied me with memories by which I would fain profit. What wonderful men the brothers Van Eyck were!

"From Bruges we went to Ghent, which as a town rather disappointed me; the modern element has so greatly effaced its old aspect. Still it is rich in many ways, but the one attraction to me is in the Cathedral of Saint Bavon,—Jan Van Eyck's Triumph of the Lamb. The whole arrangement of the subject, the light and colour blend into perfect poetry, the effect of which is increased as you penetrate farther, and study the character and moral sense of all the figures. I don't think I ever saw such a combination of beauty. We went back to this picture three times in one day. The churches in Antwerp are full of Rubens' and Van Dyck's; some of the Rubens' are certainly much finer than any that we possess. They are magnificent, and so finished, that while looking at them one asks no more; but turn to the early pictures, and they make one forget all this

magnificent and splendid talent, for they appeal directly to one's heart, and leave lasting impressions there. There is much more to tell, but time fails. I must only say that we went on to Brussels, Malines (a charming town), Louvain, Liège, Aix la Chapelle, and lastly Cologne, taking Namur on our return. There are many beautiful and touching objects of interest at Cologne, in the cathedral and in the many ancient churches, which are ossuaries for thousands of martyrs. Only we found it very difficult to communicate with the inhabitants, and ought to be highly proficient by this time in the art of pantomime, in spite of which we often were forced to give up all hope of understanding or being understood. At last we returned to Paris, which seemed horrid, indeed I don't know any place where the houses are so ugly and without form. The Rue de l'Abbaye, which I care for most of all, received us quietly, and we heartily thanked our good God for having given the five of us this enjoyable outing, with fine weather and no ill-health."

This last year did not diminish Flandrin's occupation or responsibilities. "Days, months, fly by," he writes (St. John's Day, 1863), "and soon a year, which has been all but lost as far as work is concerned, will be gone. My two last compositions for the nave of Saint Germain des Prés are not yet finished, and

yet I do most earnestly desire to go to work at them again." One very engrossing duty was the *Jury des récompenses*, to which Flandrin always devoted his full hearty attention, at whatever cost to his own immediate pursuits. He was not altogether satisfied with this year's Exhibition. "We get little else now," he says (June 1863), writing to M. Lacuria, "but *peinture de genre*. Among that class of works we find charming things, a great deal of talent and feeling, and certain landscapes in colouring and style put forth one side of truth, which is not without its value, but which to my mind is only secondary. Form is a point more and more neglected, and yet physiognomy, character, the moral sense of things, are strictly in its domain. Is not everything grand in art dependent on good drawing? I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that photography has inflicted a mortal blow on art. Many people, with its aid, and industry, can perform things otherwise left undone, but where shall we find that vigorous drawing, that living spirit which we admire in great masters, and which can only be the result of constant observation and study of nature?

"You will have heard of the Venuses, by Cabanel and Baudry! Both works are remarkable for different qualities; only why do not such clever men put themselves under the banner of ancient art? They would acquire more power to avoid seeking those endless

refinements and insipid prettinesses which may win present success, but which, perhaps, may not keep it long."

About the same time Flandrin mentions that he had just received the Prussian Order of Merit, with a letter from the artist Cornelius, which he says makes him feel quite ashamed, from the thought that so many honours have been showered upon him as compared to many of his brethren in art, whose greater merits are so little recognised. Characteristically enough, his first idea seems to be the satisfaction his old master would derive from this compliment, and the news was taken to M. Ingres as an offering certain to be acceptable for his fête-day.

Illness pressed more and more heavily on the painter, he felt less and less able to encounter the endless worries and anxieties which his position, public and private, involved; and in the autumn of 1863 he resolved to leave all behind and carry out the long-cherished plan of a winter in Italy, where he hoped to recruit his failing bodily strength, and to get some degree of mental rest and refreshment; determined, as he said, "to do nothing but do homage to my beloved Rome." He grieved to leave his work at Saint Germain des Prés unfinished, but though saying that "God would not have him finish His House," Flandrin looked hopefully at that time to restored health and

renewed energy at his work. But in fact he left Paris, on October 18, 1863, never to return. In his Journal he dwells upon the beautiful but somewhat melancholy aspect of the country in its autumnal hues, adding that, as the train whirled on, memories of early days at Lyons and at Rome rose up vividly in his mind, and he had been going far back into the first phase of his life. The travellers, consisting of Flandrin, his wife and three children, and M. Laurens, paused at Lyons, and there his last act in his native land was to go "*là haut*," as he always described the cemetery where his father and mother were buried, and pray beside their graves. Friendly hands had decorated their graves with fresh flowers, and Flandrin was deeply touched at the little incident. There had been many changes and chances since the days when the "petits Flandrin" used to pick up stray lessons from M. Duclaux how to draw animals, with a view to their intended line as painters of battle-pieces. M. Duclaux was still living at Lyons, and Flandrin tried to see him, as well as the few relations still dwelling there, but he was absent. They left Lyons, on October 20th, for Marseilles, proceeding again thence by railway to Nice. Flandrin's admiration of the scenery is ecstatic. "The variety, the richness of outline, of form and effect, altogether exhausted my powers of expression—I could only hold up my hands! Indeed,

the journey to Nice is more wondrous than I can possibly say.. If I were a landscape-painter, I think I should feed upon this country for long.

"On the 24th we left Nice by a fine road which winds among the mountains, and after two hours and a half ascent, we reached the summit, and saw the sea again, as also the Alps and their glaciers; the Gulf of Villafranca, and its guest the Montebello, at our feet. For a long time we kept on the heights, and saw Eza lying beneath us, a little nest of Saracen pirates, perched on an isolated rock. Now the Saracens are replaced by Christians, and the little church rises gracefully amid the poor village which stands in a cleft of the rock. By degrees we descended—road superb,—passed Turbia, an ancient Roman station, . . . Monaco, bright and smiling, in the bottom, and a little further on, Roccabrucca and Mentone, our last possession on the Italian side. We reached our hôtel at four o'clock, and went out directly to go close to the sea, to wet our feet in it as the waves advanced; and then we went all over the little town, climbing from street to street, from terrace to terrace, up to the three churches which, grouped together, crown it. The cathedral is large and grand after a fashion, but what taste in general! Painting is downright abused, for you see houses of every colour, yellow, white, pink, green. Just opposite our hôtel[1] is

[1] Flandrin must have stayed at the Hôtel de Londres.

the Hôtel de Turin, which is painted ultramarine, with green shutters, and turned up with yellow. Beyond the frontier, *in Italia* proper, nothing is more common than blue houses, pink turrets, striped façades; yet all the while this brilliant architecture, which is not often good, presents delicious bits of outline and proportion. All the little towns have a character of their own and a special grace. At Mentone I was struck with the beauty of some of the women and children, especially with their gentle, good expression. On Sunday morning we went to Mass, and then started again with our vetturino. A little further we came to Ventimiglia, a pretty little fortified town, crossing the road. There we breakfasted at La Locanda d'Italia, and I tried my Italian for the first time. We breakfasted opposite a sort of chapel to the *Re galant' uomo* and Garibaldi. From Bordighera to San Remo—shore covered with a real wood of palm trees. The streets and *ensemble* of San Remo are very striking, lofty palaces adorned with porticos, *loggia*, terraces, reminding one of Spanish towns. Being Sunday, the people were all out; we saw lovely women, and I regret most heartily not having been able to preserve any of those beautiful types. So again at Porto Maurizio and Oneglia. If I could but draw instead of writing!

"*October 26th.*—Off at seven o'clock. Sea calm,

dolphins playing on the surface, as though saluting the rising sun. By degrees the mountains grow lower, and there are more villages amid the boundless forest of olive trees which shrouds them like a soft curtain. At Loano (where Massena fought the Austrians and Sardinians) we breakfasted. A large lady, with a huge crinoline, assisted by her daughter and a cameriera in crinolines to match, showed us into the salon, which was neither more nor less than a shrine to Garibaldi. . . . . Thence to the salle-à-manger, where we had a rustic but tolerable meal; that was all very well, but what was not so well was the ridiculously exorbitant bill."

"*October 27th.*—Left Savona at eight o'clock. Weather and country both beautiful. But the olive trees are becoming fewer and smaller—one only sees a palm tree here and there, and the caroubas are replaced by ilex. As we approached Genoa (seeing its beautiful clusters and striking *faro* from a great distance) the houses became more red, more green, more blue, and above all more yellow, and were decorated with the most fantastic architectural inventions, the most comical ornamentation. My little Paul unconsciously made a happy criticism, exclaiming, 'Oh, papa, look at all these card-houses!' On reaching the Lanterne, at the entry of the port, we saw the whole of Genoa, and I can well understand her being

called the Superb. The height of her houses and palaces, the profusion of her towers, domes and belfries, her bold groups of buildings, give to the whole a proud look of wealth very suitable to the reputation of this rival to Venice."

They lionized Genoa, much as everybody does, and started again for Sestri on the 29th, breakfasting at the little solitary inn on the heights midway, so familiar —with its glorious view and vine-covered trellises—to all Mediterranean travellers. Flandrin's enjoyment of the scenery was intense, and his description of the colouring of the Pass of Bracco will bring the scene vividly to many a memory. "Olive trees are replaced by ilex, and then by chesnuts, and at last the huge mountain sides are clothed by a scanty dun fleece—often bare. Above Bracco, at the top of the ascent, which took three hours, we found bare ground of every colour, from black and violet to sulphur tints, separating us from the dark rocks which hid their summits amid the clouds—a very embodiment of chaos and desolation. No trace of man beyond the road, except when from one of the steepest points a young girl came running down through the fog to see us pass, and then stood motionless, gazing and smiling —a lovely picture contrasting with the wild landscape."

At Borghetto (where, as elsewhere, they encountered a perpetual glorification of Garibaldi) they were

stopped by the old grievance—floods on the Magra. An English family and the Princess Orloff shared the Flandrins' detention of two days, one of which was All Saints' Day, when the somewhat rude but hearty services of the little village church touched the painter with a great sense of reality and simplicity. From Sarzana to Pisa he was again in raptures over the scenery, which, he says, should make the fortune of a landscape painter. Pisa was an old friend, and renewed his former impressions, "with its tranquil streets, vast palaces and lovely churches, around which the grass grows freely." He took his wife and children to see the town. "The four great monuments appeared at once all golden against a glorious blue sky. The Leaning Tower is as disagreeable to me as before. I don't like that sort of curiosity. After dwelling upon the external view of this rare combination of buildings, we went to the Baptistry, where the interior architecture especially struck us with its grandeur and boldness, and withal its simplicity.

"The Campo Santo, which I remembered as one of the things which had struck me most, fully confirmed my former impressions; the simplicity of its architecture, where severity and elegance are so blended, struck me fully as much as in my youth. It was with real emotion that I entered and saw the ravages time has made on those venerable walls. Some treasures are

altogether departed, and the rest are fading fast. Orcagna's grand subjects are treated with a power and pathos such as they deserve, but the life of San Ranieri is much damaged, and Benozzo Gozzoli's great work is fading. Some frescoes are still tolerably perfect, some groups worthy of Masaccio, which I would fain see preserved."

Flandrin and his eldest boy went over to Lucca, and he was greatly impressed by the cathedral, with its exquisitely rich sculptured porch, and with the two famous Fra Bartolommeos in San Romano. He took a regretful farewell of the Campo Santo before leaving Pisa. "The last rays of the setting sun still lingered upon it, but soon they passed away, and we had sorrowfully to say goodbye. Then we went into the cathedral, where nothing could be distinguished save the great masses, still more imposing in the shadow and stillness. That too we had to leave. Alas, it is passing too rapidly over such glorious things!"

They next went to Sienna, which greatly delighted Flandrin. He thought the Piazza and the Palazzo almost the finest things he had seen. His admiration of Nicola Pisano was great. "What grand meaning this master gives to all he touches! I had him always in high reverence, but I must confess that this reverence increases with every fresh work of his that I see; they satisfy my mind entirely. . . . We all went

together to see the Palazzo del Governo, built by Popes Pius II. and III., both Piccolomini, with the delicious *loggia* adjoining, which is, to my mind, one of the most important among the glories of Sienna, as is the Porta Romana. It is marvellous how the artists of that period knew how to give each building its individual meaning. This gate, according as it is open or shut, becomes a triumphal arch or an invincible defence. It faces the enemy with wondrous daring, yet not without a pious thought; for the iittle chapel suspended over the passage sets forth a representation of Him under Whose Protection the town reposes. From beneath the arch of this strong yet simple building we looked out upon an enchanting landscape lit up with the autumn sun. . . . Truly Sienna is the queen of towns."

Flandrin went to see M. Mussini, Director of the Sienna Academy, who showed him all the treasures it possesses of old masters, and at last they left Sienna, feeling that a much longer stay would have been enjoyable. Thence the travellers proceeded by Orvieto, Bolsena, Montefiascone and Viterbo, all full of memories of past times. Flandrin remembered saying thirty years ago to Paul, as they coasted the lake, that it was beautiful enough for the new creation fresh from God's Hand! Coming in sight of the dome of Saint Peter's, all the party got

out of the carriage to do it homage, and as they entered the Piazza del Popolo Flandrin's delight and emotion grew overwhelming.

Once again in his beloved Rome; whither, indeed, he had come to die! But as yet it was all excitement and delight. Almost as soon as they had arrived he hastened to his old haunts, and after dining at Lepri's, "we instinctively took the Trinità de' Monti steps, and, following the Pincio, now dark and deserted, I hastened to show the front of the Villa Medici to my wife and children. Like a lover gazing upon his lady's windows, I gazed; I would fain have touched the walls within which I had been so happy; but there were people about the door, whom I supposed to be students, and after a moment's contemplation, we beat our retreat by the Salita and the Via San Sebastiano." Flandrin wrote enthusiastically of the the same event to his brother: "There it was indeed —the dear dwelling—where I, where *we* were so happy! Hidden among the ilexes, I dipped my fingers in the fountain as if it were a bénitier, and gazed. . . . . I could almost reproach myself for coming here without you; our mutual love makes it almost painful to have any enjoyment apart. But as we cannot always be together, we must thank God for the pangs which prove how dearly we love one another."

The weather was rainy, but while his wife was occupied in settling into an apartment in the Piazza di Spagna, Flandrin could not resist taking his children to some of the most striking scenes in Rome;—St. Peter's, which he admired even more than of old, saying that "there is a majesty and supernatural power about it not to be found in kings' palaces;" the Forum and Coliseum, amid thunder and torrents of rain, whence he and Auguste returned dripping like fish; the Pantheon, Raffaele's tomb, the Loggia and Stanze. "The sight of these masterpieces, whose memory is as deep in my heart as my head, kindled all my enthusiasm; what intense delight to realise all this beauty. Oh, dear Paul, why are you not here?" And he assures M. Ingres that the "intensity of their poetry and beauty has given me new life."

Flandrin gave himself up to seeing Rome anew, and showing its wonders of delight to his wife and children. "It is inexhaustible," he writes. "How many things I had not seen, or seen imperfectly, which indeed I should doubtless see better now if I knew more. But, I can assure you, I go to work with a good will which is very enjoyable, and the delight of my belongings adds to mine. Every day we make some excursion, on foot or driving, and for the last four weeks the weather has been fine, the sun brilliant, almost scorching; but, on the other

hand, in the shade it is so cold that I dare not lay aside my cloak. . . . Except these troubles (connected with the Academy), which give me sleepless nights, and so are weakening, I am very happy, and I don't know what I could do more likely to set me up again. I am at Rome,—well lodged, in full sunshine, the weather perfect, I am out all day enjoying the scenes I most delight in,—what conditions could be more favourable for recovering my health? Yet, unfortunately, to my great grief, I feel as enervate as ever, arms and legs broken! Anyhow nobody can say now that it is caused by over-work, for the last two months I have done absolutely nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, and enjoy the sunshine."

His Journal betokens the energy with which Flandrin revisited every point of interest—the Catacombs, churches innumerable, where his devout spirit and his artist's taste alike found rest; pictures, statues, excavations—all were a fresh source of delight to him. The Academia calls forth his enthusiasm: "Everything there is so beautiful that I overflow with delight and admiration, the palace more lovely than ever, the laurels greener—the plain, the mountains with their crown of fresh snow—the whole thing together makes me cry out aloud to myself! Then the *bosco*, still more beautiful; and feeling that I must tell it all to some one, I hurried home to make all my dear

ones share my delight!" He dined in the old hall with the students, "and felt like a student again myself,—the reception given me, so hearty and affectionate, touched me deeply."

"ROME, *Dec.* 4, 1863.

"My dear Paul,— . . . I have been to the Stanze to-day, and, for the first time since my arrival, to the Museo, to the Transfiguration, the Coronation, the Madonna del Foligno, and revelled in them. I pastured in all their beauty, greater, fresher than ever. I would I could say the same of the frescoes! Alas, it appears to me that some of the Loggia have suffered, and that there are tokens of advancing ruin in the Stanze, which make me tremble. Who could think calmly of the destruction of these marvels, products of an art, a man and a period all alike privileged? That period is gone for ever, nothing like it can ever reappear—taste and ideas diverge further from it daily, and create a wider barrier than time itself. But I must not run on thus. Let us go together to the Pincio. This afternoon, about four o'clock, coming from S. Peter's, I went up there. The weather was dark and cold, the walks deserted, the leaves falling heavily, and even at Rome it is winter! I stopped and gazed with feelings which I cannot describe, but which you will understand, upon the

beauties I used to gaze upon; but with what a difference! Formerly time and hope were before me, and now they are both left behind. Ah! there is the winter again! Never mind, if we know how to accept our lot wisely, there is yet happiness in store for us; so let us be wise!

"In a dark hour like that the green of the laurels and ilex is marvellous; Mount Soracte seemed bathed in ultramarine, and behind Monte Mario the sky was simply golden. You can understand the harmony of such solemn yet rich strains. I enjoy such spectacles immensely,—I feel and love it all; but I am doing nothing, and that is a cause of incessant regret to me. We have been here a month, and we have not seen one quarter of what we came to see, yet the time has been used as actively as we could manage. Is our whole time to pass like this? I do not like to think so."

The account in Flandrin's Journal of their visit to the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus on Saint Cecilia's day is interesting:—

"After Mass at the Trinità, all the family off to the Catacombs. Having passed by the Porta San Sebastiano, we entered the Via Appia, then an inclosure of land, through which we were guided by a row of box and flowers, up to the staircase, which was

hung and lighted. The tombs in the walls begin at once as in S. Agnes, but here the quality of tufo gives a different appearance; the galleries are larger, loftier, and have a more architectural form. The effect of these fine lines, lit up with lamps here and there, is very striking. Not far from the entrance we came to a chamber or chapel in which is the niche where Saint Cecilia's body rested for long. This funeral bed was strewn with flowers, and lighted by a few flickering lamps;—it was very touching. On one side is an altar, where several Masses were said. At this moment a Cardinal, of noble countenance, was praying, his head bent upon his hands resting on the altar; we knelt down behind him, and so did several of our good little soldiers. The silence and darkness in such a place induced great emotion, and a solemn feeling of recollection. Little Paul gazed at it, almost scared, and fearing lest the excitement should be too great for him, his mother took him away. We visited galleries and chapels containing paintings with which we are familiar; tombs, rich sarcophagi still containing bodies intact. When we returned to the light, it seemed brighter, more golden, more cheerful than before. We went about a mile, beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella, having visited the church of Saint Sebastian. The Via Appia, the town half hid behind its walls, the sacred wood, the

Campagna, with its long lines of aqueducts, and inclosed with mountains, all together made an entrancing picture beneath that light."

"*Nov. 30th.*—Vatican—the library—what treasures! I saw the Nozze Aldobrandini with great delight, but above all I was excited by a collection of pictures of Giotto, Gaddi, Memmi, and others of the same school, gathered together by Gregory XVI. The expression of strong and real feeling is carried in them to the sublime point."

On Sunday, Dec. 6th, Flandrin and his family were presented to the Holy Father. "We arrived at the Vatican at two o'clock, but were not admitted into the waiting-room till three; our friends the Pichons with us. The Holy Father received us kindly, and in a really fatherly manner. After we had kissed his foot and his ring, and while we were still kneeling, he pointed to my wife and children (as distinguished from our friends who had come first), and asked, 'These are your family? All these are yours?' and then, laying his hand on Paul's head, he added, 'May God bless you all. May your children give you every manner of comfort by being good children, and growing up good Catholics and good citizens.' Then he blessed our rosaries and medals, and on Auguste asking for a blessing on the Maison d'Auteuil, where he has been educated, the Pope answered, reaching

out his hand, 'C' è.' Then I asked him to bless my painter's work, too, and he answered very kindly, 'I will invoke S. Luke, the patron of painters.' Then we knelt again, and went away to make room for other people."

"*Dec.* 11*th.*—Went to San Pietro in Vincoli. Hearing that the holy Apostle's chains were to be shown to some people, we joined them, and both saw and touched the saintly relics. A young Dominican, having put on surplice and stole, opened an iron or bronze chest in the thickness of the wall; then several little doors in succession; lifted a curtain, then a veil covering the reliquary, which is very costly; opened the reliquary with reverence, and displayed, ring by ring, the chains, which are carefully wrapped in fine linen. We began to hear the clink of metal, and at last, by degrees, the whole of the chains appeared. A young French priest came forward and knelt down; he kissed them in the official's hands, who touched his forehead with them, and put the collar which once fettered S. Peter's neck round his. Several priests and religious came up successively; men, women, and children paying a like homage and receiving a like reward. It was a very touching picture, which brought tears to my eyes, and has left an impression I fain would keep."

It is impossible to pass over the cloud which mean-

while was dimming what would have been a time of so much enjoyment, and which might have gone far to restore health to Flandrin's worn physique. It was the conscientious devotion which he always entertained for all that affected the growth and prosperity of high religious art in France, which made this cloud press so darkly upon him. There had been a series of administrative innovations in the Academy and the École des Beaux Arts, which were held by many, and by none more earnestly than Flandrin, to be most damaging to the cause they loved. "The danger is imminent," he writes to M. Baltard, "of nullifying the Academy by exercising reforms, which have no better means of renovation to suggest than systems (*procédés*) and material means. The professors are to be of painting, sculpture, etc. The Report tells you why; —systems of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, nothing but systems. And they add, with respect to the teaching of the old school, that it consists, strictly speaking, in nothing but a course of drawing well. I am ready to maintain that the school had at least the merit of recommending and of pointing out what really is art, and the whole of art. It is by drawing that life and beauty are expressed, the most exquisite delicacy, the truest philosophy. What remains after that? A garment, which I am far from despising, but which is as a necessary consequence of true drawing

in high art.[1] And then they talk of originality, and formularise it, as if it was a thing that can be taught. They aim at organising freedom of teaching in a school, as though *le pour et le contre* given both at once could create anything but doubt! I believe that there, as elsewhere, it is a duty to teach nothing save incontestible truths, or at least such as are upheld by the highest examples, and endorsed by ages. You may be certain that the pupils of such a school will mould the truths of their own day to these noble traditions; and there you have a promising truth, because it is the product of real liberty.

"It is clear affirmation which teaches, not doubt. Do not be afraid of teaching respect and veneration for things which are really beautiful, by the position assigned to them, the care taken of them. Let it be clearly known that it is these that should be loved, admired, honoured. . . . No, indeed, everything is

[1] M. Delaborde remarks that this opinion of Flandrin's was no less unequivocally that of Leonardo da Vinci and Poussin. Leonardo says, in his Treatise on Painting, that "students aiming at rapid progress in the science which teaches us to imitate and represent nature's works, should devote themselves chiefly to drawing." And his biographer writes of Poussin, that "as he advanced, he devoted himself especially to beauty of form and correct drawing, which he recognised as the chief point in painting, and for which the greatest painters have almost forsaken everything else so soon as they understood wherein the true perfection of their art lies."

not equally beautiful, and you cannot put a *chef-d'œuvre* of Clodion and one of Phidias in the same category, as men affect now to do."

On receiving the Report announcing the proposed changes in the constitution of the French Academy, Flandrin wrote to M. Ingres:—"It was the very day after I had poured out to you all my delight in being here again, and my admiration for all which is the *raison d'être* of our dear Academy, that I received the bad news of these measures, which will upset it all, and will, I greatly fear, ruin our schools. Without entering upon a criticism of the Report, I want, my dear master, to tell you of the answer I have felt bound to give to the letter in which the Ministre des Beaux Arts announced the suppression of our functions at the École, and my appointment as *chef d'atelier* under the new organisation. There were more sides than one to the question, and I did not know what was going on in Paris, or what the Institut might do. But, all the same, taking counsel with what seems to be the honour of the Academy and my own, I answered His Excellency that I was gratified by this mark of confidence, but that I had combated these now prevailing views too long and too openly to be able honourably to support them now. . . . I hope and believe that you are on the same side, and will not disapprove what I have done."

By the same post Flandrin wrote to M. Gatteaux :— "For the last ten days I have been going over with delight the lessons which antiquity and the great masters afford here. Kindled with enthusiasm, my respect and gratitude was increasing for the admirable institution of Colbert and Louis XIV.; for this school, which, in addition to the study of these *chefs-d'œuvre* in their original position, combines the untold benefit of a community life, enables men to share the result of their studies in various branches of art. It was just when I was more convinced than ever of the value of these things, that the tidings of the ruin of all our grand institutions came crushing upon me. I say the ruin, for the Report which leads to the proposed changes is as inexact in views as in criticism, and I do not see what can come out of it all but the most utter disruption and destruction. May I be mistaken."

And again: "For my own part, I could not hesitate a moment. I perceived the chaos about to ensue, and I have refused to take any part in it. This dear Académie de Rome, to which I have returned so lovingly, has also received a mortal blow. The reduction of the studentship from five to four years, and still more the permission to students only to remain two years in Rome, is a poison which will bring down its strength, and lead sooner or later to its suppression. I would I may prove mistaken! But I

must say it again, my sorrow is all the greater because my enthusiasm for Rome has taken still deeper root since my return to it. Yes, indeed, Rome is a wondrous place, the value of which to artists I appreciate more than ever!"

Flandrin began to write on the subject, but with his usual modesty he refrained from publishing his opinions when M. Ingres had given public utterance to the views of the conservative party. "It does not beseem me," he wrote, "to try and add anything to his words." The notes which he had intended to expand remain, containing much the same ideas as those expressed in the letter to M. Baltard, quoted above. He repeats still more energetically:—"It is not doubt which will teach men, it is affirmation of truth; and for this reason I will take no part in a teaching which is without principle or belief. Since I have the happiness of believing, I will not say, 'This may be beautiful,' I will only say, 'This IS beautiful,' without having other influences, superior or not, blowing hot and cold, now on the right hand, now on the left, upsetting all my work."

All these matters were no mere passing interest or subject for conversation to Flandrin—they engrossed his mind painfully; and if the objects of art by which he was surrounded, and to which he gave his attention by day, somewhat distracted him, his

nights were sleepless and troubled by the urgency of his feelings. "The surprise and real grief I have been feeling these last few days," he writes, "have upset me greatly. Long hours of sleeplessness weaken me, and I cannot regain strength." On Christmas Day he wrote to his brother, while Madame Flandrin and her children were at Saint Peter's, having been obliged to stay away himself in consequence of his suffering condition; and an increasingly melancholy tone creeps over his Journal and letters from the date of the ill-omened Report.

"*Dec. 12th.*—Went with Auguste to San Gregorio. Domenichino's fine fresco is very much effaced, but there is still enough to authorise one in saying that it is his finest work. The grouping has all the grandeur of antiquity, and the drawing is in accordance with the majesty of the design. We also saw the fine antique white marble table at which Saint Gregory used to serve twelve poor men. Thence we went to San Paolo and Giovanni. What peace and stillness! and how entirely one can understand those who have wished to lie there for their last sleep!"

"*14th.*—Walk by the Ponte Molle to the Villa del Papa Giulio. A young artillery officer was very obliging in showing it to us. The architectural ideas are fine, and the paintings, though only Zucchero's, afford some agreeable results and useful lessons. We

returned by the Pincio at the hour when I have so often watched the sun go down behind Saint Peter's."

"15*th*.—To the Theatre of Marcellus, and San Bartolommeo, where I was greatly delighted with a chapel covered with frescoes representing the life of San Carlo Borromeo. The simplicity of composition, the truth of action and expression, and the lovely bits of landscape, reminded me of Domenichino. It is so easy and skilful, and such charming colour. Whose work is it? I must find out."[1]

"16*th*.—Returned with Auguste, to prowl about San Bartolommeo, where the exquisite chapel delighted me more and more; then to Monte Aventino. I tried to draw there, but I was too weary, and pains came on everywhere. I could hardly get home."

On January 2, 1864, Flandrin writes to his brother Paul and his wife:—"Our first thought yesterday was for you—then albeit at Rome, one had to think about cards and visits. I began with our Ambassador, going with the Academy and its Director (I like still to feel myself one of the household), then to General de Montebello, etc. To-day we dine with Madame de ——, but the dreadful, destructive part of the business is, that at every house to which one goes one makes five or six new acquaintances, involving visits to be received and

[1] The frescoes in question are by Antonio Caracci, son of Agostino Caracci.

returned, and all that! In vain we try to keep them off —it cannot be done. It would be less of a burden if I were well, but for the last fortnight I have had pain in my head, and a buzzing in my ears, which reduce me to something very like an idiot! My intellect is about as much obstructed as my hearing, and the people who want to make acquaintance with this 'celebrated artist' must be somewhat surprised at what they see of him, or can get out of him. *Ci vuole pazienza!* but on such occasions that is not my strong point."

"ROME, *Jan.* 9, 1864.

"To-day, in fine but cold weather, wrapped up as if we were going off to Siberia, we went in an open carriage by the Corso, the Forum and San Giovanni in Laterano, stopping to admire the view you remember in front of the church. For the last week the mountains have been white with snow—Monte Cavo covered from summit to base. But it was glorious under that bright sunshine. From the Albano road, a little short of the Tavolata, we turned up to the left, along a way which formerly was only to be distinguished by a few tumuli, which I remember well; but during the last five years, some slight excavations have easily brought the old pavement to light. Most interesting tombs have been found on either side; two especially delighted us, not only from their good

preservation, but from the character of their rich decoration. I don't think finer specimens of this kind of monument can be found anywhere. We were deeply impressed, and little Paul, who had been lost in gazing with open mouth, suddenly exclaimed to himself as we reascended the steps which led to daylight: '*O pour le coup, ceci est beau !*' Indeed, his enthusiasm for antiquity goes so far that he looks upon the day as lost which is not devoted to the Campagna, or the buildings or excavations in Rome,—everything else is a mere accessory. Nothing can be more comic than to hear him declaiming archæology and history in the kitchen, classifying the buildings of the Republic, drawing his inductions from this or that style of construction. When he does not know anything about it, he invents —nothing stops him, *c'est à pouffer !* But he is not quite so keen and energetic when he has really got to learn something. It was quite a fête day, for in the evening we went *al nobile teatro d' Apollo*, where we had Verdi's Trovatore, and the ballet of Cristofo Colombo, where I came once more upon the pantomime and costume which used to amuse us so much of old. Oh, the Court of King Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Turks, such as could by no possibility be found anywhere but here! I beg Rome's pardon, but you see, fortunately, she has other merits than these!"

"*Jan.* 14, 1864.—We are almost as much plagued here as at Paris! the numbers of people with whom we have been obliged to make acquaintance are past telling. One was obliged to go to the Academy, the Embassy, and General de Montebello, commanding our army, and out of these three roots a thousand branches have sprung. You are introduced to M. or Mme. So-and-So; they call upon you, you must return the visit, and the number of these new acquaintance is so great that I really do not know half the people again;—it is a real worry, and not one of our own seeking I can assure you; but how can we help it? You know how I care for our soldiers,—the sight of our flag, especially in a foreign land, is quite a religious, sacred attraction for me. There are so many here. . . . . I often admire their vigour and life; and it is an edifying sight too to see them filling the Church of Saint Louis, and listening to their chaplain (who, by the way, is worthy of his mission) with a respect and attention which move me greatly.

"You ask, dear Paul, whether I have found any of our traces in the Coliseum? No. A great deal has been done which somewhat interferes with the picturesque, but which anyhow tends to support and preserve the venerable ruin. The arcades you allude to have been closed by walls. This morning I went to the Academy by the Salita. The Pincio was nearly

deserted, the sky, intersected with long streaky clouds, bore a melancholy expression, and mist hung over the town; and amidst the vague sounds which rose from it, the sound of a bell, which I seemed to remember, carried me back with a wonderful illusion to the days when we were never apart, and had all things in common. O dear old fellow, if you only knew how I want you at every turn! The thought of my happiness in seeing you again is my only consolation when the prospect of our departure from Rome, which begins to loom in the distance, comes before me. What is the fascination this land possesses, that it takes such a hold on all who are happy enough to love what is beautiful?"

That happy meeting was not to take place in this world. Although his family and friends do not appear to have been alarmed, it is evident that, in spite of his enjoyment of "dear Rome" and her many interests, Flandrin's health was growing worse, and that only his energy and unselfishness prevented it from becoming more perceptible. He writes to his brother Paul:—

"*Jan.* 28, 1864.—. . . . After spending some time at San Giorgio in Velabro, I came away with a chill which I cannot shake off: cold, neuralgia, fever; neuralgia in the face so painful that I did not know what would become of me. I was half blind, half deaf, a very miserable sort of being indeed. I have been

rather better since yesterday, and mean to go out again; the weather is inviting, it has become so warm, which indeed has its own dangers. Why is my health no better? I often wonder at it,—*ma ci vuole pazienza*, that is the surest of all remedies.

"Since I wrote last we have hardly made any distant expeditions. We go over churches, palaces, and galleries again and again, and in spite of the long time I spent here formerly, I find much that is altogether new to me, and undoubtedly I shall still leave much unseen. My regret at leaving Rome is so great, that I have to comfort myself with a secret hope of returning. I do not resist the hope, for it strengthens me, and what hope shows to be possible for me, it proves possible for you too. So don't let us despair, but let us fill our time in the best way and with the best things we can."

In his Journal the same constant sufferings appear.

"Palazzo Spada—cold fearful. Palazzo Farnese—the King of Naples not yet gone out, and we are told to return, but I was in too much pain. . . . I am almost blind and deaf. I went to the Pincio alone. It is sad not to see this bright sunshine. Everything seems confused and uncertain. . . . What a wondrous expression of grandeur and melancloly there is in the Roman Campagna! It is very different in fine weather, but this is quite as eloquent. . . ."

The Carnival came on with heavy snow, and on Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 10th, it fell and lay on the ground even in Rome itself. "In the plains and on the mountains," Flandrin says, "it is like Siberia, and my rheumatism does not like that, or rather I don't like it, for I am still deaf and stupid. I can only hope that it will not last."

"*Feb.* 17, 1864.—My dear Paul,—. . . . We shall really have enjoyed our absence very much, in spite of my bad health, in spite of *le monde*, and in spite of the weather, which has been very bad for the last fortnight. I told you before that we had made acquaintance with the Princess Czartoryska, who is good, pious, simple, and a wondrous musician. The other day we went with her to Monte Mario to see Liszt, who lives there in retirement. He received us very kindly, and after we had rested a few minutes in the humble room he occupies in the convent, he took us to the Villa Mellini. It was the first time I have seen Rome from thence, and I am not sure but that it is the best view."

"*Feb. 26th.*—. . . . I have done nothing for so long, and the consequence is a mistrust of myself which becomes downright weakness. I want to test by some real work the true state of the case. The last few days I have been trying to make some studies, but it is very difficult to manage one's model in a

sunny room, where one's family is perpetually on the move, and I shall accomplish but little. Meanwhile the anxiety about the Pope's portrait presses; everybody speaks to me of it as of a thing in hand already, and my present attitude of reserve, excuse, and apology is untenable. The weather is detestable; it has rained more or less continually for five weeks. We have hardly had four or five tolerable days out of more than thirty; and moreover this poor country is afflicted with numerous crimes. People talk of eleven attempts at assassination during the last fortnight, of which some, unhappily, have been only too successful; and as to robberies, they are endless, and committed with incredible effrontery in church and house in broad daylight. . . . Ah, our times were better than these! One thing which has interested me more pleasantly has been hearing Mgr. Dupanloup's sermons in the Gesù. They were admirable, and the immense congregation testified its respect and admiration by the most constant attention and ever increasing numbers. All this bad weather is a great hindrance to us, we lose so much time, in spite of our efforts to use it well, and it really is unfortunate, for we have still a thousand things to do. Time rushes away rapidly; we have almost come to Easter, and if I am to do any work this year I must soon set about it."

The only paintings which Flandrin executed during

this winter in Rome were an unfinished portrait of his little son Paul, and two angels' heads, as studies for the decorations he had been asked to undertake in the new Church of Saint Augustine in Paris, which his friend M. Baltard was at that time building. He also made a drawing for a portrait of Madame Flacheron. But, independently of all the circumstantial difficulties which surrounded him, Flandrin's health was a daily increasing hindrance.

"My incapacity for work distresses me grievously," he writes to M. Timbal, on February 29th; "but Rome is always Rome! Yesterday, after a visit to Overbeck, who seemed to me younger and more alive than he was thirty years ago, we went with a French religious of the order of Saint Francis to study the Forum and its environs. There were four or five inches of mud, but a ray of sunshine broke through the clouds, and everything resumed its wonted charm. The trees in the gardens of San Gregorio showed their white blossom for the first time."

On two successive days, March 1st and 2nd, Flandrin went to San Sisto, to study Père Besson's paintings, which pleased him greatly; he notices their good composition and fulness of expression, and remarks that the medallions in grisaille "contain things of deep pathos and of an eloquent severity."

There is something touching in reading of this,

almost Flandrin's last expedition in matters of art, being connected with one who, like himself, though after a different manner, had devoted his talents and his life to God.

The last among his letters is to Paul Flandrin. He talks in it of "the coming departure;" and truly that was at hand, but not such as he expected.

"ROME, *March* 5, 1864.

"I am better, but still I cannot get my head right. My ears are stuffed, and I am strangely wearied by a continual dull noise in them. But this time no one can say that I have overdone myself; I have done nothing, hindered as I have been by various difficulties, and now our departure is close at hand! Anyhow we have seen and re-seen Rome well, and I cannot tell you the lengths to which my fanaticism about her extend! Everything charms me, touches me, and fills me with an intense desire to stay here. Of late we have been smitten with a special admiration for the regions lying between the Capitol and the Tiber, and the Porta San Paolo, San Sebastiano, Latina, and San Giovanni, that is to say, for that part of Rome which comprehends the Aventine, Cœlian, and Palatine hills, and the valleys dividing them. These grand ruins, convents, and solitary venerable old churches, all raised to recall the greatest events or the most touching

memories of early Christianity, have a heart-searching eloquence which I would fain never forget.

"Yesterday Auguste and I (my poor wife was ill) went with M. Visconti, the antiquary, and some other people, to see the excavations, which have been making for some years in the site of the ancient Ostia. We went in a little open carriage. It was a fine day, and the Piazza Montanara was full of picturesque peasants; on to Bocca della Verità and Ripa Grande, where we turned to enjoy the beautiful view of Rome, of which you made a very good sketch. Coasting Monte Testaccio, we passed the Porta San Paolo, beside which the Pyramid of Caius Sextius rises; a little further on we saluted the chapel commemorating the parting embrace of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, then the great Basilica of Saint Paul, and then at last came out upon the bare, lonely Campagna, which stretched out in familiar sameness to the sea. Stopping a few minutes at the Osteria Malafede to rest the horses, our six carriages resumed their way; the Tiber widens, the marshes extend, the salt pool begins, and far off rises the castle with its magnificent pine tree, which you must remember well. We came nearly to the sea level, cross the *Salini*. On the left the fine fir wood of Castel Fusano stands out, and besides the four or five houses which compose Ostia there is a little church, which recalls memories of

Saint Augustine and Saint Monica. After breakfasting at the Osteria, we went to the excavations, which are most exceedingly curious. One goes in by the street of tombs—the pavement is complete. You still see the ruts hollowed by the chariot-wheels. It is lined with interesting buildings. Then at the gate to which it leads, you find a corps de garde and custom-house, after which you get into the town, divided into several streets. Thence you have about a mile to go above ground to the further extremity of the ancient Ostia, where the other range of excavations is going on, the intention being for the two lines to meet in the centre. It is on this side that the baths, temples, the shops which used to line the quays and port, are found, decorated with paintings, and very good and well preserved mosaics. This excursion was made much more interesting and useful by M. Visconti's explanations as we passed from point to point.

"Our return, from three to six o'clock, just at the most beautiful part of the day, was quite delightful. The grand and lofty points of view were enhanced by the flocks with their lambs and colts, and by the abundant flowers. Everything seemed to be crying out, Spring is coming! I must confess to you that I was quite overcome, and I can see a tear of sympathy fall from your eyes. Adieu, my Paul. Kiss

Aline and the little ones fondly for us; we love you so dearly.—Your devoted brother and friend."

We need scarcely ask to be forgiven for a repetition of the latter description, in words nearly identical, when we say that they are the last Flandrin ever wrote in his Journal:—"It was three o'clock, and so too late for Castel Fusano, and we took the road to Rome, turning towards the mountains, and leaving the sea behind us. *C'est la belle heure.* A soft sunshine made the whole world glad with its light. Flocks wandered in every direction, animated by the little ones—calves, foals, and lambs. The fruit-trees were laden with blossom, the hawthorn was bursting into flower, and all this grace, this youth, this resurrection, on the stern soil of the Campagna, had an inexpressible charm of contrast which was exquisitely pathetic and touching."

Pathetic indeed! yet not more so than the last loving looks of the Christian painter, seeing all things through the Vision of Beauty, which comes from Him Alone Who is the King of all Beauty, the Monarch of all true art, the Lord before Whom every treasure of intellect, brain, hand, or heart, must be laid and hallowed ere it can attain its true object—the benefit and enlightenment of man. But a few days later, and Hippolyte Flandrin was to enter the dark valley,

whence he should indeed "leave the troubled sea of life behind, and turn to the mountains"—the Golden Hills "whence cometh my help." The soft sunshine of his beloved Italy would beam on him no more, but he was soon to enter there where the Sun of Righteousness is the light; his eyes, "dazzled now and weak," were soon about to—

> "See the King's full glory break,
> Nor from the blissful vision shrink:
> In fearless love and hope uncloyed,
> For ever on that ocean bright
> Empowered to gaze, and undestroyed,
> Deeper and deeper plunge in light."

He had struggled hard with failing health and strength; a vivid sense of duty had upheld him from giving way to the infirmities which were making his "clay cottage to totter ere it fail."

Immediately after this expedition to Ostia, Flandrin became more seriously ill. "We were waiting for fine weather to go to Naples and Pompeii," he wrote; "the fine weather has come, but our plans have given way before my illness, and now everything is uncertain."

Not for long was the uncertainty. A few days more, and the distressing symptoms, which at first seemed only an aggravation of what he had suffered for months past, developed into smallpox. It was not a very severe attack, and on the sixth day after the malady appeared

Flandrin was better, he took some food, and all seemed to be going on well.

"Yesterday" (so writes a student of the Academy, M. Bourgaux, to Ambroise Thomas) "I went to his house at five o'clock, and found him in his last agony, while, sad to say, his family had no idea that death was so close at hand. The servants had sent for an Italian priest, who, on arriving, said that extreme unction should be instantly administered. That was just when I happened to come, and I ran hastily to a neighbouring church to summon the last succours of the Church to the dying. Two hours later he was dead."

The last words he uttered betokened how the faith which had moulded and strengthened his life now sustained and brightened his deathbed. "I see the road, a saint is leading me!" he whispered in faint accents shortly before his death; "I see the road, it is made ready!"

The silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the weary spirit had found rest for ever

In Patria.

A little later and the painter returned to Saint Germain des Prés, where his work was yet unfinished, yet all his earnest aspirations were fulfilled. His earthly remains rest there, where his own brush has raised his best monument.

A few earnest words spoken by M. Beulé at Hippolyte Flandrin's funeral may be quoted here.

"We have lost," the speaker said, "we have lost one after another, in rapid succession, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Decamps, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, and now Flandrin—the youngest, but not the least important; Flandrin, who was revered by all opposing parties; Flandrin, who upheld the standard of the ideal and of religious art with a hand as modest as it was firm; Flandrin, whose bright talent, always advancing, rising year by year to a more radiant height, seemed only as yet in its first bloom! What works he was about to complete, or to begin! What immortal pages were yet to be written on the walls of Saint Germain des Prés and of the Cathedral at Strasburg! What a fertile maturity lay before him! . . . It were not seemly, amid these funeral rites, to dwell upon Flandrin's life or his works. . . . Let us only say a long farewell to the earthly remains which Rome would fain have gathered in with those of Claude Lorraine and Poussin, but which now the sanctuary of Saint Germain des Prés possesses. Ever present to our memory must be that gentle, melancholy, recollected face, which seemed to belong to one of a bygone age; to a Christian neophyte painting the Catacombs, or a mediæval artist decorating his monastic chapel with inexhaustible fervour. Flandrin was moved by a

sincere piety, which knew no display, but shone brightly within; it was the source of all his pure, lovely inspirations, wherein the utmost simplicity of feeling was backed by profound science; wherein the purity of antique form was united to that of Christian spirituality. He had another rare creed which alone can make a great artist; he believed in the dignity of his art, in those unchangeable principles without which there is no beauty, in rules to which the loftiest intellect must submit, and hence the exquisite simplicity and unity of his life."

And in the few feeling words broken by emotion which Ambroise Thomas, that dear friend of so many years, added to those already spoken, he quotes a letter he had received from a young student:—"Say that those who only knew him at the last are not the last to regret him; say that there was never a day when his heart did not win other hearts by the warm outpourings of his lovingkindness; say that many a young artist carries about for ever in his memory, the friendly words which were suggested by his inexhaustible sympathy for the young, and his immense love for his art."

R. I. P.

MUIR AND PATERSON, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

April, 1877.

A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

Selected from the Publications of

MESSRS. RIVINGTON

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

MAGDALEN STREET, OXFORD; TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE

Contents.

	PAGE		PAGE
1. The Prayer Book and the Church Service	1	6. Sermons	47
2. The Holy Scriptures	7	7. Religious Education	65
3. Devotional Works	17, 88	8. Allegories and Tales	70
4. Parish Work	32	9. History and Biography	73
5. The Church and Doctrine	37	10. Poetry and Miscellaneous	84
		11. Index	89

Educational Works—*see* Rivington's School Catalogue.

1. The Prayer Book and the Church Service.

The Compendious Edition of the Annotated Book of Common Prayer, forming a concise Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England. Edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Dictionary of Sects and Heresies," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*; in half-morocco, 16*s.*; or in morocco limp, 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Annotated Book of Common Prayer

; being an Historical, Ritual, and Theological Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Dictionary of Sects and Heresies," &c., &c. Seventh Edition. Imperial 8vo. 36*s.*; or in half-morocco, 48*s.*

[This large edition contains the Latin and Greek originals, together with technical Ritual Annotations, Marginal References, &c., which are necessarily omitted for want of room in the "Compendious Edition."]

"Whether as, historically, shewing how the Prayer Book came to be what it is, or, ritually, how it designs itself to be rendered from word into act, or, theologically, as exhibiting the relation between doctrine and worship on which it is framed, the book amasses a world of information carefully digested, and errs commonly, if at all, on the side of excess."—GUARDIAN.

"The most complete and compendious Commentary on the English Prayer Book ever yet published. Almost everything that has been written by all the best liturgical and historical authorities ancient and modern (of which a formidable list is prefixed to the work) is quoted, or referred to, or compressed into the notes illustrative of the several subjects."—JOHN BULL.

"The book is a mine of information and research—able to give an answer almost on anything we wish to know about our present Prayer Book, its antecedents and originals—and ought to be in the library of every intelligent Churchman. Nothing at all like it has as yet been seen."—CHURCH REVIEW.

Liber Precum Publicarum Ecclesiæ

Anglicanæ. A GULIELMO BRIGHT, S.T.P., Ædis Christi apud Oxon. Canonico, et PETRO GOLDSMITH MEDD, A.M., Collegii Universitatis apud Oxon. Socio Seniore, Latine redditus. Editio tertia, cum Appendice. [In hæc editione continentur Versiones Latinæ—1. Libri Precum Publicarum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; 2. Liturgiæ Primæ Reformatæ; 3. Liturgiæ Scoticanæ; 4. Liturgiæ Americanæ.] With Rubrics in Red. Small 8vo.

The First Book of Common Prayer of

Edward VI. and the Ordinal of 1549. Together with the Order of the Communion, 1548. Reprinted entire. Edited by the Rev. HENRY BASKERVILLE WALTON, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Merton College; with Introduction by the Rev. PETER GOLDSMITH MEDD, M.A., Rector of North Cerney, Gloucestershire, late Senior Fellow of University College, Oxford. Small 8vo. 6*s.*

The Prayer Book Interleaved; with

Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes arranged parallel to the Text. By W. M. CAMPION, D.D., and W. J. BEAMONT, M.A. With a Preface by the LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. Ninth Edition. Small 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

"An excellent publication, combining a portable Prayer Book with the history of the text and explanatory notes."—SPECTATOR.

"This book is of the greatest use for spreading an intelligent knowledge of the English Prayer Book, and we heartily wish it a large and continuous circulation."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"The work may be commended as a very convenient manual for all who are interested to some extent in liturgical studies, but who have not time or the means for original research. It would also be most useful to examining chaplains, as a text-book for Holy Orders."—CHURCH TIMES.

The Book of Common Prayer, and

Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH in the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David. Royal 32mo. French Roan limp, *2s. 6d.*

An Illuminated Edition of the Book

of Common Prayer, printed in Red and Black, on fine toned paper; with Borders and Titles designed after the manner of the 14th Century. By R. R. HOLMES, F.S.A., and engraved by O. JEWITT. Crown 8vo. *16s.*

A Book of Litanies, Metrical and Prose.

With an Evening Service. Edited by the Compiler of "The Treasury of Devotion." And accompanying Music arranged under the Musical Editorship of W. S. HOYTE, Organist and Director of the Choir at All Saints', Margaret Street, London. Crown 4to. *7s. 6d.*

Also may be had, an Edition of the Words, 32mo., *6d.*; or in paper cover, *4d.* Or, the Metrical Litanies separately, 32mo., *5d.*; or in paper cover, *3d.*

A Key to the Knowledge and Use of

the Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. New Edition. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

"Impossible to praise too highly. It is the best short explanation of our offices that we know of, and would be invaluable for the use of candidates for confirmation in the higher classes."—JOHN BULL.

"A thoroughly sound and valuable manual."—CHURCH TIMES.

"To us it appears that Mr. Blunt has succeeded very well. All necessary information seems to be included, and the arrangement is excellent."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"A very valuable and practical manual, full of information. It deserves high commendation."—CHURCHMAN.

Sacraments and Sacramental Ordinances

of the Church; being a Plain Exposition of their History, Meaning, and Effects. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. Small 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

A Commentary, Expository and Devotional,

on the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, according to the Use of the Church of England; to which is added, an Appendix on Fasting Communion, Non-communicating Attendance, Auricular Confession, the Doctrine of Sacrifice, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Sixth Edition. Small 8vo. *6s.*

Also a Cheap Edition, uniform with "Thoughts on Personal Religion," and "The Pursuit of Holiness." *3s. 6d.*

Notitia Eucharistica; a Commentary,

Explanatory, Doctrinal, and Historical, on the Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion, according to the use of the Church of England. With an Appendix on the Office for the Communion of the Sick. By the Rev. W. E. SCUDAMORE, M.A., Rector of Ditchingham, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. *32s.*

The Athanasian Creed: an Examination of Recent Theories respecting its Date and Origin. With a Postscript referring to Professor Swainson's Account of its Growth and Reception, which is contained in his Work entitled "The Nicene and Apostles' Creeds, their Literary History." By G. D. W. OMMANNEY, M.A., Vicar of Draycot, Somerset. Crown 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Athanasian Origin of the Athanasian Creed. By J. S. BREWER, M.A., Preacher at the Rolls, and Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

The "Damnatory Clauses" of the Athanasian Creed rationally explained in a Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. By the Rev. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A., Rector of St. George, Botolph Lane. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

Comment upon the Collects appointed to be used in the Church of England on Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN JAMES, D.D., sometime Canon of Peterborough. Fifteenth Edition. 12mo. 3*s*. 6d.

A Commentary, Practical and Exegetical, on the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. W. DENTON, M.A. Small 8vo. 5*s*.

The Psalter, or Psalms of David. (The Prayer Book Version.) Printed in red and black. Small 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The New Mitre Hymnal, containing New

Music by Sir JOHN GOSS, Sir GEORGE ELVEY, Dr. STAINER, HENRY GADSBY, Esq., J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, Esq:, BERTHOLD TOURS, Esq., JAMES LANGRAN, Esq., and other eminent Composers; together with Scandinavian Tunes now first introduced into this Country. Royal 8vo. 5*s.*

An Edition of the Words without the Music may also be had. Imperial 32mo., cloth limp, 1*s.*; or in cloth boards, extra gilt, 1*s.* 6*d.*

[A large reduction to purchasers of quantities.]

Psalms and Hymns adapted to the

Services of the Church of England; with a Supplement of additional Hymns, and Indices. By the Rev. W. J. HALL, M.A. 8vo., 5*s.* 6*d.*; 18mo., 3*s.*; 24mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth limp, 1*s.* 3*d.*; 32mo., 1*s.*; cloth limp, 8*d.*

Selection of Psalms and Hymns; with

Accompanying Tunes selected and arranged by JOHN FOSTER, of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal. By the Rev. W. J. HALL, M.A. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* The Tunes only, 1*s.* Also an Edition of the Tunes for the Organ. 7*s.* 6*d.*

2. The Holy Scriptures.

The Greek Testament. With a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury. New Edition. 4 Volumes. 8vo. 102*s*.

The Volumes are sold separately, as follows:—

Vol. I.—The Four Gospels. 28*s*.
Vol. II.—Acts to 2 Corinthians. 24*s*.
Vol. III.—Galatians to Philemon. 18*s*.
Vol. IV.—Hebrews to Revelation. 32*s*.

The New Testament for English Readers: containing the Authorized Version, with a revised English Text; Marginal References; and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury. New Edition. 2 Volumes, or 4 Parts. 8vo. 54*s*. 6*d*.

The Volumes are sold separately, as follows:—

Vol. 1, Part I.—The Three first Gospels. 12*s*.
Vol. 1, Part II.—St. John and the Acts. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Vol. 2, Part I.—The Epistles of St. Paul. 16*s*.
Vol. 2, Part II.—Hebrews to Revelation. 16*s*.

The Holy Bible; with Notes and Introductions.

By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. New Edition. 6 Vols. Imperial 8vo. 120*s.*

The Volumes are sold separately, as follows:—

Vol. I.—The Pentateuch. 25*s.*
Vol. II.—Joshua to Samuel. 15*s.*
Vol. III.—Kings to Esther. 15*s.*
Vol. IV.—Job to Song of Solomon. 25*s.*
Vol. V.—Isaiah to Ezekiel. 25*s.*
Vol. VI.—Daniel, Minor Prophets, and Index. 15*s.*

The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, in the original Greek; with Notes, Introductions, and Indices.

By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. New Edition. 2 Vols. Imperial 8vo. 60*s.*

The Volumes are sold separately, as follows:—

Vol. I.—Gospels and Acts. 23*s.*
Vol. II.—Epistles, Apocalypse, and Index. 37*s.*

Notes on the Greek Testament. The Gospel according to S. Luke.

By the Rev. ARTHUR CARR, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

"*It is a most useful and scholarly work, well adapted to the higher classes of public schools and the students at our colleges.*"—STANDARD.

"*The most useful and scholarly commentary, in a short compass, on the Gospel of S. Luke, in Greek, that has hitherto appeared.*"—HOUR.

"*The notes are brief, scholarly, and based on the best authorities. . . . The introduction will be found to be of especial value to the young student, informing him, as it does, of the Greek manuscripts which form the basis of the Greek text, and giving a most thorough and comprehensive account of S. Luke's life and the style of his writing.*"—SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE.

"*Grammatical peculiarities are brought into the foreground, and contrasted with classical usages; questions of various reading are carefully noted; historical and archæological information is supplied plentifully when needful to illustrate a passage; the drift of a narrative or discourse and the sequence of the thoughts is traced out and carefully analysed; in short, the Gospel is treated as we treat a classical author, and the student is here supplied with an* apparatus criticus *superior in kind and completeness to any we have ever seen . . . orded to him for the purpose elsewhere. A very clever and taking book.*"—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"*Admirably adapted for the use of those who begin the study of the New Testament in the original after having acquired a fair acquaintance with classical Greek.*"—SCOTSMAN.

The Psalms. Translated from the Hebrew.

With Notes, chiefly Exegetical. By WILLIAM KAY, D.D., Rector of Great Leghs, late Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. Second Edition. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Like a sound Churchman, he reverences Scripture, upholding its authority against sceptics; and he does not denounce such as differ from him in opinion with a dogmatism unhappily too common at the present day. Hence, readers will be disposed to consider his conclusions worthy of attention; or perhaps to adopt them without inquiry. It is superfluous to say that the translation is better and more accurate on the whole than our received one, or that it often reproduces the sense of the original happily."—ATHENÆUM.

"Dr. Kay has profound reverence for Divine truth, and exhibits considerable reading, with the power to make use of it."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"The execution of the work is careful and scholarly."—UNION REVIEW.

"To mention the name of Dr. Kay is enough to secure respectful attention to his new translation of the Psalms It is enriched with exegetical notes containing a wealth of sound learning, closely occasionally, perhaps too closely condensed. Good care is taken of the student not learned in Hebrew; we hope the Doctor's example will prevent any abuse of this consideration, and stimulate those who profit by it to follow him into the very text of the ancient Revelation."—JOHN BULL.

Ecclesiastes: the Authorized Version, with

a running Commentary and Paraphrase. By the Rev. THOS. PELHAM DALE, M.A., Rector of St. Vedast with St. Michael City of London, and late Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Daniel the Prophet: Nine Lectures

delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Oxford. With copious Notes. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Third Edition. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Commentary on the Minor Prophets;

with Introductions to the several Books. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. 4to.

Parts I., II., III., IV., V., 5*s.* each.

Ruling Ideas in Early Ages and their

Relation to Old Testament Faith. Lectures delivered to Graduates of the University of Oxford. By J. B. MOZLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Companion to the Old Testament;

being a Plain Commentary on Scripture History, down to the Birth of our Lord. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Also in 2 Parts:

Part I.—The Creation of the World to the Reign of Saul.
Part II.—The Reign of Saul to the Birth of Our Lord.

Small 8vo. 2*s.* each.

[Especially adapted for use in Training Colleges and Schools.]

"A very compact summary of the Old Testament narrative, put together so as to explain the connection and bearing of its contents, and written in a very good tone; with a final chapter on the history of the Jews between the Old and New Testaments. It will be found very useful for its purpose. It does not confine itself to merely chronological difficulties, but comments briefly upon the religious bearing of the text also."—GUARDIAN.

"A most admirable Companion to the Old Testament, being far the most concise yet complete commentary on Old Testament history with which we have met. Here are combined orthodoxy and learning, an intelligent and at the same time interesting summary of the leading facts of the sacred story. It should be a text-book in every school, and its value is immensely enhanced by the copious and complete index."—JOHN BULL.

"This will be found a very valuable aid to the right understanding of the Bible. It throws the whole Scripture narrative into one from the creation downwards, the author thus condensing Prideaux, Shuckford, and Russell, and in the most reverential manner bringing to his aid the writings of all modern annotators and chronologists. The book is one that should have a wide circulation amongst teachers and students of all denominations."—BOOKSELLER.

"The handbook before us is so full and satisfactory, considering its compass, and sets forth the history of the old covenant with such conscientious minuteness, that it cannot fail to prove a godsend to candidates for examination in the Rudimenta Religionis as well as in the corresponding school at Cambridge. . . . Enough has been said to express our value of this useful work, which cannot fail to win its way into our schools, colleges, and universities."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

A Key to the Narrative of the Four Gospels.

By the Rev. JOHN PILKINGTON NORRIS, B.D., Canon of Bristol, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester. New Edition. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

"This is very much the best book of its kind we have seen. The only fault is its shortness, which prevents its going into the details which would support and illustrate its statements, and which, in the process of illustrating them, would fix them upon the minds and memories of its readers. It is, however, a great improvement upon any book of its kind we know. It bears all the marks of being the condensed work of a real scholar, and of a divine too. The bulk of the book is taken up with a 'Life of Christ,' compiled from the Four Gospels, so as to exhibit its steps and stages and salient points. The rest of the book consists of independent chapters on special points."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"This book is no ordinary compendium, no mere 'cram-book;' still less is it an ordinary reading-book for schools; but the schoolmaster, the Sunday-school teacher, and the seeker after a comprehensive knowledge of Divine truth will find it worthy of its name. Canon Norris writes simply, reverently, without great display of learning, giving the result of much careful study in a short compass, and adorning the subject by the tenderness and honesty with which he treats it. We hope that this little book will have a very wide circulation, and that it will be studied; and we can promise that those who take it up will not readily put it down again."—RECORD.

"This is a golden little volume. . . . Its design is exceedingly modest. Canon Norris writes primarily to help 'younger students' in studying the Gospels. But this unpretending volume is one which all students may study with advantage. It is an admirable manual for those who take Bible Classes through the Gospels. Closely sifted in style, so that all is clear and weighty; full of unostentatious learning, and pregnant with suggestion; deeply reverent in spirit and altogether Evangelical in spirit; Canon Norris's book supplies a real want, and ought to be welcomed by all earnest and devout students of the Holy Gospels."—LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A Key to the Narrative of the Acts of the Apostles.

By the Rev. JOHN PILKINGTON NORRIS, B.D., Canon of Bristol, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester. New Edition. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

"The book is one which we can heartily recommend."—SPECTATOR.

"Few books have ever given us more unmixed pleasure than this."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"This is a sequel to Canon Norris's 'Key to the Gospels,' which was published two years ago, and which has become a general favourite with those who wish to grasp the leading features of the life and work of Christ. The sketch of the Acts of the Apostles is done in the same style; there is the same reverent spirit and quiet enthusiasm running through it, and the same instinct for seizing the leading points in the narrative."—RECORD.

A Devotional Commentary on the Gospel Narrative.

By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. New Edition. 8 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* each. Sold separately.

THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF THE HOLY GOSPELS.

Characteristic Differences in the Four Gospels—Our Lord's Manifestations of Himself—The Rule of Scriptural Interpretation furnished by our Lord—Analogies of the Gospel—Mention of Angels in the Gospels—Places of our Lord's Abode and Ministry—Our Lord's mode of dealing with His Apostles—Conclusion.

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

Our Lord's Nativity—Our Lord's Ministry (second year)—Our Lord's Ministry (third year)—The Holy Week—Our Lord's Passion—Our Lord's Resurrection.

OUR LORD'S NATIVITY.

The Birth at Bethlehem—The Baptism in Jordan—The First Passover.

OUR LORD'S MINISTRY (Second Year).

The Second Passover—Christ with the Twelve—The Twelve sent forth.

OUR LORD'S MINISTRY (Third Year).

Teaching in Galilee—Teaching at Jerusalem—Last Journey from Galilee to Jerusalem.

THE HOLY WEEK.

The Approach to Jerusalem—The Teaching in the Temple—The Discourse on the Mount of Olives—The Last Supper.

OUR LORD'S PASSION.

The Hour of Darkness—The Agony—The Apprehension—The Condemnation—The Day of Sorrows—The Hall of Judgment—The Crucifixion—The Sepulture.

OUR LORD'S RESURRECTION.

The Day of Days—The Grave Visited—Christ appearing—The going to Emmaus—The Forty Days—The Apostles assembled—The Lake in Galilee—The Mountain in Galilee—The Return from Galilee.

"There is not a better companion to be found for the season than the beautiful 'Devotional Commentary on the Gospel Narrative,' by the Rev. Isaac Williams. A rich mine for devotional and theological study."—GUARDIAN.

"So infinite are the depths and so innumerable the beauties of Scripture, and more particularly of the Gospels, that there is some difficulty in describing the manifold excellences of Williams' exquisite Commentary. Deriving its profound appreciation of Scripture from the writings of the early Fathers, it is only what every student knows must be true to say, that it extracts a whole wealth of meaning from each sentence, each apparently faint allusion, each word in the text."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"Stands absolutely alone in our English literature; there is, we should say, no chance of its being superseded by any better book of its kind; and its merits are of the very highest order."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

WILLIAMS' DEVOTIONAL COMMENTARY—*Continued.*

"This is, in the truest sense of the word, a 'Devotional Commentary' on the Gospel narrative, opening out everywhere, as it does, the spiritual beauties and blessedness of the Divine message; but it is something more than this, it meets difficulties almost by anticipation, and throws the light of learning over some of the very darkest passages in the New Testament."—ROCK.

"It would be difficult to select a more useful present, at a small cost, than this series would be to a young man on his first entering into Holy Orders, and many, no doubt, will avail themselves of the republication of these useful volumes for this purpose. There is an abundance of sermon material to be drawn from any one of them."—CHURCH TIMES.

Female Characters of Holy Scripture.

A Series of Sermons. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

CONTENTS.

Eve—Sarah—Lot's Wife—Rebekah—Leah and Rachel—Miriam—Rahab—Deborah—Ruth—Hannah—The Witch of Endor—Bathsheba—Rizpah—The Queen of Sheba—The Widow of Zarephath—Jezebel—The Shunammite—Esther—Elizabeth—Anna—The Woman of Samaria—Joanna—The Woman with the Issue of Blood—The Woman of Canaan—Martha—Mary—Salome—The Wife of Pilate—Dorcas—The Blessed Virgin.

The Characters of the Old Testament.

A Series of Sermons. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

CONTENTS.

Adam—Abel and Cain—Noah—Abraham—Lot—Jacob and Esau—Joseph—Moses—Aaron—Pharaoh—Korah, Dathan, and Abiram—Balaam—Joshua—Samson—Samuel—Saul—David—Solomon—Elijah—Ahab—Elisha—Hezekiah—Josiah—Jeremiah—Ezekiel—Daniel—Joel—Job—Isaiah—The Antichrist.

The Apocalypse. With Notes and Reflections.

By the Rev ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Beginning of the Book of Genesis, with Notes and Reflections. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Small 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

Ecclesiastes for English Readers. The Book called by the Jews Koheleth. Newly translated, with Introduction, Analysis, and Notes. By the Rev. W. H. B. PROBY, M.A., formerly Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholar in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

The Ten Canticles of the Old Testament Canon, namely, the Songs of Moses (First and Second), Deborah, Hannah, Isaiah (First, Second, and Third), Hezekiah, Jonah, and Habakkuk. Newly translated, with Notes and Remarks on their Drift and Use. By the Rev. W. H. B. PROBY, M.A., formerly Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholar in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. *5s.*

Genesis. With Notes. By the Rev. G. V. GARLAND, M.A., late Vicar of Aslacton, Norfolk. [The Hebrew Text, with Literal Translation.] Parts I. to XXII. 8vo. In paper cover, *6d.* each.

Devotional Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Translated from the French of QUESNEL. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

The Acts of the Deacons; being a Commentary, Critical and Practical, upon the Notices of St. Stephen and St. Philip the Evangelist, contained in the Acts of the Apostles. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Second Edition. Small 8vo. *6s.*

The Mystery of Christ: being an Exa-

mination of the Doctrine contained in the First Three Chapters of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians. By GEORGE STAUNTON BARROW, M.A., Vicar of Stowmarket. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

A Key to the Knowledge and Use of

the Holy Bible. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Dictionary of Theology," &c. &c. New Edition. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

"Another of Mr. Blunt's useful and workmanlike compilations, which will be most acceptable as a household book, or in schools and colleges. It is a capital book too for schoolmasters and pupil teachers. Its subject is arranged under the heads of—I. The Literary History of the Bible. II. Old Testament Writers and Writings. III. New Testament ditto. IV. Revelation and Inspiration. V. Objects of the Bible. VI. Interpretation of ditto. VII. The Bible a guide to Faith. VIII. The Apocrypha. IX. The Apocryphal Books associated with the New Testament. Lastly, there is a serviceable appendix of peculiar Bible words and their meanings."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"We have much pleasure in recommending a capital handbook by the learned Editor of 'The Annotated Book of Common Prayer.'"—CHURCH TIMES.

"Merits commendation, for the lucid and orderly arrangment in which it presents a considerable amount of valuable and interesting matter."—RECORD.

The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, its

Nature and Proof. Eight Discourses preached before the University of Dublin. By WILLIAM LEE, D.D., Archdeacon of Dublin. Fourth Edition. 8vo. *15s.*

On the Inspiration of the Bible. Five

Lectures delivered at Westminster Abbey. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. Eighth Edition. Small 8vo. *1s. 6d.*, or in paper cover, *1s.*

Syntax and Synonyms of the Greek

Testament. By the Rev. WILLIAM WEBSTER, M.A., late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. *9s.*

Bible Readings for Family Prayer.

By the Rev. W. H. RIDLEY, M.A., Rector of Hambleden. Crown 8vo.

Old Testament—Genesis and Exodus. *2s.*
The Four Gospels, *3s. 6d.*
St. Matthew and St. Mark. *2s.*
St. Luke and St. John. *2s.*
The Acts of the Apostles, *2s.*

A Complete Concordance to the Old

and the New Testament; or, a Dictionary, and Alphabetical Index to the Bible, in two Parts. To which is added, a Concordance to the Apocrypha. By ALEXANDER CRUDEN, M.A. With a Life of the Author, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A., and a Portrait. Fourteenth Edition. Demy 4to. *21s.*

3. Devotional Works.

Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics.

Elegantly printed with red borders, on extra superfine toned paper. Small 8vo. 5*s.* each.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. In 4 Books. By THOMAS À KEMPIS. A New Translation.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT; together with the Supplement and the Path of Paradise. By LAURENCE SCUPOLI. A New Translation.

THE DEVOUT LIFE. By SAINT FRANCIS OF SALES, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. A New Translation.

The Volumes can also be had in the following extra bindings:—

	s.	*d.*
Morocco, stiff or limp	9	0
Morocco, thick bevelled sides, Old Style ..	12	0
Morocco, limp, with flap edges	11	6
Morocco, best, stiff or limp	16	0
Morocco, best, thick bevelled sides, Old Style ..	19	6
Russia, limp	11	6
Russia, limp, with flap edges	13	6

Most of the volumes in the above styles may be had illustrated with a beautiful selection of Photographs from Fra Angelico, 4*s.* 6*d.* extra.

Cheap Editions, 32*mo*, *cloth limp*, 6*d. each*, *or cloth extra*, *red edges*, 1*s. each.*

Of the Imitation of Christ.
The Spiritual Combat.
The Christian Year.
The Hidden Life of the Soul.
Spiritual Letters of Saint Francis of Sales.

[Other Volumes are in preparation.]

The Child Samuel. A Practical and Devotional Commentary on the Birth and Childhood of the Prophet Samuel, as recorded in 1 Sam. i., ii. 1-27, iii. Designed as a Help to Meditation on the Holy Scriptures for Children and Young Persons. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

The Gospel of the Childhood: a Practical and Devotional Commentary on the Single Incident of our Blessed Lord's Childhood (St. Luke ii. 41 to the end); designed as a Help to Meditation on the Holy Scriptures, for Children and Young Persons. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Second Edition. Square 16mo. 5*s.*

Thoughts on Personal Religion; being a Treatise on the Christian Life in its Two Chief Elements, Devotion and Practice. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. New Edition. Small 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Also a Cheap Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.* Presentation Edition, elegantly printed on Toned Paper. Two vols. Small 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Pursuit of Holiness: a Sequel to "Thoughts on Personal Religion," intended to carry the Reader somewhat farther onward in the Spiritual Life. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D. Fourth Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s.* Also a Cheap Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Short Devotional Forms, for Morning, Night, and Midnight, and for the Third, Sixth, Ninth Hours and Eventide of each Day of the Week. Arranged to meet the Exigencies of a Busy Life. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D. Fourth Edition. 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Star of Childhood: a First Book of Prayers and Instruction for Children. Compiled by a Priest. Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer, Berks. With Illustrations reduced from Engravings by FRA ANGELICO. Third Edition. Royal 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

The Way of Life: a Book of Prayers and Instruction for the Young at School, with a Preparation for Confirmation. Compiled by a Priest. Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A. Second Edition. Imperial 32mo. *1s. 6d.*

The Path of Holiness: a First Book of Prayers, with the Service of the Holy Communion, for the Young. Compiled by a Priest. Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A. With Illustrations. Crown 16mo. *1s. 6d.*; cloth limp, *1s.*

The Treasury of Devotion: a Manual of Prayers for General and Daily Use. Compiled by a Priest. Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A. New Edition, in Large Type. Crown 8vo. *5s.*; in morocco limp, *10s. 6d.*

A Smaller Edition. Imperial 32mo. *2s. 6d.*; limp cloth, *2s.*, or bound with the Book of Common Prayer, *3s. 6d.*

The Guide to Heaven: a Book of Prayers for every Want. (For the Working Classes.) Compiled by a Priest. Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A. New Edition. Imperial 32mo. *1s. 6d.*; cloth limp, *1s.*

An Edition in Large Type. Crown 8vo. *1s. 6d.*; cloth limp, *1s.*

Meditations on the Life and Mysteries of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. From the French. By the Compiler of "The Treasury of Devotion." Edited by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A. Crown 8vo.

Vol. I.—The Hidden Life of Our Lord. *3s. 6d.*

Vol. II.—The Public Life of Our Lord. 2 Parts. *5s.* each.

Vol. III.—The Suffering Life and the Glorified Life of Our Lord. *3s. 6d.*

Prayers and Meditations for the Holy

Communion. By JOSEPHINE FLETCHER. With a Preface by C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. With rubrics and borders in red. New Edition. Royal 32mo. *2s. 6d.*

An Edition without the red rubrics. 32mo. *1s.*

"Devout beauty is the special character of this new manual, and it ought to be a favourite. Rarely has it happened to us to meet with so remarkable a combination of thorough practicalness with that almost poetic warmth which is the highest flower of genuine devotion."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

The Bishop recommends it to the newly confirmed, to the tender-hearted and the devout, as having been compiled by a youthful person, and as being marked by a peculiar 'freshness.' Having looked through the volume, we have pleasure in seconding the recommendations of the good Bishop. We know of no more suitable manual for the newly confirmed, and nothing more likely to engage the sympathies of youthful hearts. There is a union of the deepest spirit of devotion, a rich expression of experimental life, with a due recognition of the objects of faith, such as is not always to be found, but which characterises this manual in an eminent degree."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"Among the supply of Eucharistic Manuals, one deserves special attention and commendation. 'Prayers and Meditations' merits the Bishop of Gloucester's epithets of 'warm, devout, and fresh.' And it is thoroughly English Church besides."—GUARDIAN.

"We are by no means surprised that Bishop Ellicott should have been so much struck with this little work, on accidentally seeing it in manuscript, as to urge its publication, and to preface it with his commendation. The devotion which it breathes is truly fervent, and the language attractive, and as proceeding from a young person the work is altogether not a little striking."—RECORD.

Words to Take with Us. A Manual of

Daily and Occasional Prayers, for Private and Common Use. With Plain Instructions and Counsels on Prayer. By W. E. SCUDAMORE, M.A., Rector of Ditchingham, and formerly Fellow of S. John's College, Cambridge. New Edition, revised. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

"One of the best manuals of daily and occasional prayer we have seen. At once orthodox and practical, sufficiently personal, and yet not perplexingly minute in its details, it is calculated to be of inestimable value in many a household."—JOHN BULL.

"We are again pleased to see an old friend on the editorial table, in a third edition of Mr. Scudamore's well-known Manual of Prayers. The special prayer collects for each day of the week, as well as those for the several seasons of the Christian year, have been most judiciously selected. The compiler moreover, while recognizing the full benefits to be derived from the Book of Common Prayer, has not feared to draw largely from the equally invaluable writings of ancient Catholicity."—CHURCH REVIEW.

The Hour of Prayer; being a Manual of Devotion for the Use of Families and Schools. With a Preface by the Rev. W. E. SCUDAMORE, M.A., Rector of Ditchingham, and formerly Fellow of S. John's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Family Prayers. Compiled from various Sources (chiefly from Bishop Hamilton's Manual), and arranged on the Liturgical Principle. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. New Edition. Large type. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition. 16mo. 1*s.*

Manual of Family Devotions, arranged from the Book of Common Prayer. By the Hon. AUGUSTUS DUNCOMBE, D.D., Dean of York. Printed in red and black. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Household Prayer, from Ancient and Authorized Sources: with Morning and Evening Readings for a Month. By the Rev. P. G. MEDD, M.A., Rector of North Cerney, Gloucestershire, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester. Small 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

A Book of Family Prayer. *Compiled* by WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D., F.R.S., *late Dean of* Chichester. Eighth Edition, with rubrics in red. 18mo. 2*s.*

Daily Devotions; or, Short Morning and Evening Services for the use of a Churchman's Household. By CHARLES C. CLERKE, D.D., Archdeacon of Oxford. 18mo. 1*s.*

Aids to Prayer; or, Thoughts on the Practice of Devotion. With Forms of Prayer for Private Use. By DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington. Second Edition. Square 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Self-Renunciation. From the French.

With an Introduction by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer, Berks. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

Also a Cheap Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

"It is excessively difficult to review or criticise, in detail, a book of this kind, and yet its abounding merits, its practicalness, its searching good sense and thoroughness, and its frequent beauty, too, make us wish to do something more than announce its publication. . . . . The style is eminently clear, free from redundance and prolixity."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"Few save Religious and those brought into immediate contact with them are, in all probability, acquainted with the French treatise of Guilloré, a portion of which is now, for the first time we believe, done into English. . . . . Hence the suitableness of such a book as this for those who, in the midst of their families, are endeavouring to advance in the spiritual life. Hundreds of devout souls living in the world have been encouraged and helped by such books as Dr. Neale's 'Sermons preached in a Religious House.' For such the present work will be found appropriate, while for Religious themselves it will be invaluable."—CHURCH TIMES.

Spiritual Guidance. With an Introduction by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer, Berks. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE.

["The special object of the volume is to supply practical advice in matters of conscience, such as may be generally applicable. While it offers, as it is hoped, much valuable help to Directors, it is full of suggestions, which may be useful to any one in private. It thus fulfils a double purpose, which is not, as far as I am aware, otherwise provided for, at least, not in so full and direct a manner."]

"As a work intended for general use, it will be found to contain much valuable help, and may be profitably studied by any one who is desiring to make progress in spiritual life. Much of the contents of this little book will be found more or less applicable to all persons amid the ordinary difficulties and trials of life, and a help to the training of the mind in habits of self-discipline."—CHURCH TIMES.

Vita et Doctrina Jesu Christi; or,

Meditations on the Life of our Lord. By AVANCINI. In the Original Latin. Adapted to the use of the Church of England by a CLERGYMAN. Imperial 32mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Virgin's Lamp: Prayers and Devout

Exercises for English Sisters. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D., late Warden of Sackville College, East Grinsted. Small 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Voices of Comfort. Edited by the Rev.

THOMAS VINCENT FOSBERY, M.A., sometime Vicar of St. Giles's, Reading. Third Edition. Small 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

[This Volume, of prose and poetry, original and selected, aims at revealing the fountains of hope and joy which underlie the griefs and sorrows of life.

It is so divided as to afford readings for a month. The key-note of each day is given by the title prefixed to it, such as: 'The Power of the Cross of Christ, Day 6. Conflicts of the Soul, Day 17. The Communion of Saints, Day 20. The Comforter, Day 22. The Light of Hope, Day 25. The Coming of Christ, Day 28.' Each day begins with passages of Holy Scripture. These are followed by articles in prose, which are succeeded by one or more short prayers. After these are Poems or passages of poetry, and then very brief extracts in prose or verse close the section. The book is meant to meet, not merely cases of bereavement or physical suffering, but 'to minister specially to the hidden troubles of the heart, as they are silently weaving their dark threads into the web of the seemingly brightest life.']

Hymns and Poems for the Sick and

Suffering. In connexion with the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Selected from various Authors. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS VINCENT FOSBERY, M.A., sometime Vicar of St. Giles's, Reading. New Edition. Small 8vo. *3s. 6d.*

[This Volume contains 233 separate pieces; of which about 90 are by writers who lived prior to the eighteenth century; the rest are modern, and some of these original. Amongst the names of the writers (between 70 and 80 in number) occur those of Sir J. Beaumont; Sir T. Brown; F. Davison; Elizabeth of Bohemia; P. Fletcher; G. Herbert; Dean Hickes; Bishop Ken; Norris; Quarles; Sandys; Bishop J. Taylor; Henry Vaughan; and Sir H. Wotton. And of modern writers:—Mrs. Barrett Browning; Bishop Wilberforce; S. T. Coleridge; Sir R. Grant; Miss E. Taylor; W. Wordsworth; Archbishop Trench Rev. Messrs. Chandler, Keble, Lyte, Monsell, and Moultrie.]

The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse

for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. Elegantly printed with red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.* Cheap edition, without the red borders, cloth limp, *1s.*; or in paper cover, *6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

Also New Editions, forming Volumes of the "Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics." Small 8vo. *5s.* 32mo., cloth limp, *6d.*; cloth extra, *1s.* [See page 17.]

Private Devotions for School-boys;

with Rules of Conduct. By WILLIAM HENRY, Third Lord Lyttelton. New Edition. 32mo. *6d.*

From Morning to Evening: a Book for Invalids. From the French of M. l'Abbé Henri Perreyve. Translated and adapted by an Associate of the Sisterhood of S. John Baptist, Clewer. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Consoling Thoughts in Sickness. Edited by HENRY BAILEY, B.D. Small 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*; or in paper cover, 1*s.*

A Manual for the Sick; with other Devotions. By LANCELOT ANDREWES, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Winchester. Edited with a Preface by H. P. LIDDON, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. With Portrait. Third Edition. Large type. 24mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Sickness; its Trials and Blessings. Fine Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.*; or in paper cover, 1*s.*

Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor. By the same Author. New Edition. Small 8vo. 1*s.*

Prayers for the Sick and Dying. By the same Author. Fourth Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Consolatio; or, Comfort for the Afflicted. Edited by the Rev. C. E. KENNAWAY. With a Preface by SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Winchester. New Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Twenty-one Prayers, composed from the Psalms, for the Sick and Afflicted. With Hints on the Visitation of the Sick. By the Rev. JAMES SLADE, M.A., Vicar of Bolton. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Thomas à Kempis, Of the Imitation

of Christ. With Red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Also a Cheap Edition, without the red borders, *1s.*; or in paper cover, *6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

"A very beautiful edition. We commend it to the Clergy as an excellent gift-book for teachers and other workers."—CHURCH TIMES.

"This work is a precious relic of mediæval times, and will continue to be valued by every section of the Christian Church."—WEEKLY REVIEW.

"A beautifully printed pocket edition of this marvellous production of a man, who, out of the dark mists of popery, saw so much of experimental religion. Those who are well grounded in evangelical truth may use it with profit."—RECORD.

"A very cheap and handsome edition."—ROCK.

"This new edition is a marvel of cheapness."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"Beautifully printed, and very cheap editions of this long-used handbook of devotion."—LITERARY WORLD.

Also a New Translation, forming a Volume of the "Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics." Small 8vo. *5s.* 32mo., cloth limp, *6d.*; cloth extra, *1s.* [See page 17.]

Introduction to the Devout Life.

From the French of Saint Francis of Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. A New Translation. With red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

"A very beautiful edition of S. Francis de Sales' 'Devout Life:' a prettier little edition for binding, type, and paper, of a very great book is not often seen."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"The translation is a good one, and the volume is beautifully got up. It would serve admirably as a gift book to those who are able to appreciate so spiritual a writer as St. Francis."—CHURCH TIMES.

"It has been the food and hope of countless souls ever since its first appearance two centuries and a half ago, and it still ranks with Scupoli's 'Combattimento Spirituale,' and Arvisenet's 'Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis,' as among the very best works of ascetic theology."—UNION REVIEW.

"We should be curious to know by how many different hands 'The Devout Life' of S. Francis de Sales had been translated into English. At any rate, its popularity is so great that Messrs. Rivington have just issued another translation of it. The style is good, and the volume is of a most convenient size."—JOHN BULL.

"This volume will be highly valued. The 'Introduction to the Devout Life' is preceded by a sketch of the life of the author, and a dedicatory prayer of the author is also given."—PUBLIC OPINION.

Also a New Translation, forming a Volume of the "Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics." Small 8vo. *5s.* [See page 17.]

The English Poems of George Herbert,

together with his Collection of Proverbs, entitled JACULA PRUDENTUM. With red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

"This beautiful little volume will be found specially convenient as a pocket manual. The 'Jacula Prudentum,' or proverbs, deserve to be more widely known than they are at present. In many copies of George Herbert's writings these quaint sayings have been unfortunately omitted." —ROCK.

"George Herbert is too much a household name to require any introduction. It will be sufficient to say that Messrs. Rivington have published a most compact and convenient edition of the poems and proverbs of this illustrious English divine."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"An exceedingly pretty edition, the most attractive form we have yet seen from this delightful author, as a gift-book."—UNION REVIEW.

"A very beautiful edition of the quaint old English bard. All lovers of the 'Holy' Herbert will be grateful to Messrs. Rivington for the care and pains they have bestowed in supplying them with this and withal convenient copy of poems so well known and so deservedly prized."—LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"A very tasteful little book, and will doubtless be acceptable to many." —RECORD.

"We commend this little book heartily to our readers. It contains Herbert's English poems and the 'Jacula Prudentum,' in a very neat volume, which does much credit to the publishers; it will, we hope, meet with extensive circulation as a choice gift-book at a moderate price."—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

A Short and Plain Instruction for the

better Understanding of the Lord's Supper; to which is annexed the Office of the Holy Communion, with proper Helps and Directions. By the Right Rev. THOMAS WILSON, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. Complete Edition, in large type, with rubrics and borders in red. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Also a Cheap Edition, without the red borders, *1s.*; or in paper cover, *6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

"The Messrs. Rivington have published a new and unabridged edition of that deservedly popular work, Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper. The edition is here presented in three forms, suited to the various members of the household."—PUBLIC OPINION.

"We cannot withhold the expression of our admiration of the style and elegance in which this work is got up." —PRESS AND ST. JAMES' CHRONICLE.

"A departed Author being dead yet speaketh in a way which will never be out of date; Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper, published by Messrs. Rivington, in bindings to suit all tastes and pockets."—CHURCH REVIEW.

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living.

By the Right Rev. JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D., sometime Bishop of Down and Connor, and Dromore. With red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Also a Cheap Edition, without the red borders, *1s.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying.

By the Right Rev. JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D., sometime Bishop of Down and Connor, and Dromore. With red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Also a Cheap Edition, without the red borders, *1s.*

The 'HOLY LIVING' and the 'HOLY DYING' may be had bound together in one Volume, *5s.*; or without the red borders, *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

"The publishers have done good service by the production of these beautiful editions of works, which will never lose their preciousness to devout Christian spirits. We have only to testify to the good taste, judgment, and care shown in these editions. They are extremely beautiful in typography and in the general getting up."—ENGLISH INDEPENDENT.

"We ought not to conclude our notice of recent devotional books, without mentioning to our readers the above new, elegant, and cheap reprint, which we trust will never be out of date or out of favour in the English branch of the Catholic Church."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"These manuals of piety, written by the pen of the most beautiful writer and the most impressive divine of the English Church, need no commendation from us. They are known to the world, read in all lands, and translated, we have heard, into fifty different languages. For two centuries they have fed the faith of thousands upon thousands of souls, now we trust happy with their God, and perhaps meditating in Heaven with gratitude on their celestial truths, kindled in their souls by a writer who was little short of being inspired."—ROCK.

"These little volumes will be appreciated as presents of inestimable value."—PUBLIC OPINION.

A Practical Treatise concerning Evil Thoughts:

wherein their Nature, Origin, and Effect are distinctly considered and explained, with many Useful Rules for restraining and suppressing such Thoughts; suited to the various conditions of Life, and the several tempers of Mankind, more especially of melancholy Persons. By WILLIAM CHILCOT, M.A. New Edition. With red borders. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

Forming a Volume of "Rivington's Devotional Series."

The Spirit of S. Francis de Sales, Bishop

and Prince of Geneva. Translated from the French by the Author of "The Life of S. Francis de Sales," "A Dominican Artist," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

"S. Francis de Sales, as shown to us by the Bishop of Belley, was clearly as bright and lively a companion as many a sinner of witty reputation. He was a student of human nature on the highest grounds, but he used his knowledge for amusement as well as edification. Naturally we learn this from one of his male friends rather than from his female adorers. This friend is Jean-Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, author, we are told, of two hundred books—one only however still known to fame, the Spirit of S. Francis de Sales, which has fairly earned him the title of the ecclesiastical Boswell."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"An admirable translation of Bishop Camus' well-known collection of that good man's sayings and opinions. . . . . Among the best passages in the book are those on charity, on controversy (at p. 404), on true devotion as exemplified in a right fulfilling of our own vocation, and upon hearing the Word of God; the condemnation at page 41 of those who are always finding fault with preachers is almost identical with George Herbert's stanzas on the same subject. As a whole, we can imagine no more delightful companion than 'The Spirit of S. Francis de Sales,' nor, we may add, a more useful one."—PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

The Hidden Life of the Soul. By the

Author of "A Dominican Artist," "Life of Bossuet," &c., &c. New Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Also a Cheap Edition, forming a Volume of the "Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics." 32mo. Cloth limp, 6*d*.; cloth extra, 1*s*. [See page 17.]

"It well deserves the character given it of being 'earnest and sober,' and not 'sensational.'"—GUARDIAN.

"From the French of Jean Nicolas Grou, a pious Priest, whose works teach resignation to the Divine will. He loved, we are told, to inculcate simplicity, freedom from all affectation and unreality, the patience and humility which are too surely grounded in self-knowledge to be surprised at a fall, but withal so allied to confidence in God as to make recovery easy and sure. This is the spirit of the volume which is intended to furnish advice to those who would cultivate a quiet, meek, and childlike spirit."—PUBLIC OPINION.

"There is a wonderful charm about these readings—so calm, so true, so thoroughly Christian. We do not know where they would come amiss. As materials for a consecutive series of meditations for the faithful at a series of early celebrations they would be excellent, or for private reading during Advent or Lent."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

The Light of the Conscience. By

the Author of "The Hidden Life of the Soul," &c. With an Introduction by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer, Berks. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Ancient Hymns.

From the Roman Breviary. For Domestic Use every Morning and Evening of the Week, and on the Holy Days of the Church. To which are added, Original Hymns, principally of Commemoration and Thanksgiving for Christ's Holy Ordinances. By RICHARD MANT, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. New Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s*.

"Real poetry wedded to words that breathe the purest and the sweetest spirit of Christian devotion. The translations from the old Latin Hymnal are close and faithful renderings." —STANDARD.

"As a Hymn writer Bishop Mant deservedly occupies a prominent place in the esteem of Churchmen, and we doubt not that many will be the readers who will welcome this new edition of his translations and original compositions."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"A new edition of Bishop Mant's 'Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary' forms a handsome little volume, and it is interesting to compare some of these translations with the more modern ones of our own day. While we have no hesitation in awarding the palm to the latter, the former are an evidence of the earliest germs of that yearning of the devout mind for something better than Tate and Brady, and which is now so richly supplied."—CHURCH TIMES.

"This valuable manual will be of great assistance to all compilers of Hymn Books. The translations are graceful, clear, and forcible, and the original hymns deserve the highest praise. Bishop Mant has caught the very spirit of true psalmody, his metre flows musically, and there is a tuneful ring in his verses which especially adapts them for congregational singing."—ROCK.

The Mysteries of Mount Calvary.

Translated from the Latin of Antonio de Guevara. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Square crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Counsels on Holiness of Life.

Translated from the Spanish of "The Sinner's Guide" by Luis de Granada. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Square crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Preparation for Death.

Translated from the Italian of Alfonso, Bishop of S. Agatha. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Square crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Examination of Conscience upon Special

Subjects. Translated and abridged from the French of Tronson. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Square crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Faith and Life: Readings for the greater Holy Days, and the Sundays from Advent to Trinity. Compiled from Ancient Writers. By WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Second Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

Christian Watchfulness, in the Prospect of Sickness, Mourning, and Death. By JOHN JAMES, D.D., sometime Canon of Peterborough. New Edition. 12mo. 3*s.*

Evangelical Life, as seen in the Example of our Lord Jesus Christ. By JOHN JAMES, D.D. sometime Canon of Peterborough. Second Edition. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Spiritual Life. By JOHN JAMES, D.D., sometime Canon of Peterborough. 12mo. 5*s.*

Morning Notes of Praise. A Series of Meditations upon the Morning Psalms. Dedicated to the Countess of Cottenham. By LADY CHARLOTTE-MARIA PEPYS. New Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Quiet Moments; a Four Weeks' Course of Thoughts and Meditations before Evening Prayer and at Sunset. By LADY CHARLOTTE-MARIA PEPYS. New Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Companion to the Lord's Supper.

By the Plain Man's Friend. Fifth Edition. 18mo. *8d.*

A Manual of Devotion, chiefly for the use of Schoolboys.

By the Rev. WILLIAM BAKER, D.D., Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School. With Preface by J. R. WOODFORD, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ely. Crown 16mo. *2s. 6d.*

The Good Shepherd; or, Meditations for the Clergy upon the Example and Teaching of Christ.

By the Rev. W. E. HEYGATE, M.A., Rector of Brighstone. New Edition, Revised. Small 8vo. *3s.*

CONTENTS.

Thoughts on Meditation—Devotions Preparatory to Ordination—Early Life—Temptation—Fasting—Prayer—Divine Scripture—Retirement—Frequent Communion—Faith—Hope—Love—Preaching—Catechizing—Private Explanation—Intercession—Bringing Christians to Holy Communion—Preparation of those about to Communicate—Jesus absolving Sinners—Jesus celebrating the Eucharist—Care of Children—Care of the Sick and Afflicted—The Healing of Schism—Treatment of the Worldly—Treatment of Penitents—Care of God's House—Fear and Fearlessness of Offence—Bearing Reproach—Bearing Praise—Seeking out Sinners—Sorrow over Sinners—Consoling the Sorrowful—Rebuke—Silence—Disappointment—Compassion—Refusing those who suppose Godliness to be Gain—Peace-giving—Poverty—Opportunities of Speech—With Christ or Without—Watchfulness—In what to Glory—The Salt which has lost its Savour—Hard Cases—Weariness—Falling Back—Consideration for Others—Love of Pre-eminence—The Cross my Strength—The Will of God—The Fruit of Humiliation—The Praise of the World the Condemnation of God—Jesus rejoicing—Work while it is Day—Meeting again—The Reward. Further Prayers suitable to the Clergy—Prayer for the Flock—A General Prayer—Celebration of the Holy Eucharist—Preaching—Visitation.

4. Parish Work.

The Book of Church Law. Being an

Exposition of the Legal Rights and Duties of the Clergy and Laity of the Church of England. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A. Revised by WALTER G. F. PHILLIMORE, D.C.L., Barrister-at-Law, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Lincoln. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.—THE CHURCH AND ITS LAWS.—The Constitutional Status of the Church of England—The Law of the Church of England—The Administration of Church Law.

BOOK II.—THE MINISTRATIONS OF THE CHURCH.—Holy Baptism—Confirmation—The Holy Communion—Divine Service in General—Holy Matrimony—The Churching of Women—The Visitation of the Sick—The Practice of Confession—The Burial of the Dead.

BOOK III.—THE PAROCHIAL CLERGY.—Holy Orders—Licensed Curates—The Cure of Souls.

BOOK IV.—PAROCHIAL LAY OFFICERS.—Churchwardens—Church Trustees—Parish Clerks, Sextons and Beadles—Vestries.

BOOK V.—CHURCHES AND CHURCHYARDS.—The Acquisition of Churches and Churchyards as Ecclesiastical Property—Churches and Ecclesiastical Persons—Churches and Secular Persons.

BOOK VI.—THE ENDOWMENTS OF THE PAROCHIAL CLERGY.—Incomes—Parsonage Houses—The Sequestration of Benefices.

APPENDIX.—The Canons of 1603 and 1865—The Church Discipline Act of 1840—The Benefices Resignation Act of 1871—The Ecclesiastical Dilapidations Act of 1871—The Sequestration Act of 1871—The Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874—Index.

"*We have tested this work on various points of a crucial character, and have found it very accurate and full in its information. It embodies the results of the most recent Acts of the Legislature on the clerical profession and the rights of the laity.*"—STANDARD.

"*Already in our leading columns we have directed attention to Messrs. Blunt and Phillimore's 'Book of Church Law,' as an excellent manual for ordinary use. It is a book which should stand on every clergyman's shelves ready for use when any legal matter arises about which its possessor is in doubt. . . . It is to be hoped that the authorities at our Theological Colleges sufficiently recognize the value of a little legal knowledge on the part of the clergy to recommend this book to their students. It would serve admirably as the text-book for a set of lectures.*"—CHURCH TIMES.

Directorium Pastorale. The Principles

and Practice of Pastoral Work in the Church of England. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c., &c. Third Edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"This is the third edition of a work which has become deservedly popular as the best extant exposition of the principles and practice of the pastoral work in the Church of England. Its hints and suggestions are based on practical experience, and it is further recommended by the majority of our Bishops at the ordination of priests and deacons."—STANDARD.

"Its practical usefulness to the parochial clergy is proved by the acceptance it has already received at their hands, and no faithful parish priest, who is working in real earnest for the extension of spiritual instruction amongst all classes of his flock, will rise from the perusal of its pages without having obtained some valuable hints as to the best mode of bringing home our Church's system to the hearts of his people."—NATIONAL CHURCH.

Priest and Parish. By the Rev. HARRY

JONES, M.A., Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, London. Square crown 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Ars Pastoria. By FRANK PARNELL, M.A.,

Rector of Oxtead, near Godstone. Second Edition. Small 8vo. 2*s.*

Instructions for the Use of Candidates

for Holy Orders, and of the Parochial Clergy; with Acts of Parliament relating to the same, and Forms proposed to be used. By CHRISTOPHER HODGSON, M.A., Secretary to the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty. Ninth Edition. 8vo. 16*s.*

Post-Mediæval Preachers: Some Ac-

count of the most Celebrated Preachers of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries; with Outlines of their Sermons, and Specimens of their style. By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. Post 8vo. 7*s.*

Flowers and Festivals; or, Directions

for the Floral Decoration of Churches. By W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., Oxon., of St. Paul's Cathedral. With Coloured Illustrations. Second Edition. Square 16mo. *5s.*

The Chorister's Guide. By W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., Oxon, of St. Paul's Cathedral. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

"*. . . One of the most useful books of instructions for choristers—and, we may add, choral singers generally—that has ever emanated from the musical press. . . . Mr. Barrett's teaching is not only conveyed to his readers with the consciousness of being master of his subject, but he employs words terse and clear, so that his meaning may be promptly caught by the neophyte. . . .*"—ATHENÆUM.

"*A nicely graduated, clear, and excellent introduction to the duties of a chorister.*"—STANDARD.

"*It seems clear and precise enough to serve its end.*"—EXAMINER.

"*A useful manual for giving boys such a practical and technical knowledge of music as shall enable them to sing both with confidence and precision.*"—CHURCH HERALD.

"*In this little volume we have a manual long called for by the requirements of church music. In a series of thirty-two lessons it gives, with an admirable conciseness, and an equally observable completeness, all that is necessary a chorister should be taught out of a book, and a great deal calculated to have a value as bearing indirectly upon his actual practice in singing.*"—MUSICAL STANDARD.

"*We can highly recommend the present able manual.*"—EDUCATIONAL TIMES.

"*A very useful manual, not only for choristers, or rather those who may aim at becoming choristers, but for others, who wish to enter upon the study of music.*"—ROCK.

"*The work will be found of singular utility by those who have to instruct choirs.*"—CHURCH TIMES.

"*A most grateful contribution to the agencies for improving our Services. It is characterised by all that clearness in combination with conciseness of style which has made 'Flowers and Festivals' so universally admired.*"—TORONTO HERALD.

Church Organs: their Position and Construction.

With an Appendix containing some Account of the Mediæval Organ Case still existing at Old Radnor, South Wales. By FREDERICK HEATHCOTE SUTTON, M.A., Vicar of Theddingworth. With Illustrations. Folio. *6s. 6d.*

Notes on Church Organs: their Position

and the Materials used in their Construction. By C. K. K. BISHOP. With Illustrations. Small 4to. *6s.*

Stones of the Temple; or, Lessons

from the Fabric and Furniture of the Church. By WALTER FIELD, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of Godmersham. With numerous Illustrations. New Edition. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

"*Any one who wishes for simple information on the subjects of Church-architecture and furniture, cannot do better than consult 'Stones of the Temple.' Mr. Field modestly disclaims any intention of supplanting the existing regular treatises, but his book shows an amount of research, and a knowledge of what he is talking about, which make it practically useful as well as pleasant. The woodcuts are numerous, and some of them very pretty.*"—GRAPHIC.

"*A very charming book, by the Rev. Walter Field, who was for years Secretary of one of the leading Church Societies. Mr. Field has a loving reverence for the beauty of the* domus mansionalis Dei, *as the old law books called the Parish Church. . . . . Thoroughly sound in Church feeling, Mr. Field has chosen the medium of a tale to embody real incidents illustrative of the various portions of his subject. There is no attempt at elaboration of the narrative, which, indeed, is rather a string of anecdotes than a story, but each chapter brings home to the mind its own lesson, and each is illustrated with some very interesting engravings. . . . The work will properly command a hearty reception from Churchmen. The footnotes are occasionally most valuable, and are always pertinent, and the text is sure to be popular with young folks for Sunday reading.*"—STANDARD.

"*Mr. Field's chapters on brasses, chancel screens, crosses, encaustic tiles, mural paintings, porches and pavements, are agreeably written, and people with a turn for Ritualism will no doubt find them edifying. The illustrations of Church-architecture and Church ornaments are very attractive.*"—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"'*Stones of the Temple*' *is a grave book,' the result of antiquarian, or rather ecclesiological, tastes and of devotional feelings. We can recommend it to young people of both sexes, and it will not disappoint the most learned among them. . . . Mr. Field has brought together, from well known authorities, a considerable mass of archæological information, which will interest the readers he especially addresses.*"—ATHENÆUM.

"*Very appropriate as a Christmas present, is an elegant and instructive book. . . . A full and clear account of the meaning and history of the several parts of the fabric and of the furniture of the Church. It is illustrated with a number of carefully drawn pictures, sometimes of entire churches, sometimes of remarkable monuments, windows, or wall paintings. We may add that the style of the commentary, which is cast in the form of a dialogue between a parson and some of his parishioners, and hangs together by a slight thread of story, is quiet and sensible, and free from exaggeration or intolerance.*"—GUARDIAN.

A Handy Book on the Ecclesiastical

Dilapidations Act, 1871. With the Amendment Act, 1872. By EDWARD G. BRUTON, F.R.I.B.A., Diocesan Surveyor, Oxford. With Analytical Index and Precedent Forms. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. *5s.*

The Church Builder: a Quarterly Journal of Church Extension in England and Wales. Published in connexion with "The Incorporated Church Building Society." 14 Annual Volumes. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

New Series. Enlarged. Volume for 1876. 3*s.*

List of Charities, General and Diocesan, for the Relief of the Clergy, their Widows and Families. New Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.*

5. The Church and Doctrine.

The Holy Catholic Church; its Divine Ideal, Ministry, and Institutions.

A short Treatise. With a Catechism on each Chapter, forming a Course of Methodical Instruction on the subject. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

CONTENTS.

What the Church is, and when and how it was founded—Duty of the Church towards those who hold to the Apostles' doctrine, in separation from the Apostles' fellowship—The Unity of the Church, and its Disruption—The Survey of Zion's towers, bulwarks, and palaces—The Institution of the Ministry, and its relation to the Church—The Holy Eucharist at its successive stages—On the powers of the Church in Council—The Church presenting, exhibiting, and defending the Truth—The Church guiding into and illustrating the Truth—On the Prayer-Book as a Commentary on the Bible—Index.

"*Dr. Goulburn has conferred a great boon on the Church of England by the treatise before us, which vindicates her claim as a branch of the Catholic Church on the allegiance of her children, setting forth as he does, with singular precision and power, the grounds of her title-deeds, and the Christian character of her doctrine and discipline.*"—STANDARD.

"*His present book would have been used for an educational book even if he had not invited men to make that use of it by appending a catechism to each particular chapter, and thus founding a course of methodical instruction upon his text. We have not yet come across any better book for giving to Dissenters or to such inquirers as hold fast to Holy Scripture. It is, we need scarcely say, steeped in Scripturalness, and full of bright and suggestive interpretations of particular texts.*"—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"*Must prove highly useful, not only to young persons, but to the very large class, both Churchmen and Dissenters, who are painfully ignorant of what the Catholic Church really is, and of the peculiar and fixed character of her institutions.*"—ROCK.

"*The catechetical questions and answers at the end of each chapter will be useful both for teachers and learners, and the side-notes at the head of the paragraphs are very handy.*"—CHURCH TIMES.

"*It contains a great deal of instructive matter, especially in the catechisms—or, as they might be called, dialogues—and is instinct with a spirit at once temperate and uncompromising. It is a good book for all who wish to understand, neither blindly asserting it nor being half ashamed of it, the position of a loyal member of the English Church.*"—GUARDIAN.

Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical

Theology. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c., &c. Second Edition. Imperial 8vo. 42*s.*; or in half-morocco, 52*s.* 6*d.*

"Taken as a whole the articles are the work of practised writers, and well-informed and solid theologians. . . . We know no book of its size and bulk which supplies the information here given at all; far less which supplies it in an arrangement so accessible, with a completenes of information so thorough, and with an ability in the treatment of profound subjects so great. Dr. Hook's most useful volume is a work of high calibre, but it is the work of a single mind. We have here a wider range of thought from a greater variety of sides. We have here also the work of men who evidently know what they write about, and are somewhat more profound (to say the least) than the writers of the current Dictionaries of Sects and Heresies."—GUARDIAN.

"Thus it will be obvious that it takes a very much wider range than any undertaking of the same kind in our language; and that to those of our clergy who have not the fortune to spend in books, and would not have the leisure to use them if they possessed them, it will be the most serviceable and reliable substitute for a large library we can think of. And in many cases, while keeping strictly within its province as a Dictionary, it contrives to be marvellously suggestive of thought and reflections, which a serious-minded man will take with him and ponder over for his own elaboration and future use. We trust most sincerely that the book may be largely used. For a present to a Clergyman on his ordination, or from a parishioner to his pastor, it would be most appropriate. It may indeed be called 'a box of tools for a working clergyman.'"—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"Seldom has an English work of equal magnitude been so permeated with Catholic instincts, and at the same time seldom has a work on theology been kept so free from the drift of rhetorical incrustation. Of course, it is not meant that all these remarks apply in their full extent to every article. In a great Dictionary there are compositions, as in a great house there are vessels, of various kinds. Some of these at a future day may be replaced by others more substantial in their build, more proportionate in their outline, and more elaborate in their detail. But admitting all this, the whole remains a home to which the student will constantly recur, sure to find spacious chambers, substantial furniture, and (which is most important) no stinted light."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"Within the sphere it has marked out for itself, no equally useful book of reference exists in English for the elucidation of theological problems. . . . Entries which display much care, research, and judgment in compilation, and which will make the task of the parish priest who is brought face to face with any of the practical questions which they involve far easier than has been hitherto. The very fact that the utterances are here and there somewhat more guarded and hesitating than quite accords with our judgment, is a gain in so far as it protects the work from the charge of inculcating extreme views, and will thus secure its admission in many places where moderation is accounted the crowning grace."—CHURCH TIMES.

"It will be found of admirable service to all students of theology, as advancing and maintaining the Church's views on all subjects as fall within the range of fair argument and inquiry. It is not often that a work of so comprehensive and so profound a nature is marked to the very end by so many signs of wide and careful research, sound criticism, and well-founded and well-expressed belief."—STANDARD.

Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Parties and Schools of Religious Thought.

By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology," the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c., &c. Imperial 8vo. 36*s.*; or in half-morocco, 48*s.*

"Taken as a whole, we doubt not that the Dictionary will prove a useful work of reference: and it may claim to give in reasonable compass a mass of information respecting many religious schools knowledge of which could previously only be acquired from amid a host of literature. The articles are written with great fairness, and in many cases display careful scholarly work."—ATHENÆUM.

"A very comprehensive and bold undertaking, and is certainly executed with a sufficient amount of ability and knowledge to entitle the book to rank very high in point of utility."—GUARDIAN.

"That this is a work of some learning and research is a fact which soon becomes obvious to the reader."—SPECTATOR.

"A whole library is condensed into this admirable volume. All authorities are named, and an invaluable index is supplied."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

"We have tested it rigidly, and in almost every instance we have been satisfied with the account given under the name of sects, heresy, or ecclesiastical party."—JOHN BULL.

"After all deductions, it is the fullest and most trustworthy book of the kind that we possess. The quantity of information it presents in a convenient and accessible form is enormous, and having once appeared, it becomes indispensable to the theological student."—CHURCH TIMES.

"It has considerable value as a copious work of reference, more especially since a list of authorities is in most cases supplied."—EXAMINER.

The Doctrine of the Church of England,

as stated in Ecclesiastical Documents set forth by Authority of Church and State, in the Reformation Period between 1536 and 1662. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of the "Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology," the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. &c. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Orthodox Doctrine of the Church

of England explained in a Commentary on the Thirty-Nine Articles. By the Rev. T. I. BALL. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. J. E. BENNETT, M.A., Vicar of Frome-Selwood. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Principal Ecclesiastical Judgments delivered in the Court of Arches, 1867-1875. By the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, D.C.L. 8vo. 12*s.*

Thirty-two Years of the Church of England, 1842-1875: The Charges of Archdeacon SINCLAIR. Edited by WILLIAM SINCLAIR, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester, Rector of Pulborough, late Vicar of S. George's, Leeds. With a Preface by ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Historical Introduction by ROBERT CHARLES JENKINS, M.A., Hon. Canon of Canterbury, Rector and Vicar of Lyminge. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Holy Angels: Their Nature and Employments, as recorded in the Word of God. Small 8vo. 6*s.*

A Plain Statement of the Evidence of Scripture and Tradition on Church Government. By the Rev. JOHN MITCHELL, M.A. Small 8vo. 2*s.*

Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit in the Christian Era: an Historical Essay. By JOHN J. IGN. VON DÖLLINGER, D.D., D.C.L. Translated, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by the Rev. ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., Master of University College, Durham, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches. By JOHN J. IGN. VON DÖLLINGER, D.D., D.C.L. Authorized Translation, with Preface by HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Apostolical Succession in the Church

of England. By the Rev. ARTHUR W. HADDAN, B.D., late Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath. 8vo. 12*s.*

"Thoroughly well written, clear and forcible in style, and fair in tone. It cannot but render valuable service in placing the claims of the Church in their true light before the English public."—GUARDIAN.

"Among the many standard theological works devoted to this important subject Mr. Haddan's will hold a high place."—STANDARD.

"We should be glad to see the volume widely circulated and generally read."—JOHN BULL.

"A weighty and valuable treatise, and we hope that the study of its sound and well-reasoned pages will do much to fix the importance, and the full meaning of the doctrine in question, in the minds of Church people. . . We hope that our extracts will lead our readers to study Mr. Haddan for themselves."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"This is not only a very able and carefully written treatise upon the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, but it is also a calm yet noble vindication of the validity of the Anglican Orders: it well sustains the brilliant reputation which Mr. Haddan left behind him at Oxford, and it supplements his other profound historical researches in ecclesiastical matters. This book will remain for a long time the classic work upon English Orders."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"A very temperate, but a very well reasoned book."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The Civil Power in its Relations to the

Church; considered with Special Reference to the Court of Final Ecclesiastical Appeal in England. By the Rev. JAMES WAYLAND JOYCE, M.A., Prebendary of Hereford, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Hereford. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Defence of the English Ordinal, with

some Observations upon Spiritual Jurisdiction and the Power of the Keys. By the Rev. W. R. CHURTON, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Honorary Canon of Rochester Cathedral. 8vo. 3*s.*

The Religion, Discipline, and Rites of

the Church of England. Written at the Instance of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. By JOHN COSIN, sometime Bishop of Durham. Now first published in English. By the Rev. FREDERICK MEYRICK, M.A. Small 8vo. 1*s.*

Eight Lectures on the Miracles; being

the Bampton Lectures for 1865. By J. B. MOZLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

"There is great brightness and beauty in many of the images in which the author condenses the issues of his arguments. And many passages are marked by that peculiar kind of eloquence which comes with the force of close and vigorous thinking; passages which shine-like steal through their very temper, and which are instinct with a controlled energy, that melts away all ruggedness of language. There can be no question that, in the deeper qualities of a scientific theology, the book is thoroughly worthy of the highest reputation which had been gained by Mr. Mozley's previous writings."—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

"Mr. Mozley's Bampton Lectures are an example, and a very fine one, of a mode of theological writing which is characteristic of the Church of England, and almost peculiar to it. The distinguishing features, a combination of intense seriousness with a self-restrained, severe calmness, and of very vigorous and wide-ranging reasoning on the realities of the case. . . . . Mr. Mozley's book belongs to that class of writings of which Butler may be taken as the type. It is strong, genuine argument about difficult matters, fairly facing what is difficult, fairly trying to grapple, not with what appears the gist and strong point of a question, but with what really and at bottom is the knot of it."—TIMES.

The Happiness of the Blessed con-

sidered as to the Particulars of their State: their Recognition of each other in that State: and its Differences of Degrees. To which are added Musings on the Church and her Services. By RICHARD MANT, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. New Edition. Small 8vo. *3s. 6d.*

"A welcome republication of a treatise once highly valued, and which can never lose its value. Many of our readers already know the fulness and discrimination with which the author treats his subject, which must be one of the most delightful topics of meditation to all whose hearts are where the only true treasure is, and particularly to those who are entering upon the evening of life."—CHURCH REVIEW.

"The value of this book needs not to be referred to, its standard character having been for many years past established. The edition in which it reappears has evidently been carefully prepared, and will be the means of making it more generally known."—BELL'S MESSENGER.

"All recognise the authority of the command to set the affections on things above, and such works as the one now before us will be found helpful towards this good end. We are, therefore, sincerely glad that Messrs. Rivington have brought out a new edition of Bishop Mant's valuable treatise."—RECORD.

"This beautiful and devotional treatise, which it is impossible to read without feeling a more deepened interest in the eternal blessedness which awaits the true servants of our God, concludes very appropriately with 'Musings on the Church and her Services,' which we cordially recommend to our readers."—ROCK.

Out of the Body. A Scriptural Inquiry.

By the Rev. JAMES S. POLLOCK, M.A., Incumbent of S. Alban's, Birmingham. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

Introduction—Scope of the Inquiry—The Presentiment—The Anticipation—The Departure—The Life of the Body—The Life of the Spirit—Dream-Life—The Spirit-World—Spirit-Groups—Helping one another—Limits of Communication—Spiritual Manifestations.

"*We have read this book with interest. . . . We esteem the honesty with which it is evidently written, and we admire the courage which the author has shown in searching the Bible for evidences as to the destination of departed spirits, and in accepting such evidences as he has found.*"—BIRMINGHAM MORNING NEWS.

"*The writer discusses with considerable ability, and in a devout and reverent frame of mind.*"—SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

"*This is a curious, thoughtful, and interesting little book, in which the author endeavours to ascertain and to define the relations of living men as regards their communication with the spirits of those whom we call dead, as authorised by the words and teaching of Holy Scripture. . . . Will be very welcome to a host of readers on either side of the disputed ground, and cannot fail to be of lasting interest and profit to all candid students.*"—STANDARD.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.

By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., Author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," &c.

Vol. I. MONOTHEISM and POLYTHEISM. Second Edition. 8vo. 15*s*.

Vol. II. CHRISTIANITY. 8vo. 15*s*.

"*The ability which Mr. Baring-Gould displays in the treatment of a topic which branches out in so many directions, and requires such precise handling, is apparent. His pages abound with the results of large reading and calm reflection. The man of culture, thought, philosophic cast, is mirrored in the entire argument. The book is sound and healthy in tone. It excites the reader's interest, and brightens the path of inquiry opened to his view. The language, too, is appropriate, neat, lucid, often happy, sometimes wonderfully terse and vigorous.*"—ATHENÆUM.

"*Mr. Baring-Gould has undertaken a great and ambitious work. And no one can deny that he possesses some eminent qualifications for this great work. He has a wealth of erudition of the most varied description, especially in those particular regions of mediæval legend and Teutonic mythology which are certain to make large contributions to the purpose he has in hand. It is a contribution to religious thought of very high value.*"—GUARDIAN.

"*Mr. Baring-Gould's work, from the importance of its subject and the lucid force of its expositions, as well as from the closeness of argument and copiousness of illustration with which its comprehensive views are treated, is entitled to attentive study, and will repay the reader by amusement and instruction.*"—MORNING POST.

"*Our space warns us that we are attempting in vain to compress into a few columns the contents of four hundred pages of a work which has had few equals for brilliancy, learning, and point in this department of literature. We therefore conclude by recommending the volume itself to all students of mind and theology.*"—CHURCH TIMES.

Our Mother Church: being Simple Talk

on High Topics. By ANNE MERCIER. New Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"We have rarely come across a book dealing with an old subject in a healthier and, as far as may be, more original manner, while yet thoroughly practical. It is intended for and admirably adapted to the use of girls. Thoroughly reverent in its tone, and bearing in every page marks of learned research, it is yet easy of comprehension, and explains ecclesiastical terms with the accuracy of a lexicon without the accompanying dulness. It is to be hoped that the book will attain to the large circulation it justly merits."—JOHN BULL.

"We have never seen a book for girls of its class which commends itself to us more particularly. The author, who is the wife of an earnest parish priest of the Anglican school, near London, calls her work 'simple talk on great subjects,' and calls it by a name that describes it almost as completely as we could do in a longer notice than we can spare the volume. Here are the headings of the chapters:—'The Primitive Church,' 'Primitive Places and Modes of Worship,' 'The Early English Church,' 'The Monastic Orders,' 'The Friars,' 'A Review of Church History,' 'The Prayer Book,' (four chapters), 'Symbolism,' 'Church Architecture,' 'Windows and Bells,' 'Church Music,' 'Church Work.' No one can fail to comprehend the beautifully simple, devout, and appropriate language in which Mrs. Mercier embodies what she has to say; and for the facts with which she deals she has taken good care to have their accuracy assured."—STANDARD.

"The plan of this pleasant-looking book is excellent. It is a kind of Mrs. Markham on the Church of England, written especially for girls, and we shall not be surprised to find it become a favourite in schools. It is really a conversational hand-book to the English Church's history, doctrine, and ritual, compiled by a very diligent reader from some of the best modern Anglican sources."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

A Selection from the Spiritual Letters

of S. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. Translated by the Author of "Life of S. Francis de Sales," "A Dominican Artist," &c. &c. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

"It is a collection of epistolary correspondence of rare interest and excellence. With those who have read the Life, there cannot but have been a strong desire to know more of so beautiful a character."—CHURCH HERALD.

"A few months back we had the pleasure of welcoming the Life of S. Francis de Sales. Here is the promised sequel:—the 'Selection from his Spiritual Letters' then announced:—and a great boon it will be to many. The Letters are addressed to people of all sorts:—to men and to women:—to laity and to ecclesiastics, to people living in the world, or at court, and to the inmates of Religious Houses. We hope that with our readers it may be totally needless to urge such a volume on their notice."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

Also a Cheap Edition, forming a Volume of the "Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics." 32mo., cloth limp, 6*d.*; cloth extra, 1*s.* [See page 17.]

Spiritual Letters of Archbishop Fénelon. Letters to Men. By the Author of "Life of Fénelon," "Life of S. Francis de Sales," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England explained in a Series of Lectures. By the Rev. R. W. JELF, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and sometime Principal of King's College, London. Edited by the Rev. J. R. KING, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Merton College. 8vo. 15*s*.

St. John Chrysostom's Liturgy. Translated by H. C. ROMANOFF, Author of "Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church," &c. With Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

The Intermediate State of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection. A Sermon preached at the Church of All Saints, Windsor. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. Second Edition. 18mo. 1*s*.

Union with Rome; or, Is the Church of Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse? By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. Eighth Edition. 1*s*.

Dogmatic Faith: an Inquiry into the Relation subsisting between Revelation and Dogma. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1867. By EDWARD GARBETT, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Letters from Rome on the Council.

By QUIRINUS. Reprinted from the "Allgemeine Zeitung." Authorized Translation. Crown 8vo. *12s.*

The Pope and the Council. By JANUS.

Authorized Translation from the German. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

6. Sermons.

Some Elements of Religion. Lent Lectures.

By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St. Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

The Idea of Religion—God, the Object of Religion—The Subject of Religion, the Soul—The Obstacle to Religion, Sin—Prayer, the Characteristic action of Religion—The Mediator, the Guarantee of Religious Life.

The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Being the Bampton Lectures for 1866. By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St. Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford.

By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St. Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

God and the Soul—The Law of Progress—The Honour of Humanity—The Freedom of the Spirit—Immortality—Humility and Action—The Conflict of Faith with undue Exaltation of Intellect—Lessons of the Holy Manger—The Divine Victim—The Risen Life—Our Lord's Ascension, the Church's Gain—Faith in a Holy Ghost—The Divine Indwelling a motive to Holiness.

The Life of Justification. A Series of

Lectures delivered in Substance at All Saints', Margaret Street. By the Rev. GEORGE BODY, B.A., Rector of Kirkby Misperton. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

Justification the Want of Humility—Christ our Justification—Union with Christ the Condition of Justification—Conversion and Justification—The Life of Justification—The Progress and End of Justification.

"On the whole we have rarely met with a more clear, intelligible and persuasive statement of the truth as regards the important topics on which the volume treats. Sermon II. in particular, will strike every one by its eloquence and beauty, but we scarcely like to specify it, lest in praising it we should seem to disparage the other portions of this admirable little work."—CHURCH TIMES.

"These discourses show that their author's position is due to something more and higher than mere fluency, gesticulation, and flexibility of voice. He appears as having drunk deeply at the fountain of St. Augustine, and as understanding how to translate the burning words of that mighty genius into the current language of to-day."—UNION REVIEW.

"There is real power in these sermons:—power, real power, and plenty of it. . . . There is such a moral veraciousness about him, such a profound and over-mastering belief that Christ has proved a bonâ-fide cure for unholiness, and such an intensity of eagerness to lead others to seek and profit by that means of attaining the true sanctity which alone can enter Heaven—that we wonder not at the crowds which hang upon his preaching, nor at the success of his fervid appeals to the human conscience. If any one doubts our verdict, let him buy this volume. No one will regret its perusal."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

The Life of Temptation. A Course of

Lectures delivered in Substance at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; also at All Saints', Margaret Street. By the Rev. GEORGE BODY, B.A., Rector of Kirkby Misperton. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

The Leading into Temptation—The Rationale of Temptation—Why we are Tempted—Safety in Temptation—With Jesus in Temptation—The End of Temptation.

"Regeneration and conversion seem here to occupy their proper places in the Christian economy, and the general subject of temptation is worked out with considerable ability."—CHURCH TIMES.

"This is another volume of simple, earnest, soul-stirring words, dealing with the mysteries of Christian experience."—LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"A collection of sermons, pious, earnest, and eloquent."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels

for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., Author of a "Devotional Commentary on the Gospel Narrative." New Edition. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5*s*. each. Sold separately.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

The King of Salem—The Scriptures bearing Witness—The Church bearing Witness—The Spirit bearing Witness—The Adoption of Sons—Love strong as Death—The Love which passeth Knowledge—Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven—The Spirit of Adoption—The Old and the New Man—The Day Star in the Heart—Obedience the best Sacrifice—The Meekness and Gentleness of Christ—The Faith that overcometh the World—Our Refuge in Public Troubles—Light and Safety in Love—The Great Manifestation—Perseverance found in Humility—Bringing forth Fruit with Patience—The most excellent Gift—The Call to Repentance—The accepted Time—Perseverance in Prayer—The Unclean Spirit returning—The Penitent refreshed—Our Life in the Knowledge of God—The Mind of Christ—The Triumph of the Cross—The Man of Sorrows—The Great Sacrifice—The Memorial of the Great Sacrifice—The Fulfilment—Buried with Christ—The Power of Christ risen—Walking in Newness of Life—Belief in the Resurrection of Christ—The Faith that overcometh the World—Following the Lamb of God—A little while—The Giver of all Good—Requisites of effectual Prayer—Ascending with Christ—The Days of Expectation—They shall walk with Me in White—The Holy Spirit and Baptism—Let all Things be done in order.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

The Door opened in Heaven—Love the mark of God's Children—The Gospel a Feast of Love—The Lost Sheep—Mercy the best preparation for Judgment—The peaceable ordering of the World—Brotherly Love and the Life in Christ—The Bread which God giveth—By their Fruits ye shall know them—Looking forward, or Divine Covetousness—The Day of Visitation—The Prayer of the Penitent—Weakness of Faith—Love the fulfilling of the Law—Thankfulness the Life of the Regenerate—My Beloved is Mine and I am His—The Knowledge which is Life Eternal—The Sabbath of Christ found in Meekness—Christ is on the Right Hand of God—The Forgiveness of Sins—Love and Joy in the Spirit—The Warfare and the Armour of Saints—The Love of Christians—The Earthly and Heavenly Citizenship—Mutual Intercessions—Gleanings after Harvest—Bringing unto Christ—Slowness in believing—Grace not given in Vain—The Refiner's Fire—The Lost Crown—Faith in the Incarnation—Value of an Inspired Gospel—The severe and social Virtues—Go and do thou likewise—Joy at hearing the Bridegroom's Voice—The Strength of God in Man's Weakness—Hidden with Christ in God—Do good, hoping for nothing again—The good exchange—War in Heaven—Healing and Peace—The Sacrament of Union—They which shall be accounted Worthy.

Parochial and Plain Sermons. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. Edited by the Rev. W. J. COPELAND, B.D., Rector of Farnham, Essex. New Edition. 8 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each. Sold separately.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

Holiness necessary for Future Blessedness—The Immortality of the Soul—Knowledge of God's Will without Obedience—Secret Truths—Self-denial the Test of Religious Earnestness—The Spiritual Mind—Sins of Ignorance and Weakness—God's Commandments not grievous—The Religious use of exalted Feelings—Profession without Practice—Profession without Hypocrisy—Profession without Ostentation—Promising without Doing—Religious Emotion—Religious Faith Rational—The Christian Mysteries—The Self-wise Inquirer—Obedience the Remedy for Religious Perplexity—Times of Private Prayer—Forms of Private Prayer—The Resurrection of the Body—Witnesses of the Resurrection—Christian Reverence—The Religion of the Day—Scripture a Record of Human Sorrow—Christian Manhood.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

The World's Benefactors—Faith without Sight—The Incarnation—Martyrdom—Love of Relations and Friends—The Mind of Little Children—Ceremonies of the Church—The Glory of the Christian Church—His Conversion viewed in Reference to His Office—Secrecy and Suddenness of Divine Visitations—Divine Decrees—The Reverence due to Her—Christ, a Quickening Spirit—Saving Knowledge—Self-contemplation—Religious Cowardice—The Gospel Witnesses—Mysteries in Religion—The Indwelling Spirit—The Kingdom of the Saints—The Gospel, a Trust committed to us—Tolerance of Religious Error—Rebuking Sin—The Christian Ministry—Human Responsibility—Guilelessness—The Danger of Riches—The Powers of Nature—The Danger of Accomplishments—Christian Zeal—Use of Saints' Days.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

Abraham and Lot—Wilfulness of Israel in rejecting Samuel—Saul—Early years of David—Jeroboam—Faith and Obedience—Christian Repentance—Contracted Views in Religion—A particular Providence as revealed in the Gospel—Tears of Christ at the Grave of Lazarus—Bodily Suffering—The Humiliation of the Eternal Son—Jewish Zeal a Pattern to Christians—Submission to Church Authority—Contest between Truth and Falsehood in the Church—The Church Visible and Invisible—The Visible Church an Encouragement to Faith—The Gift of the Spirit—Regenerating Baptism—Infant Baptism—The Daily Service—The Good Part of Mary—Religious Worship a Remedy for Excitements—Intercession—The Intermediate State.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

The Strictness of the Law of Christ—Obedience without Love, as instanced in the Character of Balaam—Moral Consequences of Single Sins—Acceptance of Religious Privileges compulsory—Reliance on Religious Observances—The Individuality of the Soul—Chastisement amid Mercy—Peace and Joy amid Chastisement—The State of Grace—The Visible Church for the sake of the Elect—The Communion of Saints—The Church a

NEWMAN'S PAROCHIAL AND PLAIN SERMONS—*Continued.*

Home for the Lonely—The Invisible World—The Greatness and Littleness of Human Life—Moral Effects of Communion with God—Christ Hidden from the World—Christ Manifested in Remembrance—The Gainsaying of Korah—The Mysteriousness of our Present Being—The Ventures of Faith—Faith and Love—Watching—Keeping Fast and Festival.

CONTENTS OF VOL V.

Worship, a Preparation for Christ's Coming—Reverence, a Belief in God's Presence—Unreal Words—Shrinking from Christ's Coming—Equanimity—Remembrance of past Mercies—The Mystery of Godliness—The State of Innocence—Christian Sympathy—Righteousness not of us, but in us—The Law of the Spirit—The New Works of the Gospel—The State of Salvation—Transgressions and Infirmities—Sins of Infirmity—Sincerity and Hypocrisy—The Testimony of Conscience—Many called, few chosen—Present Blessings—Endurance, the Christian's portion—Affliction a School of Comfort—The thought of God, the stay of the Soul—Love the one thing needful—The Power of the Will.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VI.

Fasting, a Source of Trial—Life, the Season of Repentance—Apostolic Abstinence, a Pattern for Christians—Christ's Privations, a Meditation for Christians—Christ the Son of God made Man—The Incarnate Son, a Sufferer and Sacrifice—The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World—Difficulty of realizing Sacred Privileges—The Gospel Sign addressed to Faith—The Spiritual Presence of Christ in the Church—The Eucharistic Presence—Faith the Title for Justification—Judaism of the present day—The Fellowship of the Apostles—Rising with Christ—Warfare the Condition of Victory—Waiting for Christ—Subjection of the Reason and Feelings to the Revealed Word—The Gospel Palaces—The Visible Temple Offerings for the Sanctuary—The Weapons of Saints—Faith without Demonstration—The Mystery of the Holy Trinity—Peace in Believing.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

The Lapse of Time—Religion, a Weariness to the Natural Man—The World our Enemy—The Praise of Men—Temporal Advantages—The Season of Epiphany—The Duty of Self-denial—The Yoke of Christ—Moses the Type of Christ—The Crucifixion—Attendance on Holy Communion—The Gospel Feast—Love of Religion, a new Nature—Religion pleasant to the Religious—Mental Prayer—Infant Baptism—The Unity of the Church—Steadfastness in the Old Paths.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

Reverence in Worship—Divine Calls—The Trial of Saul—The Call of David—Curiosity a Temptation to Sin—Miracles no remedy for Unbelief—Josiah, a Pattern for the Ignorant—Inward Witness to the Truth of the Gospel—Jeremiah, a Lesson for the Disappointed—Endurance of the World's Censure—Doing Glory to God in Pursuits of the World—Vanity of Human Glory—Truth hidden when not sought after—Obedience to God the Way to Faith in Christ—Sudden Conversions—The Shepherd of our Souls—Religious Joy—Ignorance of Evil.

Lectures on the Doctrine of Justification.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D., sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

Faith considered as the Instrument of Justification—Love considered as the Formal Cause of Justification—Primary Sense of the term Justification—Secondary Senses of the term Justification—Misuse of the term Just or Righteous—On the Gift of Righteousness—The Characteristics of the Gift of Righteousness—Righteousness viewed as a Gift and as a Quality—Righteousness the Fruit of our Lord's Resurrection—The Office of Justifying Faith—The Nature of Justifying Faith—Faith viewed relatively to Rites and Works—On preaching the Gospel—Appendix.

Sermons Bearing upon Subjects of the DAY.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D., sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Edited by the Rev. W. J. COPELAND, B.D., Rector of Farnham, Essex. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

The Work of the Christian—Saintliness not forfeited by the Penitent—Our Lord's Last Supper and His First—Dangers to the Penitent—The Three Offices of Christ—Faith and Experience—Faith and the World—The Church and the World—Indulgence in Religious Privileges—Connection between Personal and Public Improvement—Christian Nobleness—Joshua, a Type of Christ and His Followers—Elisha, a Type of Christ and His Followers—The Christian Church a continuation of the Jewish—The Principle of continuity between the Jewish and Christian Churches—The Christian Church an Imperial Power—Sanctity the Token of the Christian Empire—Condition of the Members of the Christian Empire—The Apostolical Christian—Wisdom and Innocence—Invisible Presence of Christ—Outward and Inward Notes of the Church—Grounds for Steadfastness in our Religious Profession—Elijah the Prophet of the Latter Days—Feasting in Captivity—The Parting of Friends.

Fifteen Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, between A.D. 1826 and 1843.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D., sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

The Philosophical Temper first enjoined by the Gospel—The Influence of Natural and Revealed Religion respectively—Evangelical Sanctity the Perfection of Natural Virtue—The Usurpations of Reason—Personal Influence, the means of Propagating the Truth—Our Justice, as a Principle of Divine Governance—Contest between Faith and Light—Human Responsibility, as Independent of Circumstances—Wilfulness the Sin of Saul—Faith and Reason, contrasted as Habits of Mind—The Nature of Faith in Relation to Reason—Love the Safeguard of Faith against Superstition—Implicit and Explicit Reason—Wisdom, as contrasted with Faith and with Bigotry—The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, and on various occasions. By J. B. MOZLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

The Roman Council—The Pharisees—Eternal Life—The Reversal of Human Judgment—War—Nature—The Work of the Spirit on the Natural Man—The Atonement—Our Duty to Equals—The Peaceful Temper—The Strength of Wishes—The unspoken Judgment of Mankind—The true test of Spiritual Birth—Ascension Day—Gratitude—The Principle of Emulation—Religion the First Choice—The Influence of Dogmatic Teaching on Education.

"*There are sermons in it which, for penetrating insight into the mysteries and anomalies of human character, its power of holding together strange opposites, its capacity for combination, for disguise, and unconscious transformation, are as wonderful, it may almost be said as terrible, in their revelations and suggestions as are to be found anywhere. There are four sermons, one on the 'Pharisees,' one on 'Eternal Life,' one on the 'Reversal of Human Judgment,' the fourth on the 'Unspoken Judgment of Mankind,' which must almost make an epoch in the thought and history of any one who reads them and really takes in what they say. There is in them a kind of Shakspearian mixture of subtlety of remark with boldness and directness of phrase, and with a grave, pathetic irony, which is not often characteristic of such compositions.*"—TIMES.

"*These are unusually remarkable sermons. They are addressed to educated, reflective, and, in some cases, philosophical readers, and they exhibit, by turns or in combination, high philosophical power, a piercing appreciation of human motives, vivid conceptions, and a great power of clothing those conceptions in the language of trenchant aphorism, or lofty, earnest poetry.*"—GUARDIAN.

"*A new gleam of religious genius. . . . Keen simplicity and reality in the way of putting things is characteristic of these sermons of Dr. Mozley's, but not less characteristic of them—and this is what shows that the Christian faith has in him appealed to a certain original faculty of the kind which we call 'genius'—is the instinctive sympathy which he seems to have with the subtler shades of Christ's teaching, so as to make it suddenly seem new to us, as well as more wonderful than ever.*"—SPECTATOR.

"*The volume possesses intrinsic merits so remarkable as to be almost unique. . . . There is scarcely a sermon in it which does not possess eloquence, in a very true sense, of a high order. But it is the eloquence not so much of language as of thought. It is the eloquence of concentration, of vigorous grasp, of delicate irony, of deep but subdued pathos, of subtle delicacy of touch, of broad strong sense; it impresses the mind rather than strikes the ear. We cannot help feeling, as we read, not only that the preacher means what he says, but that he has taken pains to think out his meaning, and has applied to the process the whole energy and resources of no common intellect.*" — SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sermons Preached on Different Occasions.

By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean o Norwich. Fourth Edition. Small 8vo. *6s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

Confession, and the Doctrine of the English Church thereupon—The Mora Instincts which lead Men to the Confessional—Pure Religion and Undefiled—God Keeping and Breaking Silence—The Kingdom that comes not with Observation—Jacob's Dream—The contagious Influence of Faithfu Prophesying—Final Impenitence—Final Impenitence exemplified—The Goodness and Severity of God as Manifested in the Atonement—Remedy, the only Form of Doing Good—The Search after Wisdom—The Grounds of True Patriotism—Christ Wielding the Keys of Death and of the World unseen—The Revelation of the Triune God and its Diffusion—The Dispensations—Learning a requisite for the Ministry of the Present Day—Human Instrumentality employed in Man's Salvation—The Stolen Testimony—The Building up of the Family—On Preaching Christ Crucified—Have Salt in Yourselves—The Last Sunday of 1861.

Farewell Counsels of a Pastor to his Flock, on Topics of the Day.

By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Third Edition. Small 8vo. *4s.*

CONTENTS.

Absolution—Ritualism—The Doctrine of the Eucharist—The Atonement—The Stability of an Orthodox Faith—The Stability of Personal Religion—On Preaching Christ Crucified—The Responsibility of Hearers.

Warnings of the Holy Week, &c. Being a Course of Parochial Lectures for the Week before Easter and the Easter Festivals.

By the Rev. W. ADAMS, M.A., Author of "Sacred Allegories," &c. Seventh Edition. Small 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

The Warning given at Bethany—The Warning of the Day of Excitement—The Warning of the Day of Chastisement—The Warning of the Fig Tree—The Warning of Judas—The Warning of Pilate—The Warning of the Day of Rest—The Signs of Our Lord's Presence—The Remedy for Anxious Thoughts—Comfort under Despondency.

The Catholic Sacrifice. Sermons Preached

at All Saints, Margaret Street. By the Rev. BERDMORE COMPTON, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

The Eucharistic Life—The Sacrifice of Sweet Savour—The Pure Offering—The Catholic Oblation—The Sacrificial Feast—The Preparation for the Eucharist—The Introductory Office—The Canon—Degrees of Apprehension—The Fascination of Christ Crucified—The Shewbread—Consecration of Worship and Work—Water, Blood, Wine—The Blood of Sprinkling—The Mystery of Sacraments—The Oblation of Gethsemane—Offertory and Tribute Money.

The Sayings of the Great Forty Days,

between the Resurrection and Ascension, regarded as the Outlines of the Kingdom of God. In Five Discourses. With an Examination of Dr. Newman's Theory of Development. By GEORGE MOBERLY, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

Plain Sermons, preached at Brighstone.

By GEORGE MOBERLY, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

Except a Man be Born again—The Lord with the Doctors—The Draw-Net—I will lay me down in Peace—Ye have not so learned Christ—Trinity Sunday—My Flesh is Meat indeed—The Corn of Wheat dying and multiplied—The Seed Corn springing to new Life—I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life—The Ruler of the Sea—Stewards of the Mysteries of God—Ephphatha—The Widow of Nain—Josiah's Discovery of the Law—The Invisible World: Angels—Prayers, especially Daily Prayers—They all with one consent began to make excuse—Ascension Day—The Comforter—The Tokens of the Spirit—Elijah's Warning, Fathers and Children—Thou shalt see them no more for ever—Baskets full of Fragments—Harvest—The Marriage Supper of the Lamb—The Last Judgment.

Sermons preached at Winchester College.

By GEORGE MOBERLY, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury. 2 Vols. Small 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*. each. Sold separately.

Sermons. By HENRY MELVILL, B.D., late

Canon of St. Paul's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New Edition. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* each. Sold separately.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

The First Prophecy—Christ the Minister of the Church—The Impossibility of Creature-Merit—The Humiliation of the Man Christ Jesus—The Doctrine of the Resurrection viewed in connection with that of the Soul's Immortality—The Power of Wickedness and Righteousness to reproduce themselves—The Power of Religion to strengthen the Human Intellect—The Provision made by God for the Poor—St. Paul, a Tent-Maker—The Advantages of a state of Expectation—Truth as it is in Jesus—The Difficulties of Scripture.

CONTENTS OF VOL II.

Jacob's Vision and Vow—The continued Agency of the Father and the Son—The Resurrection of Dry Bones—Protestantism and Popery—Christianity a Sword—The Death of Moses—The Ascension of Christ—The Spirit upon the Waters—The Proportion of Grace to Trial—Pleading before the Mountains—Heaven—God's Way in the Sanctuary.

"*Every one who can remember the days when Canon Melvill was the preacher of the day, will be glad to see these four-and-twenty of his sermons so nicely reproduced. His Sermons were all the result of real study and genuine reading, with far more theology in them than those of many who make much more profession of theology. There are sermons here which we can personally remember; it has been a pleasure to us to be reminded of them, and we are glad to see them brought before the present generation. We hope that they may be studied, for they deserve it thoroughly.*"—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"*The Sermons of Canon Melvill, now republished in two handy volumes, need only to be mentioned to be sure of a hearty welcome. Sound learning, well-weighed words, calm and keen logic, and solemn devoutness, mark the whole series of masterly discourses, which embrace some of the chief doctrines of the Church, and set them forth in clear and Scriptural strength.*"—STANDARD.

"*It would be easy to quote portions of exceeding beauty and power. It was not, however, the charm of style, nor wealth of words, both which Canon Melvill possessed in so great abundance, that he relied on to win souls; but the power and spirit of Him Who said, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to Me.'*"—RECORD.

"*Messrs. Rivington have published very opportunely, at a time when Churchmen are thinking with satisfaction of the new blood infused into the Chapter of St. Paul's, Sermons by Henry Melvill, who in his day was as celebrated as a preacher as is Canon Liddon now. The sermons are not only couched in elegant language, but are replete with matter which the younger clergy would do well to study.*"—JOHN BULL.

"*Few preachers have had more admirers than the Rev. Henry Melvill, and the new edition of his Sermons, in two volumes, will doubtless find plenty of purchasers. The Sermons abound in thought, and the thoughts are couched in English which is at once elegant in construction and easy to read.*"—CHURCH TIMES.

. . . . "*As they are models of their particular style of oratory, they will be valuable helps to young preachers.*"—UNION REVIEW.

"*Henry Melvill's intellect was large, his imagination brilliant, his ardour intense, and his style strong, fervid, and picturesque. Often he seemed to glow with the inspiration of a prophet.*"—AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW.

Sermons on Certain of the Less

Prominent Facts and References in Sacred Story. By HENRY MELVILL, B.D., late Canon of St. Paul's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New Edition. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each. Sold separately.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

The Faith of Joseph on his Death-bed--Angels as Remembrancers—The Burning of the Magical Books—The Parting Hymn—Cæsar's Household—The Sleepless Night—The Well of Bethlehem—The Thirst of Christ—The second Delivery of the Lord's Prayer—Peculiarities in the Miracle in the Coasts of Decapolis—The Latter Rain--The Lowly Errand—Nehemiah before Artaxerxes—Jabez.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

The Young Man in the Linen Cloth—The Fire on the Shore—The Finding the Guest-Chamber—The Spectre's Sermon a truism—Various Opinions—The Misrepresentations of Eve—Seeking, after Finding—The Bird's Nest—Angels our Guardians in trifles—The appearance of failure—Simon the Cyrenian—The power of the Eye—Pilate's Wife—The Examination of Cain.

"*We are glad to see this new edition of what we have always considered to be Melvill's best sermons, because in them we have his best thoughts. . . . Many of these sermons are the strongest arguments yet adduced for internal evidence of the veracity of the Scriptural narratives.*"—STANDARD.

"*Polished, classical, and winning, these sermons bear the marks of literary labour. A study of them will aid the modern preacher to refine and polish his discourses, and to add to the vigour which is now the fashion, the graces of chastened eloquence and winning rhetoric.*"—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"*The sermons of the lamented Melvill are too well known to require any commendation from us. We have here all the power of rhetoric, and the grace and beauty of style, for which the author has been distinguished, and which have contributed to render him a model to preachers, and given him a representative position in the history of the English pulpit.*"—WEEKLY REVIEW.

'*Unusually interesting . . . . No one can read these sermons without deriving instruction from them, without being compelled to acknowledge that new light has been cast for him on numerous passages of Scripture, which he must henceforth read with greater intelligence and greater interest than before.*"—EDINBURGH COURANT.

"*For skill in developing the significance of the 'less prominent facts of Holy Scripture' no one could compete with the late Canon Melvill, four volumes of whose discourses—two of them occupied entirely with his sermons on subjects of this class—are before us. His preaching was unique. He selected for the most part texts that are not frequently treated, and when he chose those of a more ordinary character, he generally presented them in a new light, and elicited from them some truth which would not have suggested itself to any other preacher. He was singularly ingenious in some of his conceptions, and wonderfully forcible and impressive in his mode of developing and applying them.*"—NONCONFORMIST.

"*The publishers of these well-known, almost classic sermons, have conferred a boon on all lovers of our pulpit literature by this beautiful, portable edition of some of the most brilliant and original discourses that have been delivered to this generation.*"—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Selection from the Sermons preached

during the Latter Years of his Life, in the Parish Church of Barnes, and in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. By HENRY MELVILL, B.D., late Canon of St. Paul's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New Edition. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* each. Sold separately.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

The Parity of the consequences of Adam's Transgression and Christ's Death—The Song of Simeon—The Days of Old—Omissions of Scripture—The Madman in Sport—Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace—A very lovely Song—This is that King Ahaz—Ariel—New Wine and Old Bottles—Demas—Michael and the Devil—The Folly of Excessive Labour—St. Paul at Philippi—Believing a Lie—The Prodigal Son—The Foolishness of Preaching—Knowledge and Sorrow—The Unjust Steward—The Man born blind.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

Rejoicing as in Spoil — Satan a Copyist — The binding the Tares into Bundles — Two walking together—Agreeing with the Adversary—God speaking to Moses—Hoping in Mercy—Faith as a Grain of Mustard Seed—Mary's Recompense—War in Heaven—Glory into Shame—The Last Judgment—Man like to Vanity—God so Loved the World—Saul—And what shall this Man do?—The Sickness and Death of Elisha—Abiding in our Callings—Trinity Sunday.

"*The main characteristics of Canon Melvill's sermons are these—they are not polemical; the* odium theologicum *is nowhere to be found in them, and nowhere is the spirit of true Christian charity and love absent from them. This will widen their usefulness, for they will on this account make a ready way amongst all sects and creeds of professing Christians. Again, these sermons are eminently practical and devotional in their tone and aim. The truths here proclaimed pierce the heart to its very core, so true is the preacher's aim, so vigorous is the force with which he shoots the convictions of his own heart into the hearts of his hearers.*"—STANDARD.

"*There are in the sermons before us all Melvill's wonted grace of diction, strength of reasoning, and aptness of illustration.*"—WEEKLY REVIEW.

"*Two other volumes of the late Canon Melvill's sermons contain forty discourses preached by him in his later years, and they are prefaced by a short memoir of one of the worthiest and most impressive preachers of recent times.*"—EXAMINER.

"*Many years have now elapsed since we first heard Henry Melvill. But we can still recall the text, the sermon, the deep impression made upon us by the impassioned eloquence of the great preacher. It was our first, and very profitable experience of what influence there resides in the faithful preaching of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. For while it was impossible to be indifferent to the messenger, yet the message was brought home by him to the heart and to the conscience. It is pleasant in these, the latest sermons delivered by Mr. Melvill, to find the same faithful utterance.*"—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Lectures delivered at St. Margaret's, Lothbury.

By the Rev. HENRY MELVILL, B.D., late Canon of St. Paul's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

The Return of the Dispossessed Spirit—Honey from the Rock—Easter—The Witness in Oneself—The Apocrypha—A Man a Hiding-place—The Hundredfold Recompense—The Life more than Meat—Isaiah's Vision—St. John the Baptist—Building the Tombs of the Prophets—Manifestation of the Sons of God—St. Paul's Determination—The Song of Moses and the Lamb—The Divine Longsuffering—Sowing the Seed—The Great Multitude—The Kinsman Redeemer—St. Barnabas—Spiritual Decline.

"We receive with welcome a new edition of these well-known and deservedly popular lectures. The time for criticising them has passed, the time for reading them will not pass for many years."—NONCONFORMIST.

"The admirers of the late Canon Melvill will rejoice to see his well-known Lothbury Lectures republished in such a handy, cheap, and excellent edition. Canon Melvill's sermons are still well worthy of study. They are elegant, yet exact; scholarly, yet popular; full of searching logic, yet easy to understand; always earnest and devout, marked by freshness and interest, and written in language of indued and chastened eloquence. They will be found useful and readable by all sects and creeds."—GLASGOW HERALD.

"Canon Melvill was known in his day as one of the most brilliant pulpit orators in the English Church, and of the many volumes of his sermons that have appeared, there is not one which is more likely to justify the estimate in which he has been held than this, furnishing as it does abundant proof of his wide learning, rare expository power, and exuberant splendour of language."—SCOTSMAN.

The Age and the Gospel; Four Sermons

preached before the University of Cambridge, at the Hulsean Lecture, 1864. With a Discourse on Final Retribution. By DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

The Christian Character; Six Sermons

preached in Lent. By JOHN JACKSON, D.D., Bishop of London. Seventh Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Sermons on Special Occasions. By

DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

The Words of Christ imperishable—The Gospel Welcome—The Conversion of St. Paul—The Christian's Mission—Business and Godliness—Soberness and Watchfulness—The Joy of the Disciples at the Resurrection—The Saviour's Ascension—Jesus in the Midst—The Moral Attractions of the Cross—The Gospel Workmen—The Work of the Holy Spirit—The Doctrine of the Holy Trinity—The Law of Moral Recompenses—The Goodness of King Joash—The Tenderness of Christ—Christ our Example in Youth—Jacob in Life and in Death—The Spiritual Mind—Britain's Obligations to the Gospel—The Throne in Mourning—Prayer and Providence—The Unsearchableness of God.

The Mystery of the Temptation: a

Course of Lectures. By the Rev. W. H. HUTCHINGS, M.A., Sub-Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer. Crown 8vo. *4s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

The Entrance into the Temptation—The Fast—The Personality of Satan—The First Temptation—The Second Temptation—The Third Temptation—The End of the Temptation.

"*We can mention with unmixed praise a series of lectures on 'The Mystery of the Temptation,' by Mr. Hutchings of Clewer. They are deeply thoughtful, full, and well-written, in a style which, from its calmness and dignity, befits the subject.*"—GUARDIAN.

"*This book is one of the refreshing proofs still occasionally met with that the traditional culture and refinement of the Anglican clergy is not quite exhausted, nor its exhaustion implied, by the endless and vulgar controversies that fill the columns of religious newspapers. The sober earnestness that has always been a characteristically Anglican virtue has not failed in a preacher like Mr. Hutchings.*"—ACADEMY.

"*Students of Scripture will find in 'The Mystery of the Temptation' sound reasoning, the evidences of close study, and the spirit of reverence and fervent faith.*"—MORNING POST.

"*This is a volume of lectures which will repay serious study. They are earnest to the last degree.*"—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"*Very good indeed.*"—NEW YORK CHURCH JOURNAL.

The Soul in its Probation: Sermons

Preached at the Church of S. Alban the Martyr, Holborn, on the Sundays in Lent, 1873. By the Rev. F. N. OXENHAM, M.A. 8vo. *5s.*

The Religion of the Christ: its Historic and Literary Development considered as an Evidence of its Origin. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1874. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, M.A., Minister of St. Philip's, Regent Street, and Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"These lectures are a noble contribution to the evidences of the Christian faith."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"Admirably adapted to meet some of the foremost objections which are now being brought against 'the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures.' We earnestly recommend our readers to buy the book for themselves."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"A volume which ought to take its place beside the best standard works on the evidences of Christianity—a kind of literature in which the Church of England is peculiarly rich."—SCOTSMAN.

"His Bampton Lectures are perhaps the most suggestive and elaborate of all his productions, and would of themselves win for him a high position as a writer on Christian evidence."—FREEMAN.

"The preface, in which Mr. Leathes sums up the arguments in his lucid way, which are more elaborately drawn out in the Lectures, is one of the finest specimens of clear, candid, temperate reasoning in modern literature."—NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

"With thoughtful minds it will carry great weight."—NEW YORK CHURCHMAN.

The Witness of the Old Testament to Christ. Being the Boyle Lectures for the year 1868. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, M.A., Minister of St. Philip's, Regent Street, and Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London. 8vo. 9s.

The Witness of St. Paul to Christ. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1869. With an Appendix on the Credibility of the Acts, in Reply to the Recent Strictures of Dr. Davidson. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, M.A., Minister of St. Philip's, Regent Street, and Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Witness of St. John to Christ. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1870. With an Appendix on the Authorship and Integrity of St. John's Gospel, and the Unity of the Johannine Writings. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, M.A., Minister of St. Philip's, Regent Street, and Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Permanence of Christianity. Con-

sidered in Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1872, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By JOHN RICHARD TURNER EATON, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Rector of Lapworth, Warwickshire. 8vo. *12s.*

Short Sermons on the Psalms in their

Order. Preached in a Village Church. By W. J. STRACEY, M.A., Rector of Oxnead, and Vicar of Buxton, Norfolk, formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo.

Vol. I.—Psalms I—XXV. *5s.*
Vol. II.—Psalms XXVI—LI. *5s.*

Twelve Addresses at his Visitation

of the Cathedral and Diocese of Lincoln, in the year MDCCCLXXIII. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. New Edition. Crown 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

The Church of England and the

Maccabees; or, The History of the Maccabees considered with reference to the Present Condition and Prospects of the Church. Two Sermons. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. Second Edition. Small 8vo. *1s.*

The Home Life of Jesus of Nazareth,

and other Sermons. By the Rev. AUGUSTUS GURNEY, M.A., Vicar of Wribbenhall, Kidderminster. Crown 8vo. *5s.*

Sermons Preached in the Parish

Church of Barnes, 1871 to 1876. By PETER GOLDSMITH MEDD, M.A., late Rector of Barnes; Senior Fellow of University College, Oxford; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

CONTENTS.

Thankfulness for God's Mercies—Subjection to the Civil Power—Christ's Prophecy of the End—God's Purpose of Love in Creation—The Introduction of Evil into the Creation—Christian Love—Christianity a Religion of Self-Denial—The Nature of Sin—The Consequences of Sin (No. 1)—The Consequences of Sin (No. 2)—The Remedy of Sin (No. 1)—The Remedy of Sin (No. 2)—With Christ in Paradise—The Remedy of Sin (No. 3)—The Remedy of Sin (No. 4)—Christ the Resurrection and the Life—The Hope of the Resurrection—The Three Resurrections—The Hope of the Christian—The Publican's Prayer—The Conflict of Flesh and Spirit—Christian Unity—The Duty of Forgiveness—Present Salvation—The Marks of the Children of God—Against Religious Narrowness—The Necessity of Meditation on Religious Subjects—The Need of Effort in the Christian Life—Bodily Works of Mercy—The Athanasian Creed—Conscious Religion—The Comfort of the Christian Faith—Appendix.

Sermons Preached in a Country Village.

By the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD, M.A., late Rector of Lyndon. Post 8vo. *5s. 6d.*

The Way of Holiness in Married Life.

A Course of Sermons preached in Lent. By the Rev. HENRY J. ELLISON, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, and Vicar of New Windsor, Berks. Second Edition. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

Parochial Sermons preached in a Village Church.

Fourth Series. By the Rev. CHARLES A. HEURTLEY, D.D., Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *5s. 6d.*

The Last Three Sermons preached at

Oxford by PHILIP N. SHUTTLEWORTH, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester. Justification through Faith—The Merciful Character of the Gospel Covenant—The Sufficiency of Scripture a Rule of Faith. To which is added a Letter addressed in 1841 to a Young Clergyman, now a Priest in the Church of Rome. New Edition. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

Faith and Practice: A Selection of

Sermons Preached in St. Philip's Chapel, Regent Street. By the Rev. FRANCIS PIGOU, M.A., Vicar of Halifax, and Hon. Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Small 8vo. *6s.*

CONTENTS.

The Certainty of the Resurrection—Whitsunday—The Stilling of the Tempest—Practical Religion—The Memory of the Just—The Remembrance of Sin—The Danger of Relapse—Individual Influence—The use and abuse of God's gifts—Natural and Spiritual Instincts—Prayer—Preparation for Death.

7. Religious Education.

A Key to Christian Doctrine and Practice, founded on the Church Catechism. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. &c. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

"Of cheap and reliable text-books of this nature there has hitherto been a great want. We are often asked to recommend books for use in Church Sunday-schools, and we therefore take this opportunity of saying that we know of none more likely to be of service both to teachers and scholars than these 'Keys.'" — CHURCHMAN'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

"This is another of Mr. Blunt's most useful manuals, with all the precision of a school book, yet diverging into matters of practical application so freely as to make it most serviceable, either as a teacher's suggestion book, or as an intelligent pupil's reading book."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"Will be very useful for the higher classes in Sunday-schools, or rather for the fuller instruction of the Sunday-school teachers themselves, where the parish priest is wise enough to devote a certain time regularly to their preparation for their voluntary task."—UNION REVIEW.

Household Theology: a Handbook of Religious Information respecting the Holy Bible, the Prayer Book, the Church, the Ministry, Divine Worship, the Creeds, &c. &c. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. &c. New Edition. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

The Bible—The Prayer Book—The Church—Table of Dates—Ministerial Offices—Divine Worship—The Creeds—A Practical Summary of Christian Doctrine—The Great Christian Writers of Early Times—Ancient and Modern Heresies and Sects—The Church Calendar—A short explanation of Words used in Church History and Theology—Index.

Manuals of Religious Instruction.

Edited by JOHN PILKINGTON NORRIS, B.D., Canon of Bristol, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester.

3 Volumes. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Sold separately.

The Old Testament.
The New Testament.
The Prayer Book.

Or each Volume in Five Parts. 1*s.* each Part.

[These Manuals are intended to supply a five years' course of instruction for young people between the ages of thirteen and eighteen.

It will be seen that fifteen small graduated text-books are provided :—

Five on the Old Testament ;
Five on the New Testament ;
Five on the Catechism and Liturgy.

In preparing the last, the Editor has thought it best to spread the study of the Catechism over several years, rather than compress it into one.

This may give rise to what may appear some needless repetition. But the Lessons of our Catechism are of such paramount importance, that it seems desirable to keep it continually in our Pupils' hands, as the best key to the study of the Prayer Book.

There has been a grievous want of *definiteness*. in our young people's knowledge of Church doctrine. Especially have the Diocesan Inspectors noticed it in our Pupil Teachers. It has arisen, doubtless, from their Teachers assuming that they had clear elementary ideas about religion, in which really they had never been grounded. It is therefore thought not too much to ask them to give one-third of their time to the study of the Prayer Book.

In the Old Testament and New Testament Manuals the greatest pains have been taken to give them such a character as shall render it impossible for them to supersede the Sacred Text. Two main objects the writers of the Old and New Testament Manuals have proposed to themselves; first, to stimulate interest; second, to supply a sort of running commentary on the inspired page. Especial pains have been taken to draw the reader's attention to the *spiritual* teaching of Holy Scripture, and to subordinate to this the merely historical interest.

The writer of the Old Testament Manual has made it his endeavour to help the reader to see our Lord Christ in Law, in Psalms, in Prophets.

The New Testament Manual is confined to the Gospels and Acts. It was found impossible to include any of the Epistles. But the Fourth Part of the Prayer Book Manual will in some measure supply this deficiency.

Although they were originally prepared with special regard to Pupil Teachers, they will be found adapted also for all students of a like age (from thirteen to eighteen) who have not access to many books.]

Rudiments of Theology. A First Book

for Students. By JOHN PILKINGTON NORRIS, B.D., Canon of Bristol, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

"It is altogether a remarkable book. We have seldom seen clear, incisive reasoning, orthodox teaching, and wide-mindedness in such happy combination."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"A most useful book for theological students in the earlier part of their course. . . . The book is one for which the Church owes a debt of gratitude to Canon Norris, combining, as it does, orthodoxy and learning, and logical accuracy of definition with real charity. We heartily commend it."—JOHN BULL.

"We can recommend this book to theological students as a useful and compendious manual. It is clear and well arranged. . . . We venture to believe that, on the whole, he is a very fair exponent of the teaching of the English Church, and that his book may be profitably used by those for whom it is chiefly intended—that is, candidates for ordination."—SPECTATOR.

"This unpretending work supplies a real desideratum. *. . . . It seeks to lead us from the shifting sands of human systems to the solid ground of Divine revelation, wisely recognising as its most trustworthy interpreters those who came nearest to its times, and directing the student's mind to 'what the early Fathers thought and wrote in the days when the Church's theologians had to hold their own against an adverse world.'"*—GUARDIAN.

"This work was prepared as a handbook for theological students. But it is to reach a far wider field. It is capable of doing a most important service among all classes. We have seldom, if ever, met a more satisfactory or a clearer presentation of the fundamental facts of theology than those given in these pages. . . . The author has the rare faculty—it amounts really to genius—of saying just the thing that ought to be said, and of presenting any truth in such a shape that the reader can easily take hold of it and make it his own. . . . We commend this work to Churchmen generally as one from which all can derive profit. To the Clergy it will serve as a model method of dogmatic teaching, and to the laity it will be a rich storehouse of information concerning the things to be believed. . . . The whole thing is so admirable in tone, arrangement, and style that it will, no doubt, become universally popular."—CHURCHMAN (NEW YORK).

The Young Churchman's Companion

to the Prayer Book. By the Rev. J. W. GEDGE, M.A., Diocesan Inspector of Schools for the Archdeaconry of Surrey. (Recommended by the late and present Lord Bishops of Winchester.)

Part I.—Morning and Evening Prayer and Litany.
Part II.—Baptismal and Confirmation Services.

18mo., *1s.* each Part; or in paper cover, *6d.*

Catechesis; or, Christian Instruction

preparatory to Confirmation and First Communion. By CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. New Edition. Small 8vo. *2s.*

A Help to Catechizing. For the Use of

Clergymen, Schools, and Private Families. By JAMES BEAVEN, D.D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of King's College, Toronto. New Edition. 18mo. *2s.*

Catechetical Exercises on the Apostles'

Creed; chiefly from Bp. Pearson. By EDWARD BICKERSTETH, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. New Edition. 18mo. *2s.*

Questions Illustrating the Thirty-nine

Articles. By EDWARD BICKERSTETH, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. Fifth Edition. 12mo. *3s. 6d.*

A Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms.

Containing Brief Explanations of Words used in Theology, Liturgiology, Chronology, Law, Architecture, Antiquities, Symbolism, Greek Hierology and Mediæval Latin; together with some account of Titles of our Lord, Emblems of Saints, Hymns, Orders, Heresies, Ornaments, Offices, Vestments and Ceremonial, and Miscellaneous Subjects. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Crown 8vo. *18s.*

Plain Sermons on the Latter Part of

the Catechism; being the Conclusion of the Series contained in the Ninth Volume of "Plain Sermons." By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Author of "A Devotional Commentary on the Gospel Narrative," &c. 8vo. *6s. 6d.*

The Idle Word: Short Religious Essays

upon the Gift of Speech. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Fourth Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s*.

CONTENTS.

The Connexion of Speech with Reason—The Connexion of Speech with Reason—The Heavenly Analogy of the Connexion of Speech with Reason—An Idle Word Defined from the Decalogue—An Idle Word defined from the Decalogue—What is an Idle Word?—Words of Business and innocent Recreation not Idle—Speech the Instrument of Prophecy and Sacrifice—Hints for the Guidance of Conversation—On Religious Conversation—Appendix.

A Manual of Confirmation, Comprising

—1. A General Account of the Ordinance. 2. The Baptismal Vow, and the English Order of Confirmation, with Short Notes, Critical and Devotional. 3. Meditations and Prayers on Passages of Holy Scripture, in connexion with the Ordinance. With a Pastoral Letter instructing Catechumens how to prepare themselves for their first Communion. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich. Ninth Edition. Small 8vo. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Easy Lessons Addressed to Candidates

for Confirmation. By JOHN PILKINGTON NORRIS, B.D., Canon of Bristol, and sometime Vicar of St. George's, Brendon Hill. Small 8vo.

8. Allegories and Tales.

Allegories and Tales. By the Rev. W. E. Heygate, M.A., Rector of Brighstone. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"It is eminently original, and every one of its sixty-three short allegories is a story that the dullest child will read and the intelligent child will understand and enjoy. Grave thought, kindly raillery, biting sarcasm, grim humour, sincere indignation, wise counsel, a broad charity, and other characteristics, run through the allegories, many of which are highly poetical and good models of that style of composition."—Edinburgh Courant.

"Mr. Heygate's volume contains about sixty short tales or allegories, all rife with good teaching, plainly set forth, and written in a very engaging and attractive style. As a present for children this book would be at once acceptable and beneficial. It can be highly commended."—Church Herald.

"There are both grace and precision about these 'Allegories and Tales,' which make them charming to read either for young or for old. The stories are some of them quaint, some of them picturesque, all of them pleasant; and the moral they inclose shines out soft and clear as through a crystal. This is a book that may be recommended for a present, not only for young people, but for those of larger growth."—Athenæum.

"The Rector of Brighstone has the gift of writing moral and spiritual lessons for the young in the most attractive fashion. His 'Allegories and Tales' are excellent specimens of stories, with a moral, in which the moral is not obtrusive and yet is not lost."—English Independent.

"A book of very great beauty and power. Mr. Heygate is a thoughtful, earnest and able writer, on whom more than any one is fallen in a striking manner the mantle of the great author of 'Agathos.'"—John Bull.

Soimême; a Story of a Wilful Life. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"There is a very quiet, earnest tone in this story, which reconciles the reader to the lesson which it is intended to teach. It is essentially a story of character, and the heroine who is supposed to relate it is presented in a clearly defined and somewhat picturesque manner . . . To the thoughtful who are passing from youth to riper years, 'Soimême' will prove both attractive and useful."—Public Opinion.

"A vein of lofty, moral, and deep religious feeling runs through the whole tale, and the author neither proses nor preaches."—Standard.

"A very natural, unaffected, and simple little story for young people—one which they will not only read but enjoy."—Morning Herald.

"The author promises to become a valuable accession to the ranks of our popular lady writers. 'Soimême' is a simple life-like story, charmingly told and gracefully written, and, what is better still, its tendencies are excellent. The lessons it teaches are of the highest order."—European Mail.

"There are many clever little bits of description, and excellent maxims worth remembering. The scenery is all charmingly described."—Monthly Packet.

The First Chronicle of Æscendune.

A Tale of the Days of Saint Dunstan. By the Rev. A. D. CRAKE, B.A., Chaplain of All Saints' School, Bloxham, Author of the "History of the Church under the Roman Empire," &c. &c. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"The volume will possess a strong interest, especially for the young, and be useful, too, for though in form a tale, it may be classed among 'the side-lights of history.'"—STANDARD.

"Altogether the book shows great thought and careful study of the manners and customs of those early Saxon times."—JOHN BULL.

"We shall be glad when Mr. Crake takes up his pen once more, to give us a further instalment of the annals of the House of Æscendune."—CHURCH TIMES.

"A very interesting and well written story of Saxon times—the times of Dunstan and the hapless Edwy. The author has evidently taken great pains to examine into the real history of the period. We can scarcely imagine it possible that it should be anything else than a great favourite."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"It is one of the best historical tales for the young that has been published for a long time."—NONCONFORMIST.

"Written with much spirit and a careful attention to the best authorities on the history of the period of which he treats."—NATIONAL CHURCH.

"The facts upon which the Chronicle is based have been carefully brought together from a variety of sources, and great skill has been shown in the construction of the narrative. The aim of the author is certainly a good one, and his efforts have been attended with a considerable amount of success."—ROCK.

Alfgar the Dane, or the Second Chronicle of Æscendune.

A Tale. By the Rev. A. D. CRAKE, B.A., Chaplain of All Saints' School, Bloxham, Author of the "History of the Church under the Roman Empire," &c. &c. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Mr. Crake's 'Chronicles of Æscendune' have their second instalment in 'Alfgar the Dane,' a youth who is saved from the massacre on S. Brice's night to meet with many capital adventures."—GUARDIAN.

"Sure to be excessively popular with boys, and we look forward with great interest to the Third Chronicle, which will tell of the Norman invasion."—CHURCH TIMES.

"As in his former production, Mr. Crake seems to have taken great pains to be correct in his facts, and he has, we really believe, combined accuracy with liveliness. Schoolboys, not at Bloxham only, ought to be very grateful to him: though in thus speaking we by no means intend to imply that seniors will not find this little book both interesting and instructive. Its tone is as excellent as that of Mr. Crake's previous tale."—CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"Here, strung together with characters in harmony with the times, is a thoroughly well written history of the later Danish invasions of England. . . . . As a tale his work is interesting; as a history it is of very considerable value."—NONCONFORMIST.

"It is not often that a writer combines so completely the qualities which go to make up the historian and the novelist, but Mr. Crake has this happy conjunction of faculties in an eminent degree."—STANDARD.

The Hillford Confirmation. A Tale. By M. C. PHILLPOTTS. New Edition. 16mo. 1*s.*

Sacred Allegories. The Shadow of the Cross—The Distant Hills—The Old Man's Home—The King's Messengers. By the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. New Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

The Four Allegories may be had separately, with Illustrations. Small 8vo. 1*s.* each.

Semele; or, The Spirit of Beauty: a Venetian Tale. By the Rev. J. D. MEREWEATHER, B.A. English Chaplain at Venice. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

9. History and Biography.

Bossuet and his Contemporaries. By the Author of "Life of S. Francis de Sales," "A Dominican Artist," &c. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

"It contains so many interesting facts that it may be profitably read even by those who already know the man and the period."—SPECTATOR.

"Here is a clear and good work, the product of thorough industry and of honest mind."—NONCONFORMIST.

"All biography is delightful, and this story of Bossuet is eminently so."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

"Bossuet's daily life, his style of preaching, his association with the stirring political, social, and ecclesiastical events of his time, are presented in a simple but picturesque way."—DAILY NEWS.

"We are always glad to welcome a fresh work from the graceful pen of the author of 'A Dominican Artist.'"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. A Biographical Sketch. By the Author of "Life of S. Francis de Sales," "Bossuet and his Contemporaries," "A Dominican Artist," &c. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Christian Painter of the Nineteenth Century; being the Life of Hippolyte Flandrin. By the Author of "A Dominican Artist," "Life of S. Francis de Sales," &c. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"This is a touching and instructive story of a life singularly full of nobility, affection, and grace, and it is worthily told."—SPECTATOR.

"Sympathetic, popular, and free, almost to a fault, from technicalities. . . . The book is welcome as a not untimely memorial to a man who deserves to be held up as an example."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"The record of a life marked by exalted aims, and crowned by no small amount of honour and success, cannot but be welcome to earnest students of all kinds. . . . There are many fine pieces of criticism in this book,—utterances of Flandrin's which show the clear wit of the man, his candour, and self-balanced judgment. . . . . We have written enough to show how interesting the book is."—ATHENÆUM.

"This is a charming addition to biographical literature."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

A Dominican Artist: A Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Père Besson, of the Order of St. Dominic. By the Author of "The Life of Madame Louise de France," &c. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"The author of the Life of Père Besson writes with a grace and refinement of devotional feeling peculiarly suited to a subject-matter which suffers beyond most others from any coarseness of touch. It would be difficult to find 'the simplicity and purity of a holy life' more exquisitely illustrated than in Father Besson's career, both before and after his joining the Dominican Order under the auspices of Lacordaire. . . . Certainly we have never come across what could more strictly be termed in the truest sense 'the life of a beautiful soul.' The author has done well in presenting to English readers this singularly graceful biography, in which all who can appreciate genuine simplicity and nobleness of Christian character will find much to admire and little or nothing to condemn."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"It would indeed have been a deplorable omission had so exquisite a biography been by any neglect lost to English readers, and had a character so perfect in its simple and complete devotion been withheld from our admiration. . . . . But we have dwelt too long already on this fascinating book, and must now leave it to our readers."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"A beautiful and most interesting sketch of the late Père Besson, an artist who forsook the easel for the altar."—CHURCH TIMES.

"Whatever a reader may think of Père Besson's profession as a monk, no one will doubt his goodness; no one can fail to profit who will patiently read his life, as here written by a friend, whose sole defect is in being slightly unctuous."—ATHENÆUM.

"The life of the Rev. Père Besson, who gave up an artist's career, to which he was devotedly attached, and a mother whose affection for him is not inaptly likened to that of Monica for St. Augustine, must be read in its entirety to be rightly appreciated. And the whole tenour of the book is too devotional, too full of expressions of the most touching dependence on God, to make criticism possible, even if it was called for, which it is not."—JOHN BULL.

"The story of Père Besson's life is one of much interest, and told with simplicity, candour, and good feeling."—SPECTATOR.

"A beautiful book, describing the most saintly and very individual life of one of the companions of Lacordaire."—MONTHLY PACKET.

"We strongly recommend it to our readers. It is a charming biography, that will delight and edify both old and young."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

The Life of Madame Louise de France, Daughter of Louis XV., also known as the Mother Térèse de S. Augustin. By the Author of "A Dominican Artist," &c. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Such a record of deep, earnest, self-sacrificing piety, beneath the surface of Parisian life, during what we all regard as the worst age of French godlessness, ought to teach us all a lesson of hope and faith, let appearances be what they may. Here, from out of the court and family of Louis XV. there issues this Madame Louise, whose life is set before us as a specimen of as calm and unworldly devotion—of a devotion, too, full of shrewd sense and practical administrative talent—as any we have ever met with."—LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

The Revival of Priestly Life in the

Seventeenth Century in France: a Sketch. By the Author of "A Dominican Artist," "Life of S. Francis de Sales," &c. Crown 8vo. 9*s*.

"A book the authorship of which will command the respect of all who can honour sterling worth. No Christian, to whatever denomination he may belong, can read without quick sympathy and emotion these touching sketches of the early Oratorians and the Lazarists, whose devotion we can all admire."—STANDARD.

Life of S. Francis de Sales. By the

Author of "A Dominican Artist," &c. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

"It is written with the delicacy, freshness, and absence of all affectation which characterized the former works by the same hand, and which render these books so very much more pleasant reading than are religious biographies in general. The character of S. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, is a charming one; a more simple, pure, and pious life it would be difficult to conceive. His unaffected humility, his freedom from dogmatism in an age when dogma was placed above religion, his freedom from bigotry in an age of persecution, were alike admirable."—STANDARD.

"The author of 'A Dominican Artist,' in writing this new life of the wise and loving Bishop and Prince of Geneva, has aimed less at historical or ecclesiastical investigation than at a vivid and natural representation of the inner mind and life of the subject of his biography, as it can be traced in his own writings and in those of his most intimate and affectionate friends. The book is written with the grave and quiet grace which characterizes the productions of its author, and cannot fail to please those readers who can sympathize with all forms of goodness and devotion to noble purpose."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

"A book which contains the record of a life as sweet, pure, and noble, as any man by divine help, granted to devout sincerity of soul, has been permitted to live upon earth. The example of this gentle but resolute and energetic spirit, wholly dedicated to the highest conceivable good, offering itself, with all the temporal uses of mental existence, to the service of infinite and eternal beneficence, is extremely touching. It is a book worthy of acceptance."—DAILY NEWS.

"It is not a translation or adaptation, but an original work, and a very charming portrait of one of the most winning characters in the long gallery of Saints. And it is a matter of entire thankfulness to us to find a distinctively Anglican writer setting forward the good Bishop's work among Protestants, as a true missionary task to reclaim souls from deadly error, and bring them back to the truth."—UNION REVIEW.

The Last Days of Père Gratry. By PÈRE

ADOLPHE PERRAUD, of the Oratory, and Professor of La Sorbonne. Translated by Special permission. By the Author of "Life of S. Francis de Sales," &c. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Henri Perreyve. By A. Gratry, Prêtre

de l'Oratoire, Professeur de Morale Evangélique à la Sorbonne, et Membre de l'Académie Française. Translated, by special permission, by the Author of "A Dominican Artist," "Life of S. Francis de Sales," &c. &c. With Portrait. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

"*A most touching and powerful piece of biography, interspersed with profound reflections on personal religion, and on the prospects of Christianity. . . . For priests this book is a treasure. The moral of it is the absolute necessity of 'recollectedness' to the higher, and especially the true priestly life.*"—Church Review.

"*The works of the translator of Henri Perreyve form, for the most part, a series of saintly biographies which have obtained a larger share of popularity than is generally accorded to books of this description. . . . The description of his last days will probably be read with greater interest than any other part of the book; presenting as it does an example of fortitude under suffering, and resignation, when cut off so soon after entering upon a much-coveted and useful career, of rare occurrence in this age of self-assertion. This is, in fact, the essential teaching of the entire volume. . . . The translator of the Abbé Gratry's work has done well in giving English readers an opportunity of profiting by its lessons.*"—Morning Post.

"*Those who take a pleasure in reading a beautiful account of a beautiful character would do well to procure the Life of 'Henri Perreyve.' . . . We would especially recommend the book for the perusal of English priests, who may learn many a holy lesson from the devoted spirit in which the subject of the memoir gave himself up to the duties of his sacred office, and to the cultivation of the graces with which he was endowed.*"—Church Times.

"*It is easy to see that Henri Perreyve, Professor of Moral Theology at the Sorbonne, was a Roman Catholic priest of no ordinary type. With comparatively little of what Protestants call superstition, with great courage and sincerity, with a nature singularly guileless and noble, his priestly vocation, although pursued, according to his biographer, with unbridled zeal, did not stifle his human sympathies and aspirations. He could not believe that his faith compelled him "to renounce sense and reason," or that a priest was not free to speak, act, and think like other men. Indeed, the Abbé Gratry makes a kind of apology for his friend's free-speaking in this respect, and endeavours to explain it. Perreyve was the beloved disciple of Lacordaire, who left him all his manuscripts, notes, and papers, and he himself attained the position of a great pulpit orator.*"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury.

A Sketch by Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. Second Edition. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*.; or with the Funeral Sermon, "Life in Death," 3*s*. 6*d*.

Life of S. Vincent de Paul. With Introduction by the Rev. R. F. WILSON, M.A., Prebendary of Salisbury and Vicar of Rownhams, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

"A most readable volume, illustrating plans and arrangements, which from the circumstances of the day are invested with peculiar interest."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"All will be pleased at reading the present admirably written narrative, in which we do not know whether to admire more the candour and earnestness of the writer or his plain, sensible, and agreeable style."—WEEKLY REGISTER.

"We trust that this deeply interesting and beautifully written biography will be extensively circulated in England."—CHURCH HERALD.

"We heartily recommend the introduction to the study of all concerned with ordinations."—GUARDIAN.

"We are glad that S. Vincent de Paul, one of the most remarkable men produced by the Gallican Church, has at last found a competent English biographer. The volume before us has evidently been written with conscientious care and scrupulous industry. It is based on the best authorities, which have been compared with praiseworthy diligence; its style is clear, elegant, and unambitious; and it shows a fine appreciation of the life and character of the man whom it commemorates."—SCOTTISH GUARDIAN.

"Mr. Wilson has done his work admirably and evidently con amore, *and he completely proves the thesis with which he starts, viz., that in the life of the Saint there is a homeliness and simplicity, and a general absence of the miraculous or the more ascetic type of saintliness."*—JOHN BULL.

John Wesley's Place in Church History

determined, with the aid of Facts and Documents unknown to, or unnoticed by, his Biographers. With a New and Authentic Portrait. By R. DENNY URLIN, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, &c. Small 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

A History of the Holy Eastern Church.

The Patriarchate of Antioch. By the Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., late Warden of Sackville College, East Grinsted. A Posthumous Fragment. Together with Memoirs of the Patriarchs of Antioch, by Constantius, Patriarch of Constantinople; translated from the Greek, and three Appendices. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. GEORGE WILLIAMS, B.D., Vicar of Ringwood, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

History of the Church under the Roman Empire, A.D. 30-476.

By the Rev. A. D. CRAKE, B.A., Chaplain of All Saints' School, Bloxham. Crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

"A compendious history of the Christian Church under the Roman Empire will be hailed with pleasure by all readers of ecclesiastical lore. . . . The author is quite free from the spirit of controversialism; wherever he refers to a prevalent practice of ancient times he gives his authority. In his statement of facts or opinions he is always accurate and concise, and his manual is doubtless destined to a lengthened period of popularity."—MORNING POST.

"It is very well done. It gives a very comprehensive view of the progress of events, ecclesiastical and political, at the great centres of civilisation during the first five centuries of Christianity."—DAILY NEWS.

"In his well-planned and carefully written volume of 500 pages Mr. Crake has supplied a well-known and long-felt want. Relying on all the highest and best authorities for his main facts and conclusions, and wisely making use of all modern research, Mr. Crake has spared neither time nor labour to make his work accurate, trustworthy, and intelligent."—STANDARD.

"Really interesting, well suited to the needs of those for whom it was prepared, and its Church tone is unexceptionable."—CHURCH TIMES.

"As a volume for students and the higher forms of our public schools it is admirably adapted."—CHURCH HERALD.

"We cordially recommend it for schools for the young."—ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"Mr. Crake gives us in a clear and concise form a narrative of the Church history during the period with which it is most important that the young should first be made acquainted. The different events appear to be described with a judicious regard to their relative importance, and the manual may be safely recommended."—JOHN BULL.

"The facts are well marshalled, the literary style of the book is simple and good; while the principles enunciated throughout render it a volume which may be safely put into the hands of students. For the higher forms of grammar-schools it is exactly the book required. Never ponderous, and frequently very attractive and interesting, it is at once readable and edifying, and fills efficiently a vacant place in elementary historical literature. Furthermore its type is clear and bold, and it is well broken up into paragraphs."—UNION REVIEW.

"It retells an oft-told tale in a singularly fresh and perspicuous style, rendering the book neither above the comprehension of an intelligent boy or girl of fourteen or upwards, nor beneath the attention of an educated man. We can imagine no better book as an addition to a parochial library, as a prize, or as a reading book in the upper forms of middle-class schools."—SCOTTISH GUARDIAN.

Church Memorials and Characteristics;

being a Church History of the six First Centuries. By the late WILLIAM ROBERTS, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. Edited by his Son, ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

A Key to the Knowledge of Church History (Ancient).

Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. &c. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

"It offers a short and condensed account of the origin, growth, and condition of the Church in all parts of the world, from A.D. 1 *down to the end of the fifteenth century. Mr. Blunt's first object has been conciseness, and this has been admirably carried out, and to students of Church history this feature will readily recommend itself. As an elementary work 'A Key' will be specially valuable, inasmuch as it points out certain definite lines of thought, by which those who enjoy the opportunity may be guided in reading the statements of more elaborate histories. At the same time it is but fair to Mr. Blunt to remark that, for general readers, the little volume contains everything that could be consistently expected in a volume of its character. There are many notes, theological, scriptural, and historical, and the 'get up' of the book is specially commendable. As a text-book for the higher forms of schools the work will be acceptable to numerous teachers."*—PUBLIC OPINION.

"It contains some concise notes on Church History, compressed into a small compass, and we think it is likely to be useful as a book of reference."—JOHN BULL.

"A very terse and reliable collection of the main facts and incidents connected with Church History."—ROCK.

A Key to the Knowledge of Church History (Modern).

Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. &c. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Keys to Christian Knowledge."

The Reformation of the Church of England;

its History, Principles, and Results. A.D. 1514-1547. By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. &c. Third Edition. 8vo. 16*s.*

Perranzabuloe, the Lost Church Found;

or, The Church of England not a New Church, but Ancient, Apostolical, and Independent, and a Protesting Church Nine Hundred Years before the Reformation. By the Rev. C. T. COLLINS TRELAWNY, M.A., late Rector of Timsbury, Somerset. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

History of the English Institutions.

By PHILIP V. SMITH, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Historical Handbooks," edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

History of French Literature, adapted

from the French of M. Demogeot. By C. BRIDGE. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Historical Handbooks," edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

The Roman Empire. From the Death

of Theodosius the Great to the Coronation of Charles the Great, A.D. 395 to A.D. 800. By A. M. CURTEIS, M.A., Assistant-Master at Sherborne School, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Historical Handbooks," edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

History of Modern English Law. By

Sir ROLAND KNYVET WILSON, Bart., M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Historical Handbooks," edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

The Reign of Lewis XI. By P. F. Willert,

M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. With Map. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Historical Handbooks," edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

English History in the Fourteenth

Century. By CHARLES H. PEARSON, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Forming a Volume of "Historical Handbooks," edited by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

Life of Robert Gray, Bishop of Cape

Town and Metropolitan of the Province of South Africa. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES GRAY, M.A., Vicar of Helmsley, York. With Portrait and Map. 2 Vols. 8vo. 32*s.*

"We have noticed this work at great length; but not, we venture to think, at a length that exceeds its merits and its interest. It is, in fact, more than a biography; it is a valuable addition to the history of the nineteenth century. Mr. Keble more than once described Bishop Gray's struggles as 'like a bit out of the fourth century.'"—GUARDIAN.

"The two volumes contain nearly twelve hundred pages; but the life which is here written is that of no ordinary man, and we do not know that we could wish a page omitted. The compiler has judiciously kept himself in the background. His own opinions are rarely given; his work has been limited to arranging the events of a stirring and devoted life, and throughout, by a felicitous selection of letters, we have the Bishop himself before us. His actions are related almost without comment, while the reasons for his actions are given in his own words."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"There is a fascination in these volumes which few Churchmen will be able to resist."—JOHN BULL.

"We welcome it as a worthy tribute to the memory of one who possessed the true apostolic spirit, was a faithful son of the Church, and a distinguished ornament of the Episcopate."—STANDARD.

"Not only interesting as the record of a good man's life, but extremely valuable as materials for Church history."—CHURCH TIMES.

Life, Journals, and Letters of Henry

ALFORD, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury. Edited by his WIDOW. With Portrait and Illustrations. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

"On the whole, Mrs. Alford has acquitted herself admirably. . . . Those who desire thoroughly to appreciate a valuable life and a beautiful character we refer to the volume itself."—TIMES.

"It was a beautiful life he lived; and touchingly beautiful in its unadorned simplicity is the record given to us in this volume by his life-long companion, who from his early boyhood had shared his every thought."—GUARDIAN.

"We have here the simple and loving record of a happy, industrious, and holy life. . . . To have known and valued Henry Alford will long be a source of heartfelt satisfaction to many others, besides those immediate friends whose names are linked with his in this beautiful and touching Life by his widow."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Historical Narratives. From the Russian.

By H. C. ROMANOFF, Author of "Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church," &c. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

Sketches of the Rites and Customs of

the Greco-Russian Church. By H. C. ROMANOFF. With an Introductory Notice by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

"The volume before us is anything but a formal liturgical treatise. It might be more valuable to a few scholars if it were, but it would certainly fail to obtain perusal at the hands of the great majority of those whom the writer, not unreasonably, hopes to attract by the narrative style she has adopted. What she has set before us is a series of brief outlines, which, by their simple effort to clothe the information given us in a living garb, reminds us of a once-popular child's book which we remember a generation ago, called 'Sketches of Human Manners.'"—CHURCH TIMES.

"The twofold object of this work is 'to present the English with correct descriptions of the ceremonies of the Greco-Russian Church, and at the same time with pictures of domestic life in Russian homes, especially those of the clergy and the middle class of nobles;' and, beyond question, the author's labour has been so far successful that, whilst her Church scenes may be commended as a series of most dramatic and picturesque tableaux, her social sketches enable us to look at certain points beneath the surface of Russian life, and materially enlarge our knowledge of a country concerning which we have still a very great deal to learn."—ATHENÆUM.

Fables respecting the Popes of the

Middle Ages. A Contribution to Ecclesiastical History. By JOHN J. IGN. VON DÖLLINGER, D.D., D.C.L. Translated by the Rev. ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., Master of University College, Durham, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 8vo. 14*s*.

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.

By S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., Author of "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," &c. With Illustrations. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

Reflections on the Revolution in

France, in 1790. By the Right Hon. EDMUND BURKE, M.P. New Edition, with a short Biographical Notice. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

An English History for the Use of

Public Schools. By the Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, M.A., Fellow of University College, and Historical Lecturer in Balliol, New, and University Colleges, Oxford; late Master of the Modern School in Marlborough College. With Numerous Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo.

PERIOD I.—FEUDAL MONARCHY. The Departure of the Romans, to Richard III. A.D. 449-1485. *4s. 6d.*

PERIOD II.—PERSONAL MONARCHY: Henry VII. to James II. A.D. 1485-1688. *5s.*

PERIOD III.—CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY. William and Mary, to the present time. A.D. 1689-1837. *7s. 6d.*

Historical Biographies. Edited by the

Rev. M. CREIGHTON, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. With Maps. Small 8vo. *2s. 6d.* each.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.
THE BLACK PRINCE.

A History of England for Children.

By GEORGE DAVYS, D.D., formerly Bishop of Peterborough. New Edition. 18mo. *1s. 6d.*

With twelve Coloured Illustrations. Square Crown 8vo. *3s. 6d.*

The Annual Register: a Review of Public

Events at Home and Abroad, for the Years 1863 to 1876. New Series. 8vo. *18s.* each.

10. Miscellaneous.

The Knight of Intercession, and other Poems.

By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Yesterday, To-Day, and for Ever: A Poem in Twelve Books.

By E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. Tenth Edition. Small 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Presentation Edition with red borders. Small 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"We should have noticed among its kind a very magnificent presentation edition of 'Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever,' by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. This blank verse poem, in twelve books, has made its way into the religious world of England and America without much help from the critics. It is now made splendid for its admirers by morocco binding, broad margins, red lines, and beautiful photographs."—TIMES.

"The most simple, the richest, and the most perfect sacred poem which recent days have produced."—MORNING ADVERTISER.

"A poem worth reading, worthy of attentive study; full of noble thoughts, beautiful diction, and high imagination."—STANDARD.

"In these light miscellany days there is a spiritual refreshment in the spectacle of a man girding up the loins of his mind to the task of producing a genuine epic. And it is true poetry. There is a definiteness, a crispness about it, which in these moist, viewy, hazy days is no less invigorating than novel."—EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW.

"Mr. Bickersteth writes like a man who cultivates at once reverence and earnestness of thought."—GUARDIAN.

The Two Brothers, and other Poems.

By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. Second Edition. Small 8vo. 6*s.*

A Year's Botany. Adapted to Home Reading.

By FRANCES ANNA KITCHENER. Illustrated by the Author. Crown 8vo. 5*s*.

CONTENTS.

General Description of Flowers—Flowers with Simple Pistils—Flowers with Compound Pistils—Flowers with Apocarpous Fruits—Flowers with Syncarpous Fruits—Stamens and Morphology of Branches—Fertilization—Seeds—Early Growth and Food of Plants—Wood, Stems, and Roots—Leaves—Classification—Umbellates, Composites, Spurges, and Pines—Some Monocotyledonous Families—Orchids—Appendix of Technical Terms—Index.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

An Easy Introduction to Chemistry.

For the Use of Schools. Edited by the Rev. ARTHUR RIGG, M.A., late Principal of the College, Chester; and WALTER T. GOOLDEN, B.A., late Science Scholar of Merton College, Oxford. New Edition, considerably altered and revised. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

[See RIVINGTON'S SCHOOL CATALOGUE.]

A Shadow of Dante. Being an Essay towards studying Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage.

By MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

"The 'Shadow of Dante' is a well-conceived and inviting volume, designed to recommend the 'Divina Commedia' to English readers, and to facilitate the study and comprehension of its contents."—ATHENÆUM.

"And it is in itself a true work of art, a whole finely conceived, and carried out with sustained power."—GUARDIAN.

"We find the volume furnished with useful diagrams of the Dantesque universe, of Hell, Purgatory, and the 'Rose of the Blessed,' and adorned with a beautiful group of the likenesses of the poet, and with symbolic figures (on the binding) in which the taste and execution of Mr. D. G. Rossetti will be recognised. The exposition appears to us remarkably well arranged and digested; the author's appreciation of Dante's religious sentiments and opinions is peculiarly hearty, and her style refreshingly independent and original."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"The result has been a book which is not only delightful in itself to read, but is admirably adapted as an encouragement to those students who wish to obtain a preliminary survey of the land before they attempt to follow Dante through his long and arduous pilgrimage. Of all poets Dante stands most in need of such assistance as this book offers."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hymns and other Verses. By WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Second Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

Parish Musings; or, Devotional Poems. By JOHN B. D. MONSELL, LL.D., late Vicar of S. Nicholas, Guildford, and Rural Dean. New Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

Also a Cheap Edition. Cloth limp, 1*s.* 6*d.*; or in paper cover, 1*s.*

Miscellaneous Poems. By HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, M.A. New Edition. Small 8vo. 5*s.*

The Elegies of Propertius. Translated into English Verse, by CHARLES ROBERT MOORE, M.A. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Iliad of Homer. Translated by J. G. CORDERY, late of Balliol College, Oxford, and now of H.M. Bengal Civil Service. Two Vols. 8vo. 16*s.*

English Nursery Rhymes. Translated into French. By JOHN ROBERTS, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Square 16mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Physical Facts and Scriptural Record; or, Eighteen Propositions for Geologists. By the Rev. W. B. GALLOWAY, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Regent's Park, Author of "Egypt's Record of Time," &c. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Immanuel: Thoughts for Christmas and other Seasons, with other Poems. By A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN, M.A. Small 8vo. 6*s*.

Mazzaroth; or, the Constellations. By FRANCES ROLLESTON. Royal 8vo. 12*s*.

Rivington's Devotional Series.

IN ELEGANT BINDINGS, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

"TO many persons there is something repulsive in a devotional volume unbound, and Messrs. Rivington have now turned their attention to the binding of their Devotional Library in forms that, like the books themselves, are neat, handsome, good, and attractive."—*The Bookseller.*

The Christian Year.

16MO. ELEGANTLY PRINTED WITH RED BORDERS.

	£	s.	d.
CALF *or* MOROCCO *limp, blind tooled*	0	5	0
THE SAME, ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL ENGRAVINGS .	0	6	6
THE SAME, ILLUSTRATED WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS	0	9	0
MOROCCO *superior*	0	6	6
RUSSIA *limp, gilt cross*	0	8	6
RUSSIA *limp, gilt lines and gilt cross,* ILLUSTRATED WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS . . .	0	12	6
TURKEY MOROCCO, *limp circuit*	0	7	6
RUSSIA, *limp circuit*	0	9	0

The Christian Year.

CHEAP EDITION, WITHOUT THE RED BORDERS.

FRENCH ROAN, *red inlaid or gilt outline cross* . .	0	1	6
THE SAME, ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL ENGRAVINGS .	0	2	6
FRENCH MOROCCO, *gilt extra*	0	2	0

The Imitation of Christ is also kept in the above-mentioned styles at the same prices.

The other Volumes of "The Devotional Series," viz.:—

Taylor's Holy Living
Taylor's Holy Dying
Wilson's Lord's Supper
De Sales' Devout Life
Herbert's English Poems and Proverbs

Can be had in a variety of elegant bindings.

Index.

PAGE

ADAMS (WILLIAM), *Sacred Allegories* 72
——— *Warnings of the Holy Week* 54
A KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ* 17, 25, 88
ALFORD (Dean), *Life, Journal, and Letters* 81
——— *Greek Testament* 7
——— *New Testament for English Readers* . . . 7
ANDREWES (Bishop), *Manual for the Sick* 24
Angels, The Holy 40
Annotated Book of Common Prayer 2
——— *Compendious Edition* . . . 1
Annual Register 83
ARNOLD (T. K.), *Sermons in a Country Village* . . . 63
Ascetic Library: edited by ORBY SHIPLEY:—
Mysteries of Mount Calvary 29
Counsels on Holiness of Life 29
Preparation for Death 29
Examination of Conscience 29
Athanasian Creed, Recent Theories considered, by G. D. W. OMMANNEY 5
——— "*Damnatory Clauses of*," by MALCOLM MACCOLL . 5
——— *Athanasian Origin of*, by J. S. BREWER . . 5
AVANCINI, *Vita et Doctrina Jesu Christi* 22

BAKER'S (W.), *Manual of Devotion for Schoolboys* . . . 31
BALL (T.) *On the XXXIX Articles* 39
Bampton Lectures for 1865, by J. B. MOZLEY . . . 42
——— 1866, by H. P. LIDDON . . . 47
——— 1867, by E. GARBETT . . . 45
——— 1872, by J. R. T. EATON . . . 62
——— 1874, by STANLEY LEATHES . . . 61
BARING-GOULD (S.), *Origin and Development of Religious Belief* . 43
——— *Post-Mediæval Preachers* . . . 33
——— *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* . . 82
BARRETT (W. A.), *Flowers and Festivals* 34
——— *Chorister's Guide* 34
BARROW (G. S.), *The Mystery of Christ* 15
BEAMONT (W. J.), and CAMPION (W. M.), *Prayer Book Interleaved* . 3
BEAVEN (JAMES), *Help to Catechising* 68
BICKERSTETH (Dean), *Catechetical Exercises on the Apostles' Creed* . 68
——— *Questions Illustrating the XXXIX Articles* . 68
———(E. H.), *Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever* . . 84
———*The Two Brothers* 84

	PAGE
BISHOP (C. K. K.), *Notes on Church Organs*	34
BLUNT (J. H.), *Annotated Prayer Book*	2
——— *Compendious Edition*	1
——— *Dictionary of Theology*	38
——— *Sects, Heresies, &c.*	39
——— *Directorium Pastorale*	33
——— *Doctrine of the Church of England*	39
——— *Sacraments and Sacramental Ordinances*	4
——— *Household Theology*	65
——— *Key to Church Catechism*	65
——— ——— *History (Ancient)*	79
——— ——— (*Modern*)	79
——— *Holy Bible*	15
——— *Prayer Book*	4
——— *Reformation of the Church of England*	79
——— and PHILLIMORE (W. G. F.), *Book of Church Law*	32
BODY (GEORGE), *Life of Justification*	48
——— *Temptation*	48
Bossuet and his Contemporaries	73
BREWER (J. S.), *Athanasian Origin of the Athanasian Creed*	5
BRIDGE (C.), *History of French Literature*	80
BRIGHT (J. FRANCK), *English History*	83
BRIGHT (WILLIAM), *Faith and Life*	30
——— *Hymns and other Verses*	86
——— and MEDD (P. G.), *Liber Precum Publicarum*	2
BROWNING (OSCAR), *Historical Handbooks. See under "Historical."*	
BRUTON (E. G.), *Ecclesiastical Dilapidations Act*	35
BURKE (EDMUND), *Reflections on the French Revolution*	82
CAMPION (W. M.), and BEAMONT (W. J.), *Prayer Book Interleaved*	3
CARR (ARTHUR), *Notes on S. Luke's Gospel*	8
CHILCOT (WILLIAM), *Evil Thoughts*	27
Christian Painter of the Nineteenth Century	73
——— *Year*	17, 23, 88
Church Builder	36
——— *Law, Book of*, by J. H. BLUNT and W. G. F. PHILLIMORE	32
——— *Organs*, by C. K. K. BISHOP	34
——— by F. H. SUTTON	34
CHURTON (W. R.), *Defence of the English Ordinal*	41
Clergy Charities, List of	36
CLERKE (Archdeacon), *Daily Devotions*	21
Companion to the Old Testament	10
——— *Lord's Supper*, by the Plain Man's Friend	31
COMPTON (BERDMORE), *The Catholic Sacrifice*	55
Consoling Thoughts in Sickness	24
CORDERY (J. G.), *Translation of Homer's Iliad*	86
COSIN (Bishop), *Religion of the Realm of England*	41
CRAKE (A. D.), *First Chronicle of Æscendune*	71
——— *Second* ———	71
——— *History of the Church under the Roman Empire*	78
CRUDEN (ALEXANDER), *Concordance to the Bible*	16
CURTEIS (A. M.), *History of the Roman Empire, A.D. 395-800*	80
DALE (T. P.), *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*	9
Dante, A Shadow of, by M. F. ROSSETTI	85

	PAGE
DAVYS (Bishop), *History of England*	83
DENTON (W.), *Commentary on the Lord's Prayer*	5
Dictionary of Theology, edited by J. H. BLUNT	38
——— *Sects, Heresies, &c.* edited by J. H. BLUNT	39
DÖLLINGER (J. J. I. von), *Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit*	40
——— *on Reunion*	40
——— *Fables respecting the Popes*	82
Dominican Artist, (A)	74
DUNCOMBE (Dean), *Family Devotions*	21
EATON (J. R. T.), *The Permanence of Christianity*	62
Ecclesiastes, Commentary on, by T. P. DALE	9
——— *for English Readers*, by W. H. B. PROBY	14
ELLISON (H. J.), *Way of Holiness in Married Life*	63
Fénelon, A Biographical Sketch	73
——— *Spiritual Letters to Men*	45
FIELD (WALTER), *Stones of the Temple*	35
FLETCHER (JOSEPHINE), *Prayers and Meditations for Holy Communion*	20
FOSBERY (T. V.), *Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering*	23
——— *Voices of Comfort*	23
From Morning to Evening	24
GALLOWAY (W. B.), *Physical Facts and Scriptural Record*	86
GARBETT (EDWARD), *Dogmatic Faith*	45
GARLAND (G. V.), *Genesis, with Notes*	14
GEDGE (J. W.), *Young Churchman's Companion to the Prayer Book*	67
GOULBURN (Dean), *Acts of the Deacons*	14
——— *The Child Samuel*	18
——— *Commentary on the Communion Office*	4
——— *Farewell Counsels of a Pastor*	54
——— *Family Prayers*	21
——— *Gospel of the Childhood*	18
——— *Holy Catholic Church*	37
——— *Manual of Confirmation*	69
——— *Occasional Sermons*	54
——— *Pursuit of Holiness*	18
——— *Short Devotional Forms*	18
——— *The Idle Word*	69
——— *Thoughts on Personal Religion*	18
Gray, Life of Bishop	81
Gratry (Père), Last Days of, by PÈRE PERRAUD	75
——— *Life of Henri Perreyve*	76
Guide to Heaven, edited by T. T. CARTER	19
GURNEY (AUGUSTUS), *Home Life of Jesus of Nazareth*	62
HADDAN (A. W.), *Apostolical Succession*	41
HALL (W. J.), *Psalms and Hymns*	6
——— *New Mitre Hymnal*	6
Hamilton (Walter Kerr), a Sketch, by H. P. LIDDON	76
Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor	24
HERBERT (GEORGE), *Poems and Proverbs*	26, 88
HEURTLEY (Canon), *Parochial Sermons. Fourth Series*	63

	PAGE
HEYGATE (W. E.), *Allegories and Tales*	70
——— *The Good Shepherd*	31
Hidden Life of the Soul	17, 28
Historical Biographies, edited by M. CREIGHTON:—	
Simon de Montfort	83
The Black Prince	83
Historical Handbooks, edited by OSCAR BROWNING:—	
History of the English Institutions, by P. V. SMITH	80
——— *French Literature*, by C. BRIDGE	80
——— *the Roman Empire*, by A. M. CURTEIS	80
——— *Modern English Law*, by Sir R. K. WILSON	80
——— *The Reign of Lewis XI.*, by P. F. WILLERT	80
——— *England in the XIVth Century*, by C. H. PEARSON	81
HODGSON (CHR.), *Instructions for the Clergy, &c.*	33
HOLMES (R. R.), *Illuminated Edition of the Prayer Book*	3
Homer's Iliad, translated by J. G. CORDERY	86
HOOK (Dean), *Book of Family Prayer*	21
Hour of Prayer, with Preface by W. E. SCUDAMORE	21
HUTCHINGS (W. H.), *Mystery of the Temptation*	60
Hymnal, New Mitre, by W. J. HALL	6
Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering, edited by T. V. FOSBERY	23
JACKSON (Bishop), *The Christian Character*	59
JAMES (Canon), *Christian Watchfulness*	30
——— *Comment upon the Collects*	5
——— *Evangelical Life*	30
——— *Spiritual Life*	30
JANUS, *The Pope and the Council*	46
JELF (Canon), *On the XXXIX Articles*	45
JONES (HARRY), *Priest and Parish*	33
JOYCE (J. W.), *Power of the Keys*	41
KAY (WILLIAM), *On the Psalms*	9
KEBLE (JOHN), *The Christian Year*	17, 23, 88
KENNAWAY (C. E.), *Consolatio, or Comfort for the Afflicted*	24
Keys to Christian Knowledge:—	
Key to the Four Gospels, by J. P. NORRIS	11
——— *Acts*, by J. P. NORRIS	11
——— *Holy Bible*, by J. H. BLUNT	15
——— *Prayer Book*, by J. H. BLUNT	4
——— *Church Catechism*, by J. H. BLUNT	65
——— *History (Ancient)*, edited by J. H. BLUNT	79
——— *(Modern)*, edited by J. H. BLUNT	79
KITCHENER (F. A.), *A Year's Botany*	85
LEATHES (STANLEY), *The Religion of the Christ*	61
——— *Witness of the Old Testament to Christ*	61
——— *St. Paul to Christ*	61
——— *St. John to Christ*	61
LEE (WILLIAM), *Inspiration of Holy Scripture*	15
Liber Precum Publicarum, by W. BRIGHT and P. G. MEDD	2
Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics:—	
A KEMPIS, *Of the Imitation of Christ*	17
The Christian Year	17
SCUPOLI, *The Spiritual Combat*	17

PAGE

Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics (continued):—

S. Francis de Sales, *Devout Life* 17
——— *Spiritual Letters* 17
The Hidden Life of the Soul 17
Liddon (H. P.), *Divinity of our Lord* 47
——— *Elements of Religion* 47
——— *University Sermons* 47
——— *Walter Kerr Hamilton, In Memoriam* . . . 76
——— *Andrewes' Manual for the Sick* . . . 24
Light of the Conscience 28
Litanies, Metrical and Prose, A Book of, ... 3
Louise de France, *Life of* 74
Lyte (H. F.), *Miscellaneous Poems* 86
Lyttleton (Lord), *Private Devotions for School-boys* . . 23

MacColl (M.), "*Damnatory Clauses*" *of the Athanasian Creed* . 5
Mant (Bishop), *Ancient Hymns* 29
——— *Happiness of the Blessed* 42
Manuals of Religious Instruction, edited by J. P. Norris . . 66
Medd (P. G.), *Household Prayer* 21
——— *Parish Sermons* 63
——— and Bright (William), *Liber Precum Publicarum* . 2
——— Walton (H. B.), *Common Prayer, and Ordinal of* 1549 2
Meditations on the Life of our Lord, edited by T. T. Carter . 19
Melvill (Canon), *Sermons* 56
——— *Selections from Latter Sermons* . . . 58
——— *Sermons on Less Prominent Facts* . . . 57
——— *Lothbury Lectures* 59
Mercier (A.), *Our Mother Church* 44
Mereweather (J. D.), *Semele; or, the Spirit of Beauty* . . 72
Mitchell (J.), *On Church Government* 40
Moberly (Bishop), *Plain Sermons* 55
——— *Great Forty Days* 55
——— *Sermons at Winchester College* . . . 55
Monsell (J. D. B.), *Parish Musings* 86
Moore (C. R.), *The Elegies of Propertius* 86
——— (Daniel), *Aids to Prayer* 21
——— *Sermons on Special Occasions* 60
——— *The Age and the Gospel* 59
Morgan (A. M.), *Immanuel and other Poems* 87
Mozley (J. B.), *Lectures on the Miracles* 42
——— *University and other Sermons* 53
——— *Lectures on the Old Testament* 10

Neale (J. M.), *The Virgin's Lamp* 22
——— *History of the Holy Eastern Church* . . . 77
Newman (J. H.), *Parochial and Plain Sermons* 50
——— *Lectures on Justification* 52
——— *Sermons on Subjects of the Day* 52
——— *Fifteen University Sermons* 52
Norris (J. P.), *Manuals of Religious Instruction* . . . 66
——— *Key to the Four Gospels* 11
——— *Acts of the Apostles* 11
——— *Rudiments of Theology* 67
——— *Easy Lessons to Candidates for Confirmation* . . . 69

	PAGE
OMMANNEY (G. D. W.), *On the Athanasian Creed*	5
OXENHAM (F. N.), *The Soul in its Probation*	60
PARNELL (FRANK), *Ars Pastoria*	33
Path of Holiness, edited by T. T. CARTER	19
PEARSON (C. H.), *English History in the XIVth Century*	81
PEPYS (Lady), *Morning Notes of Praise*	30
——— *Quiet Moments*	30
PERRAUD (Père), *Last Days of Père Gratry*	75
Perreyve (Henri), by PÈRE GRATRY	76
PHILLIMORE (Sir R.), *Ecclesiastical Judgments*, 1867-1875	40
——— (W. G. F.), and BLUNT (J. H.), *Book of Church Law*	32
PHILPOTTS (M. C.), *The Hillford Confirmation*	72
PIGOU (FRANCIS), *Faith and Practice*	64
POLLOCK (J. S.), *Out of the Body*	43
Prayer Book, American	3
——— *Annotated*, by J. H. BLUNT	2
——— *Illuminated*, by R. R. HOLMES	3
——— *Interleaved*, by W. M. CAMPION and W. J. BEAMONT	3
——— *Latin*, by W. BRIGHT and P. G. MEDD	2
——— *of Edward VI., and Ordinal of* 1549	2
Prayers and Meditations for Holy Communion, by JOSEPHINE FLETCHER	20
Prayers for the Sick and Dying	24
PROBY (W. H. B.), *Ecclesiastes for English Readers*	14
——— *Ten Canticles*	14
Psalter, or Psalms of David	5
PUSEY (E. B.), *Commentary on the Minor Prophets*	9
——— *Lectures on Daniel the Prophet; with Notes*	9
QUESNEL, *Devotional Commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel*	14
QUIRINUS, *Letters from Rome on the Council*	46
Reformation of the Church of England, by J. H. BLUNT	79
Revival of Priestly Life in the Seventeenth Century in France	75
RIDLEY (W. H.), *Bible Readings for Family Prayer*	16
RIGG (A.) and GOOLDEN (W. T.), *Easy Introduction to Chemistry*	85
Rivington's Devotional Series :—	
A KEMPIS, *Of the Imitation of Christ*	25, 88
DE SALES, *Devout Life*	25, 88
HERBERT (GEORGE), *Poems and Proverbs*	26, 88
WILSON (Bishop), *On the Lord's Supper*	26, 88
TAYLOR (JEREMY), *Holy Living*	27, 88
——— *Dying*	27, 88
CHILCOT (WILLIAM), *Evil Thoughts*	27
The Christian Year	23, 88
ROBERTS (JOHN), *English Nursery Rhymes translated into French*	86
——— (WILLIAM), *Church Memorials and Characteristics*	78
ROMANOFF (H. C.), *Historical Narratives from the Russian*	82
——— *S. John Chrysostom's Liturgy*	45
——— *Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church*	82
ROLLESTON (FRANCES), *Mazzaroth; or, the Constellations*	87
ROSSETTI (M. F.), *A Shadow of Dante*	85
SALES, S. FRANCIS DE, *Life*	75
——— *Spiritual Letters*	44

	PAGE
SALES, S. FRANCIS DE, *Spirit*	28
——— *Devout Life*	17, 25, 88
SCUDAMORE (W. E.), *Notitia Eucharistica*	4
——— *Words to take with us*	20
SCUPOLI (LAURENCE), *Spiritual Combat*	17
Self-Renunciation, with an Introduction by T. T. CARTER	22
SHIPLEY (ORBY), *Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms*	68
——— *Ascetic Library*	29
SHUTTLEWORTH (Bishop), *Last Three Sermons preached at Oxford*	64
Sickness, Consoling Thoughts in, edited by HENRY BAILEY	24
——— *its Trials and Blessings*	24
Sick, Andrewes' Manual for the, edited by H. P. LIDDON	24
Sick Poor, Help and Comfort for	24
—— *and Dying, Prayers for*	24
—— *and Suffering, Hymns and Poems for*, edited by T. V. FOSBERY	23
SINCLAIR (Archdeacon), *Thirty-two Years of the English Church* 1842-75	40
SLADE (JAMES), *Twenty-one Prayers for the Sick*	24
SMITH (P. V.), *History of the English Institutions*	80
Soimême; A Story of a Wilful Life	70
Spiritual Guidance, with an Introduction by T. T. CARTER	22
Star of Childhood, edited by T. T. CARTER	19
STRACEY (W. J.), *Short Sermons on the Psalms*	62
STONE (S. J.), *Knight of Intercession*	84
SUTTON (F. H.), *Church Organs*	34
TAYLOR (JEREMY), *Holy Living*	27, 88
——— *Dying*	27, 88
Thirty-Nine Articles, by Canon JELF	46
——— *Questions illustrating*, by Dean BICKERSTETH	68
Treasury of Devotion, edited by T. T. CARTER	19
TRELAWNY (C. T. C), *Perranzabuloe, The Lost Church Found*	79
URLIN (R. DENNY), *John Wesley's Place in Church History*	77
VINCENT DE PAUL, *Life of S.*, edited by R. F. WILSON	77
Voices of Comfort, edited by T. V. FOSBERY	23
WALTON (H. B.), and MEDD (P. G.), *Common Prayer, and Ordinal of* 1549	2
Way of Life, edited by T. T. CARTER	19
WEBSTER (WILLIAM), *Syntax and Synonyms of the Greek Testament*	15
Wesley's Place in Church History, by R. DENNY URLIN	77
WILLERT (P. F.), *Reign of Lewis XI.*	80
WILLIAMS (ISAAC), *Devotional Commentary on the Gospel Narrative:*—	
Study of the Holy Gospels	12
Harmony of the Four Evangelists	12
Our Lord's Nativity	12
——— *Ministry* (*2nd Year*)	12
——— (*3rd Year*)	12
The Holy Week	12
Our Lord's Passion	12
——— *Resurrection*	12

	PAGE
WILLIAMS (ISAAC), *Apocalypse*	13
——— *Beginning of the Book of Genesis*	14
——— *Characters of the Old Testament*	13
——— *Female Characters of Holy Scripture*	13
——— *Plain Sermons on the Catechism*	68
——— *Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels*	49
WILSON (Bishop), *On the Lord's Supper*	26, 88
——— (Sir R. K.), *Modern English Law*	80
——— (R. F.), *Life of S. Vincent de Paul*	77
WORDSWORTH (Bp. CHARLES), *Catechesis*	68
——— (Bp. CHR.), *Commentary on the Holy Bible*	8
——— *Greek Testament*	8
——— *Twelve Visitation Addresses*	62
——— *Church of England and the Maccabees*	62
——— *On the Inspiration of the Bible*	15
——— *Intermediate State of the Soul*	45
——— *Union with Rome*	45



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018